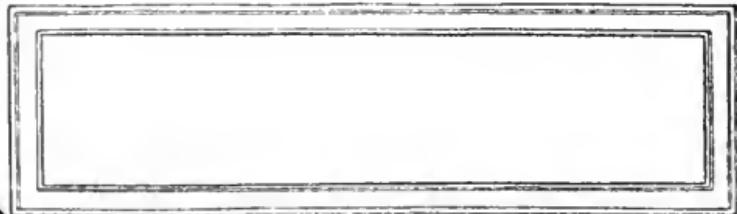
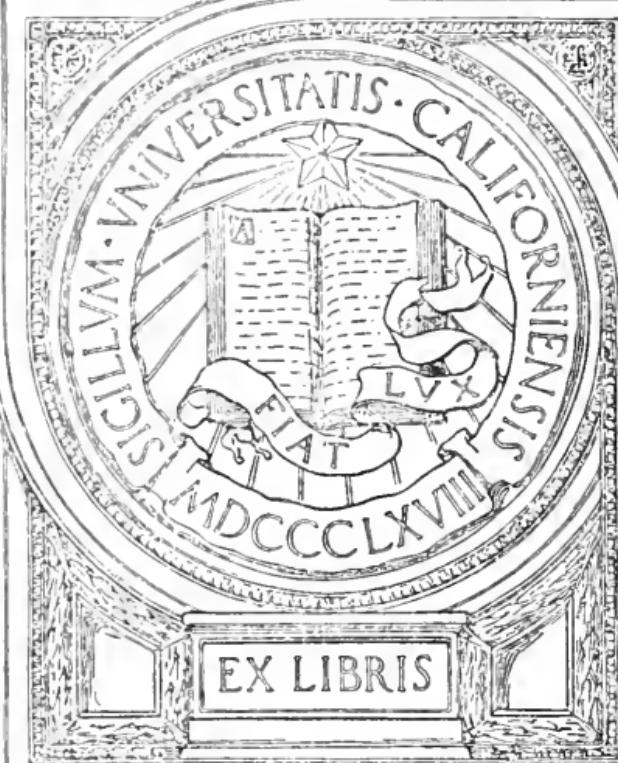
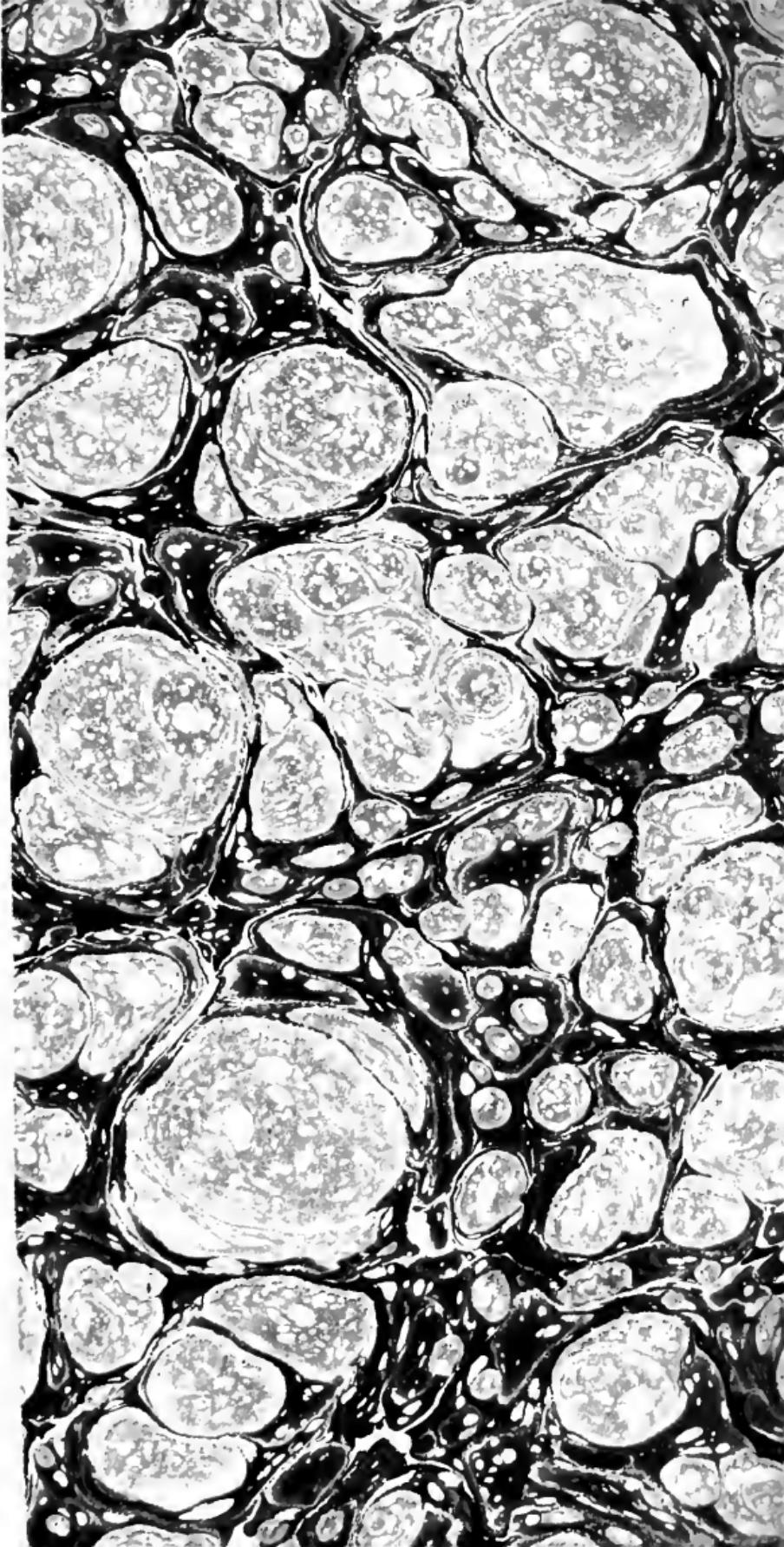


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# POEMS

OF

W. THOMPSON, AND GREEN.

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Chiswick:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,  
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THE  
**POEMS**  
OF  
**William Thompson.**



THE  
LIFE  
OF  
WILLIAM THOMPSON.  
BY  
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

---

OF the year in which William Thompson was born, it is now impossible to procure any certain information. The period of his birth is supposed, and not improbably, to belong to an early part of the last century. In the notes to the fifth book of his poem of 'Sickness,' he speaks of himself as having been 'very young' in 1732. He was, however, then old enough to write verses; and though, as may be expected, his verses have but a scanty share of merit, they display a smoothness and correctness of metre, and a degree of thought, which would not be discoverable in the compositions of a mere boy. It is probable that he was not less than sixteen or seventeen years of age at the time when he wrote them.

His father, of whom he is said to have been the second son, was the Rev. Francis Thompson, B. D., of Queen's College, Oxford, who was thirty-two years vicar of Brough, in Westmoreland, and married the widow of Dr. John Fisher, his predecessor in the vicarage. Francis Thompson died in 1735, at the age of seventy; and, two years afterwards, he was

followed by his wife, who was in her sixty-fifth year. That they were both exemplary characters we have the testimony of their son, who has more than once recorded, with pious exultation and tenderness, their numerous virtues.

The river Eden runs at a short distance from Brough, and it was in the 'sweet vale,' formed by that stream, that 'his Prattling Muse was first provoked to numbers,' which he not inelegantly describes to have been 'broken as the ruins of Roman towers which deck its lofty banks.' Among the poems which this scene inspired were 'Six Pastorals.' These, however, when he at length collected his poems, he did not think worthy of being preserved.

It may reasonably be supposed that the Ianthe, whom he so frequently celebrates, was not a creation of the fancy, but a real fair, the object of his earliest love; and it is probable that she was a native of Westmoreland. The attachment seems to have been one of considerable duration, and even to have been mutual; yet it did not terminate in an union. This latter fact we learn from the seventeenth of the 'Garden Inscriptions,' in which he speaks of his Ianthe as being now forgotten, and mentions his former passion for her as 'a youthful folly.' He coldly declares, that 'he will banish Cupid from the bower;' for that he is now five and thirty, and it is fitting that wit should give place to wisdom, and love to friendship, and that he should 'learn, at last, from Horace, to grow wise.' If he were serious, it was certainly at a much earlier age than most other mortals that he chose to banish Cupid, and commence philosopher.

His early studies were, perhaps, directed by his father; and, when his preliminary education was completed, he was sent to Queen's College, Oxford. The notes on the 'Hymn to May' authorize us to believe, that it was about the year 1735 that he went

to the University. In 1734, his Muse was singing, in pastoral strains, the nymphs of Eden; but, in 1736, he was pouring forth 'tender elegy,' in praise of the damsels of Isis. The verses which he devoted to the damsels of Isis bore the title of 'Stella; sive Amores: Elegiarum tres libri.' These elegies, however, the author excluded from the collection of his poems.

On the twenty-sixth of February, 1738, Thompson took the degree of Master of Arts. He subsequently became a fellow of his college, and succeeded to the livings of South Weston and Hampton Poyle, situated between Oxford and Bicester. It is imagined that his poem of 'Sickness' was first published while he was residing on these livings. It appeared in 1746. That the 'Garden Inscriptions' were written while he lived in Oxfordshire, the sixth of them supplies indubitable evidence. They seem to have been composed for various spots in his own grounds, some of which he had ornamented with emblems, busts, and pictures, of his favourite authors. These short pieces are elegant and characteristic; though it must be owned, that, in one or two instances, he is over lavish of his praise.

The poetry professorship at Oxford being unoccupied, in 1751, Thompson is said to have been a candidate for it. Hawkins, a writer who at that time was scarcely read, and is now entirely sunk into oblivion, was, however, successful in the contest. If it be a fact that Thompson was his competitor, little credit is due to the taste of those who rejected a man of genius, and seated a mere versifier in the vacant chair.

In 1753, Thompson superintended an edition of the 'Virgidimiarium' of Bishop Hall; a task for which he was well qualified by his knowledge of the works of our elder bards.

The munificence of the Countess Dowager of Pom-

fret furnished, in 1755, a splendid theme of panegyric to the poets of the University of Oxford. In that year she presented to the University more than a hundred and thirty statues, which Lord Lempster, the father of her husband, had purchased from the Arundel Collection, and which had hitherto remained at the family seat of Easton Neston, in Northamptonshire. For this noble gift she received the grateful thanks of the University; and her praise was sung by Thompson, Vivian, Lovibond, and others. The poem of Thompson came from the press in 1756, and is entitled 'Gratitude.' It does not detract from, but it adds nothing to, his reputation. Like all verses, the composition of which is undertaken as a duty, it has about it an air of coldness, constraint, and effort, which shows the feelings of the writer to have taken no enthusiastic interest in the subject of his song.

In the following year, 1757, Thompson collected his poems, in two volumes, and published them by subscription. At the request of his subscribers he inserted, with some alterations, the poem called 'Sickness,' which at first was not intended to find a place in the volumes. As it cannot be supposed that he had resolved to suppress a work of so much merit, it is likely that he meant to reserve it till another occasion. He, perhaps, designed it to reappear in conjunction with 'The Elements,' a poem in four books, which he had projected, at least as early as the year 1746, and had even announced as a 'nobler future song'; but of which it is not known whether any part was composed. It is to be regretted that he did not proceed with this work, as the subject is highly susceptible of poetical embellishment, and he possessed a vivid imagination, and descriptive powers of a superior order.

In this edition of his poems Thompson included his 'Tragedy of Gondibert and Bertha,' the ground-

work of which is taken from Davenant's poem of 'Gondibert.' 'This tragedy (he observes), was chiefly composed when the author was an under graduate in the University, as an innocent relaxation from those severer and more useful studies for which the college, where he had the benefit of his education, is so deservedly distinguished. I have caused it (with all its juvenile imperfections on its head) to be printed as it was at first written, and have even added the original motto, that it might be all of a piece.' It is in this modest strain that he speaks of all his productions; 'for the imperfection of some of which, and the lightness of others,' he requests pardon from the reader. The drama is by no means calculated for the stage; but there are many passages in it which do honour to the talent of the poet.

Thompson does not appear to have again solicited the public attention to his writings. He was promoted to the deanery of Raphoe; but when his promotion took place I know not: and he is supposed to have died in Ireland, at some period before the year 1766 or 1767. If we may be allowed to judge of his private character from the uniform tenor of his works, it cannot be denied, that, in losing him, society lost a man of a benevolent heart, of amiable and unassuming manners, and of pure and ardent piety. I recollect but one stroke of personal satire in his poems, and even that can scarcely be said to be unprovoked. It is aimed at John Gilbert Cooper, who, in his poem of 'The Power of Harmony,' had attacked the clerical order; and whom, in return, Thompson sarcastically designates as the 'sweet Farinelli of enervate song.'

While many writers, of far inferior powers, have become popular, Thompson has experienced from the public a neglect, the reason of which would be vainly sought. From the time when his poems were first collected by himself, I do not know that they

were ever reprinted, till, after a lapse of forty years, Dr. Anderson, a man truly amiable, and endowed with taste and feeling, gave them a permanent station among the works of the British Poets. Into the elegant publication of Sharpe they were inserted by my recommendation, and they were afterwards admitted into the collection of Chalmers. No separate edition of them has yet been called for.

The poem of ‘Sickness’ is the longest and most elaborate of Thompson’s productions. No common skill was required to prevent such a subject from exciting disgust. Thompson has, however, been eminently successful. Every circumstance that is susceptible of poetical embellishment he has availed himself of; and those which are of an opposite kind he has judiciously passed over, or has softened down in such a manner as to hide their painful deformity. That his poems have defects may be readily admitted; since what human work was ever free from them? In aiming to be lofty, he is sometimes tumid; he is sometimes, though rarely, affected in expression; and when, in his invocation to Sleep, which in other respects is beautiful, he exclaims—‘so, full and frequent, may the crimson fields with poppies blush, nor feel a Tarquin’s hand,’ he is at once pedantic and incorrect. The crimson poppy is not that which is the giver of slumber; and the classical allusion to the story of Tarquin is out of place, and, therefore, is offensive, in a passage where nothing ought to be found but simplicity and pathos.

In the close of the first book, where he raises the fathers of the church above the Greek and Roman orators, his piety has prevailed over his taste, and induced him to hazard an assertion which is at variance with fact. As far as regards eloquence alone, the consummate orator, ‘who fulminated over Greece,’ must ever remain infinitely superior to the saintly Chrysostom.

In the second book his personifications of some of the ministers of Disease, though he errs with great authorities on his side, are liable to objection. Melancholy, Fever, Consumption, and Variola, he represents as groaning under those maladies with which they scourge the human race. But to do this, is to confound the two opposite states of agent and patient. To inflict, and not to suffer, is the business of the fiends whom he describes. Nor is he consistent with himself. If Fever must be 'chained to a bed of burning brass,' if Variola must be 'bloated black and loathsome to each sense,' why does not War bleed from her own weapons, and why does not Intemperance bear on her countenance the disgraceful consequences of riotous excess, instead of being declared to be 'a beauteous bane,' and 'fairer far than young Armida?' But, in truth, the personifications of War and Intemperance are strictly in character, and it is in delineating their companions that the poet has failed.

Yet, when rigid criticism has done its utmost in the detection of faults, the poem must be allowed to be a work of genius. The defects bear to the beauties but a small proportion. There is much that is graceful, much that is pathetic, much that is animated with the true fervour of poetry. The description of the palace of Disease, and of its hateful inmates, is a noble piece of composition; nor must the same praise be withheld from the picture of the delirious dreams which haunt the couch of sickness. Many shorter passages, of considerable sweetness or dignity, might easily be pointed out; amongst which number I must mention the descent of Hygeia from the celestial regions. The closing hymn blends poetry and piety with a degree of success which has seldom been attained.

In some instances, though nothing is borrowed, the cadence of the verse, and the turn of the senti-

ment, remind us of Young. This is most obvious in those portions of the work which bear internal evidence of their having been the latest composed, probably when the writer was just warm from the perusal of the 'Night Thoughts,' then recently published. But the structure of Thompson's blank verse does not, in general, resemble that of Young, to which, indeed, it is much superior. The metre of Thompson is more mellifluous, more rich, more varied, than that of Young: it seems to have been formed on a better model, on that of Milton.

Among those who have written in the style of Spenser, I do not hesitate to name Thompson as being one of the most successful. His three poems, the 'Epithalamium,' the 'Nativity,' and the 'Hymn to May,' especially the last two, have many of the qualities which distinguish the captivating poet whose manner he adopted. In his 'Hymn to May' he displays such an exuberance of rich imagery, such a felicity of fanciful description, and he pours forth his feelings in so joyous a spirit, and in strains so flowing, that the charms and praises of the delightful season which inspires him, were never sung with more elegance, or more animation.

Of the minor poems it is necessary to say little more than that, with a few exceptions, they do not discredit the talent of the writer. The panegyric on Pope is rather overcharged; and it is curious that the poet should have chosen to celebrate Pope in blank verse, and Glover in rhyme.

POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM THOMPSON.

---

SICKNESS.

In five Books.

---

The Lord comfort him, when he lieth sick upon his bed ;  
make Thou all his bed in his sickness.                           PSALMS.

---

The Argument.

Subject proposed. The folly of employing poetry on wanton or trifling subjects. Invocation of Urania. Reflections on the instability of life itself: frailness of youth, beauty, and health. The suddenness and first attacks of a distemper, in particular of the smallpox. Moral and religious observations resulting from sickness.

---

BOOK I.

Of days with pain acquainted, and of nights  
Unconscious of the healing balms of sleep,  
That burn in restless agonies away;  
Of Sickness, and its family of woes,  
The fellest enemies of life, I sing,  
Horizon'd close in darkness. While I touch  
The ebon instrument of solemn tone,  
Pluck'd from the cypress' melancholy boughs,

Which, deepening, shade the house of mourning,  
groans

And hollow wailings, through the damps of night,  
Responsive wound the ear. The sprightly powers  
Of musical enchantment wave their wings,  
And seek the fragrant groves and purple fields,  
Where Pleasure rolls her honey-trickling streams  
Of blooming Health and laughter-dimpled Joy.

Me other scenes than laughing Joy, and Health  
High-blooming, purple living fields and groves,  
Fragrant with spring, invite. Too long the Muse,  
Ah! much too long, a libertine, diffused  
On Pleasure's rosy lap, has idly breathed  
Love-sighing elegies, and pastoral strains,  
The soft seducers of our youthful hours,  
Soothing away the vigour of the mind,  
And energy of virtue. But, farewell,  
Ye myrtle walks, ye lily-mantled meads  
Of Paphos, and the fount of Acidale,  
Where oft, in summer, Grecian fables tell,  
The daughters of Eurynome and Jove,  
Thalia and her sister Graces, cool  
Their glowing features, at the noontide hour;  
Farewell!—But come, Urania, from thy bowers  
Of everlasting day. O condescend  
To lead thy votary (with rapturous zeal  
Adoring Nature's God, the great Three-One!)  
To Salem; where the Shepherd Monarch waked  
The sacred breath of melody, and swell'd  
His harp, to angels' kindred notes attuned,  
With music worthy Heaven! O bathe my breast,  
With praises burning, in the morning dews,  
Which sparkle, Sion, on thy holy hill.

The prophets, eagle-eyed, celestial maid,

Those poets of the sky ! were taught to chant  
The glories of Messiah's reign by thee :  
Kindled by thee, the eastern pages flame  
With lightning, and with thunder shake the soul ;  
While, from the whirlwind, God's all glorious voice  
Bursts on the tingling ears of Job : the writ  
Of Moses, meek in spirit, but his thoughts  
Lofty as Heaven's blue arch. My humble hopes  
Aspire but to the alpha of his song ;  
Where, roll'd in ashes, digging for a grave,  
More earnest than the covetous for gold  
Or hidden treasures, crusted o'er with boils,  
And roaring in the bitterness of soul,  
And heart-sick pain, the man of Uz complains :  
Themes correspondent to thy servant's theme.

I sing to you, ye sons of men ! of dust,  
Say rather : What is man, who proudly lifts  
His brow audacious, as confronting Heaven,  
And tramples, with disdain, his mother Earth,  
But moulded clay ? an animated heap  
Of dust, that shortly shall to dust return ?

We dream of shadows when we talk of life,  
Of Pelop's shoulder, of Pythagoras' thigh,  
Of Surius's saints, and Ovid's gods ;  
Mere tales to cheat our children with to rest ;  
And, when the tale is told, they sink to sleep,  
Death's image ! so inane is mortal man !  
Man's but a vapour, toss'd by every wind,  
The child of smoke, which in a moment flies,  
And, sinking into nothing, disappears.  
Man's a brisk bubble, floating on the waves  
Of wide eternity : he dances now  
Gay gilded by the Sun (though empty, proud) ;  
Fantastically fine ! and now he drops

In a broad sheet of waters, deep involved,  
And gives his place to others. O, ye sons  
Of Vanity, remember, and be wise!  
Man is a flower, which, in the morning, fair,  
As dayspring, swelling from its slender stem,  
In virgin modesty and sweet reserve,  
Lays out its blushing beauties to the day,  
As Gideon's fleece, full with the dews of heaven.  
But if some ruder gale, or nipping wind,  
Disastrous, blow too hard, it, weeping, mourns  
In robes of darkness; it reclines its head  
In languid softness; withers every grace;  
And, ere the evening star the west inflames,  
It falls into the portion of those weeds  
Which, with a careless hand, we cast away—  
Ye thoughtless fair ones, moralize my song!

Thy pulse beats music; thou art high in health;  
The rather tremble. When the least we fear,  
When Folly lulls us on her couch of down,  
And wine, and lutes, and odours, fill the sense  
With their soft affluence of bewitching joys;  
When years of rapture in thy fancy glow  
To entertain thy youth; a sudden burst  
Of thunder from the smallest cloud of fate,  
Small as the Prophet's hand, destroys, confounds,  
And lays thy visionary hopes in dust.  
By my example taught (examples teach  
Much more than precepts), learn to know thy end.

The day was Valentine's: when lovers' wounds  
Afresh begin to bleed, and sighs to warm  
The chilly rigour of relenting skies:  
Sacred the day to innocence and mirth,  
The festival of youth! in seeming health,  
(As custom bids) I hail'd the Year's fair morn,  
And with its earliest purple braid my brows,

The violet, or primrose, breathing sweets  
New to the sense. Ianthe by my side,  
More lovely than the season! raised her voice,  
Observant of his rites, in festal lays,  
And thus address'd the patron of the Spring—

‘ Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,  
Profuse of gems, the bosom of the Earth  
Her fragrant stores unfolds: the fields rejoice,  
And, in the infancy of Plenty, smile:  
The valleys laugh and sing: the woods, alive,  
Sprout into floating verdure, to embower  
Those happy lovers, who record thy praise.

‘ Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,  
Inhaling genial raptures from the Sun,  
The plamy nations swell the song of joy,  
Thy soaring choristers! the lark, the thrush,  
And all the’ aerial people, from the wren  
And linnet to the eagle, feel the stings  
Of amorous delight, and sing thy praise.

‘ Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,  
Quick o’er the softening soul the gentle gales  
Of spring, awaking bliss, instinctive, move  
The ardent youth to breathe the sighs of faith  
Into the virgin’s heart; who, sick of love,  
With equal fires, and purity of truth,  
Consenting, blushes while she chants thy praise.’

So sung Ianthe: to my heart I press’d [hear!] Her spotless sweetness: when, (with wonder,  
Though she shone smiling by, the torpid powers  
Of heaviness weigh’d down my beamless eyes,  
And press’d them into night. The dews of death  
Hung, clammy, on my forehead, like the damps  
Of midnight sepulchres; which, silent, oped  
By weeping widows, or by friendship’s hand,  
Yawn hideous on the moon, and blast the stars

With pestilential reek. My head is torn  
With pangs insufferable, pulsive starts,  
And pungent aches, grinding through the brain,  
To madness hurrying the tormented sense,  
And hate of being.—Poor Ianthe wept  
In bitterness, and took me by the hand  
Compassionately kind: ‘Alas! (she cried)  
What sudden change is this?—(Again she wept.)  
Say, can Ianthe prove the source of pain  
To Thomalin? forbid it, gracious Heaven!—  
‘No, beauteous Innocence! as soon the rose  
Shall poison with its balm; as soon the dove  
Become a white dissembler, and the stream  
With lulling murmurs, creeping through the grove,  
Offend the shepherd’s slumber.’—Scarce my  
tongue

These faltering accents stammer’d, down I sink,  
And a lethargic stupor steeps my sense  
In dull oblivion: till returning Pain,  
Too faithful monitor! and dire Disease  
Bid me remember pleasure is a dream,  
That Health has eagle’s wings, nor tarries long.

New horrors rise. For in my pricking veins  
I feel the forked flame: the rapid flood  
Of throbbing life, excursive from the laws  
Of sober Nature, and harmonious Health,  
Boils in tumultuary eddies round  
Its bursting channels. Parching Thirst, anon,  
Drinks up the vital maze, as Simois dry,  
Or Xanthus, by the arm ignipotent,  
With a red torrent of involving flames  
Exhausted; when Achilles with their floods  
Waged more than mortal war: the god of Fire  
Wide o’er the waters pour’d the’ inundant blaze,  
The shrinking waters to the bottom boil

And hiss in ruin. O! ye rivers, roll  
Your cooling crystal o'er my burning breast,  
For Etna rages here! ye snows, descend;  
Bind me in icy chains, ye northern winds,  
And mitigate the furies of the fire!

Good Heaven! what hoards of unrepented guilt  
Have drawn this vengeance down, have raised this  
To lash me with his flames? But, O, forgive [fiend  
My rashness, that dares blame Thy just decrees!  
It is Thy rod: I kiss it with my heart,  
As well as lips: like Aaron's may it bloom  
With fruits of goodness: not, like Moses', turn  
A serpent; or, to tempt me to accuse  
The kind oppression of Thy righteous hand,  
Or, sting me to despair.—Affliction, hail!  
Thou school of virtue! open wide thy gates,  
Thy gates of ebony! yet, O, correct  
Thy servant, but with judgment, not in wrath,  
But with thy mercy, Lord! Thy stripes will heal.  
Thus without heresy, afflictions prove  
A purgatory; save us as by fire:  
And purifying off the dross of sin,  
Like old Elijah's chariot, rap the soul,  
On wings of meditation, to the skies.

In health we have no time to visit truth:  
Health's the disease of morals: few in health  
Turn o'er the volumes which will make us wise.  
What are ye now, ye tuneful triflers! once  
The eager solace of my easy hours,  
Ye dear deluders or of Greece or Rome,  
Anacreon, Horace, Virgil, Homer, what?  
The gay, the bright, the sober, the sublime?  
And ye of softer strain, ye amorous fools,

Correctly indolent, and sweetly vain,  
 Tibullus, Ovid; and the female verse  
 Of her, who, plunging from Leucadia's heights,  
 Extinguish'd, with her life, her hopeless fires,  
 Or rose a swan, as love-struck fancy deem'd.  
 Who would not, in these hours of wisdom, give  
 A vatican of wits for one Saint Paul?  
 Dare Tully, with the golden mouth of Greece,  
 With Chrysostom in rhetoric thunder join,  
 Adventurous, now? as soon the feeble sound,  
 Salmoneus, of thy brazen bridge contends  
 With Jove's ethereal peal, and bursting roar  
 Fulminous, rending earth, o'erturning air,  
 And shaking heaven. Or shall the pointed pen  
 Of Corduba<sup>1</sup>, with hostile labour bend  
 Its sentences obscure against the force  
 Of Hierom's noble fire? As soon the moon  
 With blunted horn, dares pour her pallid beam  
 Against the boundless majesty of day,  
 The Sun's resplendent throne; when, high, in noon  
 He kindles up the Earth to light and joy.  
 My best instructor, Sickness, shuts the eye  
 From vanity; she draws the curtains round  
 The couch, nor gives admittance to the world:  
 But to Harpocrates consigns the door,  
 And, silent, whispers me, that 'Life is vain.'

If Life be vain, on what shall man depend?—  
 Depend on Virtue. Virtue is a rock  
 Which stands for ever; braves the frowning flood,  
 And rears its awful brow direct to heaven.  
 Though Virtue save not from the grave, she gives  
 Her votaries to the stars; she plucks the sting

<sup>1</sup> Seneca was born at Corduba in Spain.

From the grim King of Terrors ; smooths the bed  
Of anguish, and bids Death, though dreadful, smile.  
Death smiles on Virtue : and his visage black,  
Yet comely seems. A Christian scorns the bounds  
Where limited creation said to Time,  
'Here I have end.' Rapturous, he looks beyond  
Or Time or Space ; he triumphs o'er decay ;  
And fills Eternity : the next to God !

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## NOTES AND ALLUSIONS TO BOOK I.

PAGE 15. *Pluck'd from the cypress, &c.*—Thus Horacee :

Barbiton hic paries habebit. *Lib. iii. Ode 26.*

And, a greater than Horacee in lyric poetry, the royal Psalmist, represents the same image.—'As for our harps, we hanged them upon the trees that are therein.' *Psalm exxxvii. 2.*

P. 16. *Paphos*.—A city of Cyprus ; formerly dedicated to Venus.

P. 16. *Acidale*.—A fountain in Orchomenus, a city of Boeotia, where the Graces were supposed to bathe themselves. The genealogy of the Graces is very diversly related. But Hesiod says, 'they were the offspring of Jupiter and Eurynome.' *Theog.*

P. 17. *Bursts on the tingling ears of Job, &c.*—The Book of Job is ascribed to various authors, and amongst the rest to Moses. I am proud to observe, that Dr. Young has strengthened this opinion in his Notes to his admirable poem on Job. Most of the arguments on each side of the question may be found in Poole's *Synopsis Critic*, in the beginning of his

Notes on the Book of Job; and in Mr. S. Wesley's curious dissertation on the same subject.

P. 17. *We dream of shadows when we talk of life,—*

*Σκιας ουχε ανθρωποι.* *Pind. Pith. Ode 8.*

Sophocles has much the same thought in his Ajax; and, to dignify the sentiment, he puts it into the mouth of Ulysses:

Ορω γαρ κυμας θδεν ουτας αλλο πλην  
Ειδωλ' οσοι περ ζωμεν, η κεφην σκιαν.

The Seholiast observes, that he borrowed the sentiment from Pindar.

P. 17. *We dream, &c. of Pelop's shoulder.*—The poets feign that Tantalus served up his son Pelops to the table of the gods: they reunited the fragments, and formed his shoulder, which was lost, of ivory. *Ovid. Met. Lib. vi.*

— *Humeroque Pelops insignis ebrno.*

*Virg. Georg. iii.*

I shall add this beautiful passage from Tibullus:

————— Carmina ni sint,  
Ex humero Pelopis non nituisset ebur.

*Lib. i. Eleg. 4.*

P. 17. *Of Pythagoras' thigh.*—This is told with so much humour by Mr. Addison in one of his finest works, that I rather choose to give an authority from him, than any of the ancients. ‘ The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: he was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian

to lead him to the apartment allotted the fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence,' &c.

*The Table of Fame, Tatler, Vol. ii. No. 81.*

P. 17. *Of Surius's saints.*—Surius writ the voluminous legend of the Romish Saints, in six volumes in folio. Dr. Donne, in his Satires, has given him this character:

— outlie either  
Jovius, or Surius, or both together. *Sat. 4.*

P. 19. *Ianthe by my side.*—Sickness being a subject so disagreeable in itself, to human nature, it was thought necessary, as Fable is the soul of Poetry, to relieve the imagination with the following, and some other episodes. For to describe the anguish of a distemper, without a mixture of some more pleasing incidents, would, no doubt, disgust every goodnatured and tender reader.

P. 22. *Salmoneus, of thy brazen bridge, &c.*—Salmoneus, King of Elis, a province in the Peloponnesus. He was so arrogant as to affect being thought a god: for which end he built a bridge of brass, by driving over which in his chariot, he endeavoured to make himself be believed the Thunderer. But Jupiter, enraged at his impiety, struck him dead with a real thunderbolt.

Vidi et crudeles dantem Salmonea pœnas,  
Dum flamas Jovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.—  
Demens! qui nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen  
Ære et cornipedum cursu simularat equorum.

*Virg. Æn. Lib. 6.*

P. 22. *But to Harpocrates consigns the door.*—Harpocrates, the god of Silence amongst the Egyptians.

Si quicquam tacite commissum est fido ab amico,  
Me unum esse invenies illorum jure sacratum,  
Corneli, et factum esse puta Harpocratem. *Catull.*

Hence Erasmus, Lib. Adag. tells us, that 'reddere Harpocratem,' is the same as 'mutum reddere.' So Catullus in another place:

Patruum redditum Harpocratem.

Ovid describes him in the same manner, without taking notice of his name, amongst the attendants of Isis:

Quique premit vocem, digitoque silentia suadet.  
*Metam. Lib. ix.*

This description entirely agrees with the several medals and statues of Harpocrates, which the learned antiquary Gisb. Cuperus exhibits in his laborious Dissertation on that subject, printed with *Monumenta Antiqua*.

But upon another account likewise, Harpocrates may justly be appointed to attend upon the Sick; for he is numbered amongst the salutary gods, who assisted in extreme dangers: as appears from Artemidorus, Oneir. l. ii. c. 44. where, after having mentioned Serapis, Isis, Anubis, and Harpocrates, he goes on thus: 'Semper enim servatores crediti sunt hi dii, eorum qui per omnia exercitati sunt, et ad extrellum periculum pervenerunt,' &c. Kircher also, in his *Œdip. Egyp.* p. 2. vol. ii. p. 315, amongst others to the same purpose, has these remarkable words: 'Reverebantur Ægypti, praeter cætera numina maximè Isin et Osirin, ac horum sive Harpocratem, tanquam Iatricos genios.'

THE  
**PALACE OF DISEASE.**

---

Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear. MILTON.

---

**The Argument.**

Reflections. Invocation of the Genius of Spenser. Apostrophe to the Duchess of Somerset. The Palace of Disease. War. Intemperance. Melancholy. Fever. Consumption. Smallpox. Complaint on the death of Lord Beauchamp.

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**BOOK II.**

DEATH was not man's inheritance but Life  
 Immortal, but a paradise of bliss,  
 Unfading beauty, and eternal spring;  
 (The cloudless blaze of Innocence's reign)  
 The gifts of God's right hand! till monstrous Sin,  
 The motley child of Satan and of Hell,  
 Invited dire Disease into the world,  
 And her distorted brood of ugly shapes,  
 Echidna's brood! and fix'd their cursed abode  
 On earth, invisible to human sight,  
 The portion and the scourge of mortal man.  
 Yet though to human sight invisible,  
 If she, whom I implore, **Urania**, deign  
 With emphrasy to purge away the mists

Which, humid, dim the mirror of the mind  
 (As Venus gave Æneas to behold  
 The angry gods with flame o'erwhelming Troy,  
 Neptune and Pallas), not in vain, I'll sing  
 The mystic terrors of this gloomy reign :  
 And, led by her, with dangerous courage press  
 Through dreary paths, and haunts by mortal foot  
 Rare visited; unless by Thee, I ween,  
 Father of Fancy, of descriptive verse,  
 And shadowy beings, gentle Edmund hight,  
 Spenser! the sweetest of the tuneful throng,  
 Or recent, or of old <sup>1</sup>. Creative bard,  
 Thy springs unlock, expand thy fairy scenes,  
 Thy unexhausted stores of fancy spread,  
 And with thy images enrich my song.

Come Hertford<sup>2</sup>! with the Muse, a while, vouch-  
 (The softer virtues melting in thy breast, [safe  
 The tender graces glowing in thy form),  
 Vouchsafe, in all the beauty of distress,  
 To take a silent walk among the tombs :  
 There lend a charm to Sorrow, smooth her brow,  
 And sparkle through her tears, in shining woe.  
 As when the dove <sup>3</sup> (thy emblem, matchless Dame !  
 For beauty, innocence, and truth are thine)  
 Spread all its colours o'er the boundless deep  
 (Empyreal radiance quivering round the gloom),  
 Chaos reform'd, and bade Distraction smile !

Deep in a desert vale, a palace frowns  
 Sublimely mournful : to the eye it seems  
 The mansion of Despair, or ancient Night.

<sup>1</sup> Old.      <sup>2</sup> Afterwards Duchess of Somerset.

<sup>3</sup> The Platonists suppose that Love, or the celestial Venus (of whom the dove is likewise an emblem) created the world out of chaos.

The Graces of the Seasons never knew  
To shed their bounty here, or, smiling, bless,  
With hospitable foot, its bleak domain,  
Uncultivated. Nor the various robe  
Of flushing Spring, with purple gay, invests  
Its blighted plains; nor Summer's radiant hand  
Profusive scatters o'er its baleful fields  
The rich abundance of her glorious days;  
And golden Autumn here forgets to reign.

Here only hemlock, and whatever weeds  
Medea gather'd, or Canidia brew'd,  
Wet with Avernus' waves, or Pontus yields,  
Or Colehos, or Thessalia, taint the winds,  
And choke the ground unhallow'd. But the soil  
Refuses to embrace the kindly seeds  
Of healing vegetation, sage, and rue,  
Dittany, and amello, blooming still  
In Virgil's rural page. The bitter yew, [arms,  
The churchyard's shade! and eypress' wither'd  
In formidable ranks surround its courts  
With umbrage dun; administering a roof  
To birds of ominous portent; the bat,  
The raven boding death, the screaming owl  
Of heavy wing; while serpents, rustling, hiss;  
And croaking toads the odious concert aid.

The peevish east, the rheumy south, the north  
Pregnant with storms, are all the winds that blow:  
While, distant far, the pure Etesian gales,  
And western breezes, fan the spiey beds  
Of Araby the bless'd, or shake their balm  
O'er fair Britannia's plains, and wake her flowers.  
Eternal damps, and deadly humours, drawn  
In poisonous exhalations from the deep,  
Conglomerated into solid night,

And darkness, almost to be felt, forbid  
 The sun, with cheerful beams, to purge the air,  
 But roll their suffocating horrors round  
 Incessant, banishing the blooming train  
 Of Health and Joy for ever from the dome.

In sad magnificence the palace rears  
 Its mouldering columns; from thy quarries, Nile,  
 Of sable marble, and Egyptian mines  
 Embowel'd. Nor Corinthian pillars, gay  
 With foliaged capitals and figured prize,  
 Nor feminine Ionique, nor, though grave,  
 The fluted Doric, and the Tuscan plain,  
 In just proportions rise: but Gothic, rude,  
 Irreconciled in ruinous design:  
 Save in the centre, in relieveo high,  
 And swelling emblematically bold,  
 In gold the apple rose<sup>4</sup>, 'whose mortal taste  
 Brought Death into the world, and all our woe.'  
 Malignantly delighted, dire Disease  
 Surveys the glittering pest, and grimly smiles  
 With hellish glee. Beneath, totters her throne,  
 Of jarring elements; earth, water, fire;  
 Where hot and cold, and moist and dry, maintain  
 Unnatural war. Shapeless her frightful form  
 (A chaos of distemper'd limbs in one),  
 Huge as Megæra, cruel as the grave;  
 Her eyes, two comets; and her breath, a storm.  
 High in her wither'd arms she wields her rod,  
 With adders curl'd, and dropping gore; and points  
 To the dead wal's, besmear'd with cursed tales  
 Of Plagues red-spotted, of blue Pestilence,  
 Walking in darkness; Havoc at their heels;  
 Lean Famine, gnawing in despite her arm:

<sup>4</sup> Milton's Paradise Lost, Book I.

Whatever Egypt, Athens, or Messine,  
Constantinople, Troynovant, Marseilles,  
Or Cairo felt, or Spagniolet could paint.  
A sickly taper, glimmering feeble rays  
Across the gloom, makes horror visible,  
And punishes, while it informs, the eye.  
A thousand and ten thousand monstrous shapes  
Compose the group ; the execrable crew  
Which Michael, in vision strange, disclosed  
To Adam, in the lazar-house of woe ;  
A colony from Hell. The knotted Gout,  
The bloated Dropsy, and the racking Stone  
Rolling her eyes in anguish ; Lepra foul ;  
Strangling Angina ; Ephialtic starts ;  
Unnerved Paralysis ; with moist Catarrhs ;  
Pleuritis bending o'er its side, in pain ;  
Vertigo ; murderous Apoplexy, proud  
With the late spoils of Clayton's honour'd life :  
Clayton, the good, the courteous, the humane ;  
Tenacious of his purpose, and his word  
Firm as the fabled throne of Grecian Jove.  
Be just, O Memory ! again recall  
Those looks illumined by his honest heart,  
That open freedom, and that cheerful ease,  
The bounteous emanations of his soul :  
His British honour, Christian charity,  
And mild benevolence for humankind.

From every quarter, lamentations loud  
And sighs resound, and rueful peals of groans  
Roll echoing round the vaulted dens, and screams  
Dolorous, wrested from the heart of Pain,  
And brain-sick Agony. Around her throne  
Six favourite Furies, next herself accursed,  
Their dismal mansions keep ; in order each,

As most destructive. In the foremost rank,  
Of polish'd steel, with armour blood-distain'd,  
Helmets and spears, and shields, and coats of mail,  
With iron stiff, or tin, or brass, or gold,  
Swells a triumphal arch; beneath, grim War  
Shakes her red arm: for War is a disease,  
The fellest of the fell! Why will mankind,  
Why will they, when so many plagues involve  
This habitable globe (the curse of Sin),  
Invent new desolations to cut off  
The Christian race? At least in Christian climes  
Let olives shade your mountains, and let Peace  
Stream her white banner o'er us, bless'd from War,  
And laurels only deck your poet's brows.  
Or, if the fiery metal in your blood,  
And thirst of human life, your bosom sting,  
Too savage! let the fury loose of War,  
And bid the battle rage against the breasts  
Of Asian infidels: redeem the towers  
Where David sung, the Son of David bled;  
And warm new Tassos with the epic flame.

Right opposite to War a gorgeous throne  
With jewels flaming, and emboss'd with gold,  
And various sculpture, strikes the wondering eye  
With jovial scenes (amid destruction gay)  
Of instruments of mirth, the harp, the lute,  
Of costly viands, of delicious wines,  
And flowery wreaths to bind the careless brow  
Of Youth, or Age; as Youth or Age demand  
The pleasing ruin from the' enchantress, vile  
Intemperance: than Circè subtler far,  
Only subdued by Wisdom; fairer far  
Than young Armida, whose bewitching charms  
Rinaldo fetter'd in her rosy chains;

Till, by Ubaldo held, his diamond shield  
Blazed on his mind the virtues of his race,  
And, quick, dissolved her wanton mists away.  
See, from her throne, slow-moving, she extends  
A poison'd goblet! fly the beauteous bane;  
The adder's tooth, the tiger's hungry fang,  
Are harmless to her smiles; her smiles are death.  
Beneath the foamy lustre of the bowl,  
Which sparkles men to madness, lurks a snake  
Of mortal sting: fly: if you taste the wine,  
Machaon swears that moly cannot cure.  
Though innocent and fair her looks, she holds  
A lawless commerce with her sister Pests,  
And doubly whets their darts: away—and live.

Next, in a low-brow'd cave, a little hell,  
A pensive hag, moping in darkness, sits  
Dolefully sad: her eyes (so deadly dull!)  
Stare from their stonied sockets, widely wild;  
For ever bent on rusty knives and ropes;  
On poniards, bowls of poison, daggers red  
With clotted gore. A raven by her side  
Eternal croaks; her only mate Despair;  
Who, scowling in a night of clouds, presents  
A thousand burning hells, and damned souls,  
And lakes of stormy fire, to mad the brain  
Moon-stricken. Melancholy is her name;  
Britannia's bitter bane. Thou gracious Power,  
(Whose judgments and whose mercies who can  
With bars of steel, with hills of adamant [tell!])  
Crush down the sooty fiend; nor let her blast  
The sacred light of Heaven's all cheering face,  
Nor fright, from Albion's isle, the angel Hope.

Fever the fourth: adust as Afric wilds,  
Chain'd to a bed of burning brass: her eyes

Like roving meteors blaze, nor ever close  
Their wakeful lids: she turns, but turns in vain,  
Through nights of misery. Attendant Thirst  
Grasps hard an empty bowl, and shrivel'd strives  
To drench her parched throat. Not louder groans  
From Phalaris's bull, as fame reports,  
Tormented with distressful din the air,  
And drew the tender tear from pity's eye.

Consumption near; a joyless, meagre wight,  
Panting for breath, and shrinking into shade,  
Eludes the grasp: thin as the embodied air  
Which, erst, deceived Ixion's void embrace,  
Ambitious of a goddess! scarce her legs  
Feebly she drags, with wheezing labour, on,  
And motion slow: a willow wand directs  
Her tottering steps, and marks her for the grave.

The last, so turpid to the view, affrights  
Her neighbour hags. Happy herself is blind,  
Or madness would ensue; so bloated black,  
So loathsome to each sense, the sight or smell,  
Such foul corruption on this side the grave;  
Variola ycleped; ragged, and rough, [scenes  
Her couch perplex'd with thorns.—What heavy  
Hang o'er my heart to feel the theme is mine!  
But Providence commands; His will be done!  
She rushes through my blood; she burns along,  
And riots on my life.—Have mercy, Heaven!—  
Variola, what art thou? whence proceeds  
This virulence, which all, but we, escape?  
Thou nauseous enemy to humankind:  
In man, and man alone, thy mystic seeds,  
Quiet, and in their secret windings hid,  
Lie unprolific; till Infection rouse  
Her poisonous particles, of proper size,

Figure and measure, to exert their power  
 Of impregnation ; atoms subtle, barb'd,  
 Infrangible, and active to destroy ;  
 By geometric or mechanic rules  
 Yet undiscover'd : quick the leaven runs,  
 Destructive of the solids, spirits, blood  
 Of mortal man, and agitates the whole  
 In general conflagration and misrule.  
 As when the flinty seeds of fire embrace  
 Some fit materials, stubble, furze, or straw,  
 The crackling blaze ascends ; the rapid flood  
 Of ruddy flames, impetuous o'er its prey,  
 Rolls its broad course, and half the field devours.

As adders deaf to Beauty, Wit, and Youth,  
 How many living lyres, by thee unstrung,  
 Ere half their tunes are ended, cease to charm  
 The admiring world ! So ceased the matchless  
 name,

By Cowley honour'd, by Rosecommon loved,  
 Orinda<sup>5</sup> : blooming Killigrew's soft lay :  
 And manly Oldham's pointed vigour, cursed  
 By the gored sons of Loyola and Rome.  
 And he who Phaedra sung, in buskin'd pomp,  
 Mad with incestuous fires, ingenious Smith :  
 Oxonia's sons ! And, O, our recent grief !  
 Shall Beauchamp<sup>6</sup> die, forgotten by the Muse,  
 Or are the Muses with their Hertford dumb ?  
 Where are ye ? weeping o'er thy learned Rhine<sup>7</sup>,  
 Bononia, fatal to our hopes ! or else  
 By Kennet's chalky wave, with tresses torn,  
 Or rude, and wildly floating to the winds,

<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Katharine Philips.

<sup>6</sup> Lord Beauchamp, only son of the Earl of Hertford, died at Bologna of the smallpox. Sept. 11, 1744, aged 19.

<sup>7</sup> Called the Reno.

Mute, on the hoary willows hang the lyre,  
Neglected? or in rural Percy lodge,  
Where Innocence and he walk'd hand in hand,  
The cypress crop, or weave the laurel bough  
To grace his honour'd grave? Ye lilies, rise  
Immaculate; ye roses, sweet as morn;  
Less sweet and less immaculate than he.

His opening flower of beauty softly smiled,  
And, sparkling in the liquid dews of youth,  
Adorn'd the blessed light! with blossoms fair,  
Untainted; in the rank Italian soil  
From blemish pure. The virgins stole a sigh,  
The matrons lifted up their wondering eyes,  
And bless'd the English angel as he pass'd,  
Rejoicing in his rays! Why did we trust  
A plant so lovely to their envious skies,  
Unmercifully bright with savage beams?  
His were the arts of Italy before,  
Courting, and courted by the classic Muse.  
He travel'd not to learn, but to reform,  
And with his fair example mend mankind.

Why need I name (for distant nations know,  
Hesperia knows; O would Hesperia sing!  
As Maro erst, and late Marino raised  
The blooming Beauchamps of the former times,  
Marcellus and Adonis, to the stars,  
On wings of soaring fire! so would she sing!)  
His uncorrupted heart; his honour clear  
As summer suns, effulging forth his soul  
In every word and look: his reason's ray  
By folly, vanity, or vice unstain'd,  
Shining at once with purity and strength,  
With English honesty, and Attic fire:  
His tenderness of spirit, high inform'd  
With wide benevolence, and candid zeal

For learning, liberty, religion, truth :  
 The patriot glories burning in his breast,  
 His king's and country's undivided friend !  
 Each public virtue, and each private grace ;  
 The Seymour dignity, the Percy flame ;  
 All, all !—ere twenty autumns roll'd away  
 Their golden plenty. Farther still ! behold  
 His animated bloom ; his flush of health ;  
 The blood exulting with the balmy tide  
 Of vernal life ! so fresh for pleasure form'd  
 By Nature and the Graces ; yet his youth  
 So temperately warm, so chastely cool,  
 E'en seraphims might look into his mind,  
 Might look, nor turn away their holy eyes !

The' unutterable essence of good Heaven,  
 That breath of God, that energy divine  
 Which gives us to be wise, and just, and pure,  
 Full on his bosom pour'd the living stream,  
 Illumed, inspired, and sanctified his soul !

And are these wonders vanish'd ? are those eyes,  
 Where ardent truth and melting mildness shone,  
 Closed in a foreign land ? no more to bless  
 A father, mother, friend ? no more to charm  
 A longing people ? O lamented youth !  
 Since fate and gloomy night thy beauties veil'd  
 With shade mysterious, and eclipsed thy beams,  
 How many Somersets are lost in thee !

Yet only lost to earth !—For, trust the Muse  
 (His virtues rather trust), she saw him rise,  
 She saw him smile along the tissued clouds,  
 In colours rich embroider'd by the sun,  
 Engirt with cherub wings, and kindred forms,  
 Children of light, the spotless youth of Heaven !  
 They hail their bless'd companion, gain'd so soon  
 A partner of their joys ; and crown with stars,

Almost as fair, the radiance of his brows.  
 E'en where the angel host, with tongues of fire,  
 Chant to their glittering harps the' Almighty's  
 And, in a burning eircle shout around [praise,  
 The jasper throne, he mingles flames with them;  
 He springs into the centre of the choir,  
 And, drinking in the spirit most divine,  
 He sings as sweet, and glows as bright, as they.

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## NOTES AND ALLUSIONS TO BOOK II.

PAGE 27. *With euphrasy*, Angl. *eyebright*—This herb was unknown to the ancients; at least, it is not mentioned by them. It is of extraordinary service to the eye, curing most of its distempers.

— *Cum debilitat morbi vis improba visum,  
 Aut vinum, aut cœcus, luminis osor, amor, &c.  
 Tunc ego, non frustra, vocor—*

*Couleiūs Lib. Plant. p. 39.*

— *Purged with euphrasy and rue  
 The visual nerve.* *Milton.*

P. 28. *As Venus gave Æneas to behold, &c.*—See Virgil. *Æn.* Lib. ii. which seems to be borrowed from Homer, *Ilias.* Lib. v. We have several of the like instances in the Saered Volumes. Gen. xxi. 19: ‘And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water.’ Numbers xxii. 31: ‘Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel of the Lord,’ &c.

P. 28. — *by mortal foot  
 Rare visited.*—See Virgil:

*Sed me Paruassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
 Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum,  
 Castalian molli divertitur orbita clivo.*  
*Georg. Lib. iii.*

Which is imitated from Lucretius, Lib. ii.

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante  
 Trita pede, &c.*

P. 28. —— *gentle Edmund hight,*

*Spenser!*—The date of our English poetry may with great justice begin with Spenser. It is true, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate were masters of uncommon beauties, considering the age they lived in, and have described the humours, passions, &c. with great discernment. Yet none of them seem to have been half so well acquainted with the very life and being of poetry, invention, painting, and design, as Spenser. Chaucer was the best before him; bat then he borrowed most of his poems either from the ancients, or from Boeceae, Petrarch, or the Provençal writers, &c. Thus his *Troilus and Cressida*, the largest of his works, was taken from Lollius; and the *Romaunt of the Rose* was translated from the French of John de Meun, an Englishman, who flourished in the reign of Richard II. and so of the rest. As for those who followed him, such as Heywood, Scogan, Skelton, &c. they seem to be wholly ignorant of either numbers, language, propriety, or even decency itself. I must be understood to except the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, Sir Philip Sidney, several pieces in the *Mirror of Magistrates*, and a few parts of Mr. G. Gascoigne's and Turberville's works.

P. 29. *Medea gather'd, or Canidia brew'd, &c.*—Medea, notorious for her incantations in Ovid, &c. as Canidia in Horace.

P. 29. —— or *Pontus yields, &c.* — Pontus, Colchos, and Thessalia, well known for prodncing noxious and poisonous herbs and plants.

Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena,  
Ipse dedit Mœris; nascuntur plurima Ponto.

*Virg. Eclog. 8.*

Herbasque, quas et Colchos, atque Iberia  
Mittit venerorum ferax. *Hor. Epod. 5.*

Thessala quinetiam tellus herbasque noeentes,  
Rupibus ingenuit. *Lucan. Lib. 5.*

P. 29. ——— *amello, blooming still*  
*In Virgil's rural page.—*

*Est etiam flos in pratis, cui nomen amello*  
*Fecere agricolæ.* *Virg. Georg. Lib. iv.*

Besides there grows a flower in marshy ground,  
 Its name amellus, easy to be found:  
 A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves  
 The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves.  
 The flower itself is of a golden hue,  
 The leaves inclining to a darker blue, &c.

*Addison's Works, Vol. I. 4to.*

P. 31. ——— *or Spaguulet could paint.*—A famous painter, eminent for drawing the distresses and agonies of human nature.

P. 31. *Which Michael, in vision strange.*—See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. xi.

P. 31. ——— *Clayton's honour'd life.*—Sir William Clayton, Bart. died at Marden in Surrey, December the 28th, 1744.

P. 32. *Where David sung, &c.*—Though a Crusade may seem very romantic (and perhaps it is so) yet it has been applauded by the greatest writers of different ages; by *Æneas Sylvius*, by *Bessarion*, by *Nauge-rins*, &c. who have each writ *Orations* upon that subject. And here I cannot help observing, that *Casimire* and *Jac. Baldè*, the two most celebrated of the modern *Lyric Poets*, have writ several of their finest *Odes* to animate the Christian princes to such a design; and that *Tasso* has adorned the *Expedition of Godfrey of Bulloign* with the most beautiful and perfect poem since the *Æneis*: for I prefer Milton to *Virgil* himself.

P. 32. ——— *thau Circè subtler far.*—See *Homer's Odyssey*, Lib. x.

P. 32. *Than young Armida, &c.*—See *Tasso's Il Goffredo*, Canto iv. Stanz. 29, &c. Canto xiv. Stanz. 68. Canto xvi. Stanz. 29.

P. 33. *Machaon sic ears, &c.*—Machaon, celebrated in Homer; but here used, in general, for any physician. So Ovid:

Firma valent per se, nullaque Machaona querunt.

And Martial:

Quid tibi cum medicis? dimitte Machaonas omnes.

P. 33. — *that moly cannot cure.*—Mercury is said to have presented moly to Ulysses, to preserve him from the charms of Circè. *Homer's Odyss. Lib. x.*

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew,  
Where on the all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew.  
And show'd its nature and its wondrous power;  
Black was the root, but milky white the flower:  
Moly the name. Pope.

‘Laudatissima herbarum est Homero, quam vocari à diis putat moly, et inventionem ejus Mercurio assignat, contraque summa beneficia demonstrat,’ &c. *Plinius, Lib. xxv. C. 4.*

P. 34. *From Phalaris's bull, &c.*—Amongst several instruments of torment that Phalaris caused to be contrived, there was a bull of brass, in which people being cast, and a fire placed under it, they bellowed like oxen. Perillus the artist, demanding a great reward for his invention, was put in it himself to try the first experiment. Upon which Pliny makes this goodnatured reflection: ‘Perillum nemo laudat, saeviorem Phalaride tyranno, qui taurum fecit, mungitus hominis pollicitus, igne subdito, et prius cum expertus cruciatum justiore saevitia,’ &c. *Plinius, Lib. xxxiv. C. 8.*

P. 34. — *deceived Ixion's void embrace.*—Ixion, being invited to dine with Jupiter, fell in love with Juno, and endeavoured to debauch her, who acquainted her husband. He, to try Ixion, formed a cloud into Juno's likeness, upon which he satisfied his lust. *Hygini Fab. Diodor. vi. &c.*

P. 35. *Orinda*.—Mrs. K. Philips, styled the matchless Orinda. See her Poems in folio. Cowley has two Odes upon her, in the second volume of his Works, 8vo.

P. 35. — *blooming Killigrew's soft lay*.—See her Poems in 4to. Mr. Dryden celebrates her death in an excellent Ode. See his Works, vol. iii. folio, p. 186. See likewise Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. ii.

P. 35. *Loyola*.—Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits; against whom Mr. Oldham writ those Satires, which are the best of his works.

P. 35. *Bouonia, fatal to our hopes!*—Bologna, a city in Italy, the first school of the Lombard painters, and a famous University,

— *Parvique Bonouia Rheni*.

*Silius Ital. Lib. viii.*

P. 36. *And bless'd the English Angel as he pass'd*.—At Bologna he went by the name of L'Angelo Inglese. The same compliment seems to have been paid by that people to our great Milton in his travels, as we learn by this Epigram of a learned Italian nobleman in the second volume of Milton's poetical works :

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus, ipse, fores.

P. 37. — *O lamented youth, &c.*—

Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,  
Tu Marcellus eris.—

Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.

*Virg. AEn. Lib. vi.*

THE  
PROGRESS OF SICKNESS.

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When I waited for light there came darkness.  
My skin is black upon me ; and my bones are burned  
with heat.  
My harp also is turned to mourning.

JOB.

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The Argument.

Reflections. The Progress of Disease. Blindness. Delirious dreams. Remedies for the mind : Patience—Hope—Prayer. Human aid and relief in Sickness : Physic ; eulogium on that science—Friends ; digression on friendship.

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BOOK III.

THE fair, the bright, the great, alas ! are fallen,  
Nipp'd in the bloom of beauty, wit, and youth,  
Death's undistinguish'd prey. Shall I complain  
(When such the establish'd ordinance of Heaven)  
If Sickness at my bosom lay the siege ?  
A worm to them ! and to their light a shade,  
Ungilded with one beam, which melted down  
The tear fast-trickling\*o'er their honour'd tombs :  
We all must die ! Our every pulse that beats,  
Beats toward eternity, and tolls our doom.

Fate reigns in all the portions of the year.  
The fruits of Autumn feed us for disease ;

The Winter's raw inclemencies bestow  
Disease on Death; while Spring, to strew our  
hearse,

Kindly unbosoms, weeping in their dews,  
Her flowery race! and Summer (kinder still)  
With the green turf and brambles binds our graves.

But am I wake? or in Ovidian realms,  
And Circè holds the glass? What odious change,  
What metamorphose strikes the dubious eye?  
Ah, whither is retired the scarlet wave, [cheek,  
Mantling with health, which floated through the  
From the strong summer beam imbibed? And  
The vernal lily's softly blended bloom? [where  
The forehead roughens to the wondering hand.  
Wide o'er the human field, the body, spreads  
Contagious war, and lays its beauties waste.  
As once thy breathing harvest, Cadmus, sprung,  
Sudden, a serpent brood! an armed crop  
Of growing chiefs, and fought themselves to death.  
One black-incrusted bark of gory biles,  
One undistinguish'd blister, from the sole  
Of the sore foot, to the head's sorcer crown.  
Job's punishment! With patience like his own,  
O may I exercise my wounded soul,  
And cast myself upon his healing hand,  
Who bruiseth at his will, and maketh whole.

Ah, too, the lustre of the eyes is fled!  
Heavy and dull, their orbs neglect to roll,  
In motionless distortion stiff and fix'd;  
Till by the trembling hand of watchful Age  
(A weeping matron, timorous to affright,  
And piously fallacious in her care,  
Pretending light offensive, and the sun)  
Closed; and, perhaps, for ever! ne'er again

To open on the sphere, to drink the day,  
Or (worse!) behold Ianthe's face divine,  
And wonder o'er her charms.—But yet forbear,  
O dare not murmur; 'tis Heaven's high behest:  
Though darkness through the chambers of the  
grave

This dust pursue, and Death's sad shade involve,  
Ere long, the filial light himself shall shine;  
(The stars are dust to him, the sun a shade)  
These very eyes, these tuncles of flesh, [God,  
E'en though by worms destroy'd, shall see my  
And, seeing, ne'er remember darkness more,  
Environ'd with eternity of day.

Though, at their visual entrance quite shut out,  
External forms, forbidden, mount the winds,  
Retire to chaos, or with night commix;  
Yet, Fancy's mimic work, ten thousand shapes,  
Antic and wild, rush sweeping o'er my dreams,  
Irregular and new; as pain or ease  
The spirits teach to flow, and in the brain  
Direction diverse hold: gentle and bright  
As hermits, sleeping in their mossy cells,  
Lull'd by the fall of waters! by the rills  
From Heliconian cliffs devolved; or where,  
Thy ancient river, Kishon, sacred stream!  
Soft murmurs on their slumbers: peace within,  
And conscience, e'en to ecstasy sublimed  
And beatific vision. Sudden, black,  
And horrible as murderers; or hags,  
Their lease of years spun out, and bloody bond  
Full flashing on their eyes; the gulf, beneath,  
Maddening with gloomy fires; and heaven, behind,  
With all her golden valves for ever closed.

Now in Elysium lapp'd, and lovely scenes,  
Where honeysuckles rove, and eglantines,  
Narcissus, jessamin, pinks, profusely wild,  
In every scented gale Arabia breathe :  
As blissful Eden fair; the morning work  
Of Heaven, and Milton's theme! where Innocence  
Smiled and improved the prospect.—Now, anon,  
By Isis' favourite flood supinely laid,  
In tuneful indolence, behold the bards  
(Harps in each hand, and laurel on each brow),  
A band of demigods, august to sight,  
In venerable order sweetly rise,  
(The Muses sparkling round them) who have trod  
In measured pace its banks, for ever green,  
Enamel'd from their feet! Harmonious notes,  
Warbled to Doric reeds, to Lesbian lyres,  
Or Phrygian minstrelsy, steal on the ear  
Enamour'd with variety: and loud  
The trumpet's shrilling clangors fill the sky  
With silver melody.—Now, happier still!  
Round thy Italic cloisters, musing slow,  
Or in sweet converse with thy letter'd sons,  
Philosophers, and poets, and divines,  
Enjoy the sacred walk, delighted, Queen's<sup>1</sup>!  
Where Addison and Tickell lay inspired,  
Inebriated from the classic springs,  
And tuned to various-sounding harps the song,  
Sublime or tender, humorous or grave,  
Quaffing the Muses' nectar to their fill.  
Where Smith in hoary reverence presides  
(Crown'd with the snow of virtue for the skies),

<sup>1</sup> Queen's College in Oxford.

With graceful gravity and gentle sway;  
With perfect peace encircled and esteem.  
Whose mild and bright benevolence of soul,  
By reason cool, and by religion warm,  
And generous passion for the college weal,  
More than a Muse inspire.—Momental bliss!  
For sudden rapp'd, the midnight howl of wolves,  
The dragon's yell, the lion's roar, astound  
My trembling ear. Ha! down a burning mount  
I plunge deep, deep: sure Vulcan's shop is here—  
Hark, how the anvils thunder round the dens  
Flammivorous! What? are those chains to bind  
This skeleton! the Cyclops must be mad:  
Those bolts of steel, those adamantine links  
Demand Typhæus' strength to burst.—Away—  
Venus and Mars—beware.—In giddy whirls  
I ride the blast, and towering through the storm  
Enjoy the palace of the morn. The Sun  
Resigns the reins of Phlegon to my hands:  
His mane waves fire: he scorches me to dust:  
Avaunt, thou fiend!—I'll hurl thee down the  
deep

Of heaven, with bolted thunder, and enwrapp'd  
With fork'y lightning.—Now staggering I reel,  
By murderers pursued: my faithless feet  
Searee shift their pace: or down rushing amain,  
I cease to recollect my steps, and roll  
Passive on earth.—Sure, 'twas Astolpho's horn  
Pour'd on my ear the' annoying blast: at which  
Rogero trembled, Bradamant grew pale,  
And into air dissolved the' enchanted dome.

Now starting from this wilderness of dreams,  
I wake from fancied into real woe.  
Pain empties all her vials on my head,

And steeps me o'er and o'er. The' envenom'd shirt  
Of Hercules enwraps my burning limbs  
With dragon's blood : I rave and roar like him,  
Writhing in agony. Devouring fires  
Eat up the marrow, frying in my bones.

O whither, whither shall I turn for aid?—  
Methinks a Seraph whispers in my ears,  
Pouring ambrosia on them, ' Turn to God!  
So peace shall be thy pillow, ease thy bed,  
And night of sorrow brighten into noon.

Let the young cherub Patience, bright-eyed Hope,  
And rosy-finger'd Prayer, combining hold  
A sure dominion in thy purposed mind,  
Unconquer'd by affliction.'—I receive  
The mandate as from Heaven itself.—Expand  
Thyself, my soul, and let them enter in.

Come, smiling angel, Patience, from thy seat  
Whether the widow's cot, or hermit's cell,  
By fasting strong, and potent from distress ;  
Or midnight student's taper-glimmering roof,  
Unwearied with revolving tedious tomes ;  
O come, thou panacea of the mind !  
The manna of the soul ! to every taste  
Grateful alike : the universal balm  
To Sickness, Pain, and Misery below.  
She comes ! she comes ! she dissipates the gloom ;  
My eyes she opens, and new scenes unfolds ;  
(Like Moses' bush, though burning, not consumed)  
Scenes full of splendour, miracle, and God.  
Behold, my soul, the martyr-army, who  
With holy blood the violence of fire  
Quench'd, and with lingering constancy fatigued  
The persecuting flame ; or nobly stopp'd  
The lion's mouth, and triumph'd in his jaws.

Hark, how the virgin white-robed tender train  
 Chant hallelujahs to the rack ; as dear  
 And pleasing to the ear of God, as hymns  
 Of angels on the Resurrection morn,  
 When all the host of heaven hosanna sing !  
 Yet further ; lift thy eyes upon the cross,  
 A bleeding Saviour view, a dying God !  
 Earth trembles, rend the rocks, creation groans :  
 The Sun, ashamed, extinguishes the day :  
 All Nature suffers with her suffering Lord.  
 Amidst this war of elements, serene,  
 And as the sunshine brow of patience, calm,  
 He dies without a groan, and smiles in death.  
 Shall martyrs, virgins, nay, thy Savour, bleed  
 To teach thee patience ; and yet bleed in vain ?  
 Forbid it, Reason ; and forbid it, Heaven !  
 No ; suffer : and, in suffering, rejoice.  
 Patience endureth all, and hopeth all.

Hope is her daughter then. Let hope distil  
 Her cordial spirit, as Hybla-honey sweet,  
 And healing as the drops of Gilead balm.  
 Cease to repine, as those who have no hope ;  
 Nor let Despair approach thy darkest hour.  
 Despair ! that triple death ! the' imperial plague !  
 The' exterminating angel of the' accursed,  
 And sole disease of which the damn'd are sick,  
 Kindling a fever hotter than their hell—  
 O pluck me from Despair, white-handed Hope !  
 O interpose thy spear and silver shield  
 Betwixt my bosom and the fiend ! detrude  
 This impious monster to primeval hell ;  
 To its own dark domain : but light my soul,  
 Imp'd with thy glittering wings, to scenes of joy.

To health and life, for health and life are thine :  
And fire imagination with the skies.

But whence this confidence of hope? In Thee,  
And in thy blood, my Jesus! (bow, O earth!  
Heaven bends beneath the Name, and all its sons,  
The hierarchy! drop low the prostrate knee,  
And sink, in humble wise, upon the stars.)  
Yes, on thy blood and name my hope depends.—  
My hope! nay, worlds on worlds depend on Thee;  
Live in thy death, from thy sepulchre rise.  
Thy influential vigour re-inspires  
This feeble frame; dispels the shade of death;  
And bids me throw myself on God in prayer.

A Christian soul is God's beloved house;  
And prayer, the incense which perfumes the soul:  
Let armies then of supplications rise,  
Besiege the golden gates of heaven, and force,  
With holy violence, a blessing down  
In living streams. If Hezekiah's prayer  
The Sun arrested in his prone career,  
And bade the shadow ten degrees return  
On Ahaz' dial, whirling back the day:  
Pour out thyself, my soul! with fervent zeal,  
With overflowing ardour, and with faith  
Unwavering. To assist me, and to swell  
My fainting spirits to sublime desires,  
Would Taylor<sup>2</sup> from his starry throne descend,  
How fear would brighten! by his sacred aid,  
To live were happiness, and gain to die.—  
No: let him still adorn his starry throne,  
Well merited by labours so divine:  
For, lo! the man of God, and friend of man,

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

Theron, the purest breast, and warmest heart,  
 Flies on the wings of charity and love  
 To join me in the saving task, and raise  
 My weaker powers with his abundant zeal ;  
 Pure, sweet, and glowing as the incensed fires  
 Of Solomon, thy golden altar, fann'd  
 By wings of cherubims into a flame ;  
 Till on the skies the aromatic gale  
 In pyramids of fragrance softly stole,  
 A grateful offering to the throne of grace.

Still, though I feel these succours from the skies,  
 In operation mighty ! still remain  
 Inferior aids behind : terrestrial stores  
 Medicinal : the instruments of God.  
 For God created the physician ! God  
 Himself on earth, our great physician ! spread  
 O'er sick and weak, shadowing, his healing wings :  
 Each miracle a cure !—Before disease,  
 Offspring of sin, infested humankind,  
 In Paradise, the vegetable seeds  
 Sprung from their Maker's hand, invigorate strong  
 With medicine. He foresaw our future ills ;  
 Foreseeing, he provided ample cure ;  
 Fossils, and simples : Solomon, thy theme,  
 Nature's historian ; wisest of the wise !  
 Though Paradise be lost, the Tree of Life  
 In medicine blooms ; then pluck its healing fruits,  
 And with thanksgiving eat ; and, eating, live.

E'en pagan Wisdom bade her sons adore,  
 As one, the god of physic and the day,  
 Fountain of vegetation and of life,  
 Apollo, ever blooming, ever young,  
 And from his art immortal ! Thus, of yore,  
 The prime of human race from heaven deduced  
 The bright original of Physic's power :

And, nor unjustly, deem'd that he who saved  
Millions from death, himself should never die.

An instrument of various pipes and tubes,  
Veins, arteries, and sinews, organized,  
Man, when in healthy tune, harmonious wakes  
The breath of melody, in vocal praise,  
Delighting earth and heaven ! discordant, oft,  
As accident, or time, or fate prevail,  
This human organ scarce the bellows heaves  
Of vital respiration ; or in pain,  
With pauses sad : what art divine shall tune  
To order and refit this shatter'd frame ?  
What fingers touch into a voice again ?  
Or music reinspire ? Who, but the race  
Of Pæan ? who but physic's saving sons ?  
A Ratcliff, Frewin, Metcalf, or a Freud ?—  
But something yet, beyond the kindly skill  
Of Pæan's sons, disease, like mine, demands ;  
Nepenthe to the soul, as well as life.

O for a mother's watchful tenderness,  
And father's venerable care !—But they,  
In life immortal, gather endless joys, . . .  
Reward of charity, of innocence,  
Of pleasing manners, and a life unblamed !  
The tears of poverty and friendship oft  
Their modest tombs bedew, where Eden's flood  
(Ituna 'cleped by bards of old renown,  
Purpled with Saxon and with British blood),  
Laves the sweet vale, that first my Prattling Muse  
Provoked to numbers, broken as the ruins  
Of Roman towers which deck its lofty banks,  
And shine more beauteous by decay.—But bark !  
What music glads my ear ? 'Tis Theron's voice,  
Theron, a father, mother ; both, a friend !—  
Pain flies before his animating touch :

The gentle pressure of his cordial hand,  
 A burning mountain from my bosom heaves !  
 What wonders, sacred friendship, flow from thee !  
 One period from a friend enlivens more  
 Than all Hippocrates' and Galen's tomes,  
 Than all the medicines they unfold. I feel  
 Myself renew'd ! not only health, but youth,  
 Rolls the brisk tide, and sparkles at my heart.  
 As the live atoms of Campanian wines  
 Dance in the virgin crystal, and o'erlook  
 With glorifying foam the nectar'd brim ;  
 Smiling, and lending smiles to social wit,  
 The jocund hearth, and hospitable board.

Friendship is a religion, from the first  
 The second best : it points, like that, to heaven,  
 And almost antedates, on earth, its bliss.  
 But vice and folly never friendship knew ;  
 Whilst wisdom grows by friendship still more wise.  
 Her fetters, are a strong defence ; her chains,  
 A robe of glory ; Ophir gold, her bands ;  
 And he who wears them, wears a crown of joy.

Friendship's the steel, which, struck, emits the  
 sparks  
 Of candour, peace, benevolence, and zeal ;  
 Spreading their glowing seeds—A holy fire  
 Where honour beams on honour, truth on truth ;  
 Bright as the eyes of angels and as pure.  
 An altar, whence two gentle loving hearts  
 Mount to the skies in one conspiring blaze  
 And spotless union. 'Tis the nectar stream  
 Which feeds and elevates seraphic love—  
 Health is disease, life death, without a friend.

## NOTES AND ALLUSIONS TO BOOK III.

PAGE 44. *As once thy breathing harvest, Cadmus, sprung, &c.*—Cadmus is reported by the poets to have slain a monstrous serpent in Bœotia, at the command of Minerva; and sowed its teeth in a field, which produced an host of armed soldiers; who, fighting, slew one another. See Ovid. Met. l. iii. Suidas, Pausanias, &c. 'Tis said, that he sowed serpents' teeth, and that soldiers in armour sprung up from them; because, as Bochart observes, in the Phœnician language, to express men armed with brazen darts and spears of brass, they made use of words, which might be translated 'armed with the teeth of a serpent.'

P. 45. *Yet, Fancy's mimic work, &c.*—The following lines upon delirious dreams may appear very extravagant to a reader, who never experienced the disorders which sickness causes in the brain; but the author thinks that he has rather softened than exaggerated the real description, as he found them operate on his own imagination at that time.

P. 45. *From Heliconian cliff's devolved, &c.*—Sir G. Wheeler, in his voyages, has given a very beautiful description of an hermitage on the borders of Mount Helicon, belonging to the convent of Saint Luke the hermit (not the evangelist), called Stiriotes, from his dwelling in those deserts. See Wheeler's *Journey into Greece*, fol. B. iv. p. 325.

P. 46. *Warbled to Doric reeds, &c.*—Those different instruments are designed to express the several parts

of poetry, to which they were adapted, viz. Pastoral, Ode, Heroic, &c.

P. 47. *Hark, how the anvils, &c.*—See Hom. Ilias, B. xviii. Virg. Æn. B. viii.

P. 47. — *Astolpho's horn.*—

A horn, in which if he do once but blow,  
The noise thereof shall trouble men so sore,  
That all both stont and faint shall fly therefro,  
So strange a noise was never heard before.

*Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, translated by Sir John Harrington, B. xv. Stanz. 10.*

With this horn Astolpho affrighted the Amazons. See Book xx. St. 60, &c. And even Rogero, Bradamant, &c. in dissolving the enchanted palace, B. xxii. St. 18. &c. Drives away the harpies from Senapo, B. xxxiii. St. 114, &c.

P. 52. — *Eden's flood.*—

— Eden, though but small,  
Yet often stain'd with blood of many a band  
Of Seots and English both, that tined on his strand.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book iv. Canto 11.*

P. 53. *But vice and folly never friendship knew.*—It was an observation of Socrates, that wicked men cannot be friends either amongst themselves or with good men. *Xenoph. Memorab. l. ii.*

## THE RECOVERY.

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Thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the Light of the Living.—PSALMS.

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### The Argument.

Reflections. Sickness at the worst. Hopes of recovery cast on Heaven alone. Prospect of futurity at this juncture. Guardian Angel's Hymn to Mercy. Description of her. She sends Hygeia to the well of life; both described. Her descent. The effects. Abatement of the distemper. Apostrophe to sleep. Recovery of sight; and pleasure flowing from thence. Health by degrees restored. Comparison between sickness and health in regard to the body and mind.

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## BOOK IV.

SWIFT too, thy tale is told: a sound, a name,  
No more than Lucian, Butler, or Scarron.  
Fantastic Humour dropp'd the feeling sense,  
Her empire lessening by his fall. The shades  
Of frolic Rabelais, and him of Spain,  
Madrid's facetious glory, join his ghost;  
Triumvirate of laughter!—Mirth is mad;  
The loudest languishing into a sigh:  
And Laughter shakes itself into decay. [ask;  
‘Lord! what is man?’ the prophet well might  
We all may ask, ‘Lord! what is mortal man?’  
So changeable his being, with himself

Dissimilar; the rainbow of an hour!  
A change of colours, transient through his life,  
Brightens or languishes;—then fades to air.  
E'en ere an artful spider spins a line  
Of metaphysic texture, man's thin thread  
Of life is broken: how analogous  
Their parallel of lines! slight, subtle, vain.

Man, in a little hour's contracted round  
Perplexes reason: now to triumph swell'd,  
To joyous exultations, to a blaze  
Of ecstasy; and now depress'd again,  
And drooping into scenes of death and woe.

That sudden flow of spirits, bright and strong,  
Which play'd in sprightly sallies round my heart;  
Was it a gleam, forewarning me from Heaven,  
Of quick approaching fate? As tapers mount  
Expiring into wide diffusive flame,  
Give one broad glare, into the socket sink,  
And sinking disappear.—It must be so!  
The soul, prophetic of its voyage, descried  
The blissful shore, exulting on the wing,  
In a glad flutter: then, o'erwhelm'd with joy,  
She warn'd her old companion of her flight  
(The feeble tenement of mouldering clay),  
Who sadden'd at their parting.—Yes,—I feel  
Thy leaden hand, O Death! it presses hard,  
It weighs the faculties of motion down,  
Inactive as the foot of a dull rock,  
And drags me to thy dusty chains: the wheels  
Of life are fasten'd to the grave, nor whirl,  
Longer, the fiery chariot on. The war,  
The struggle for eternity, begins.  
Eternity! illimitable, vast,  
Incomprehensible! for heaven and hell,

Within her universal womb, profound,  
Are centred.—Sleep or death are on my heart:  
Swims heavily my brain:—My senses reel. [joy!]

What scenes disclose themselves! what fields of  
What rivers of delight! what golden bowers!  
Sweetly oppress'd with beatific views,  
I hear angelic instruments, I see  
Primeval ardours, and essential forms;  
The sons of Light, but of created light,  
All energy, the diligence of God!  
Might I but join them! lend your glittering wings,  
Waft me, O quickly waft me to yon crown,  
Bright with the flaming roses of the zone  
Sidereal: gracious, they, beckoning, smile,  
They smile me to the skies! Hope leads the way:  
Mounting I spring to seize!—What Fury shakes  
Her fiery sword, and intercepts the stars?  
Ha! Amartia? Conscience, conscience sends  
Her grisly form, to blast me at my end.  
Behold! she points to burning rocks, to waves  
Sulphureous, molten lead, and boiling gulfs,  
Tempestuous with everlasting fire.—  
'Tis horrible!—O save me from myself!—  
O save me, Jesu!—Ha! a burst of light  
Blends with the empyréum's azure tide,  
While Faith, triumphant, swells the trump of God,  
And shouting, 'Where's thy victory, O Grave?  
And where, O Death, thy sting?' I see her spread  
Her saving banner o'er my soul (the Cross!)  
And call it to its peers. Thick crowds of day,  
Immaculate, involve me in their streams,  
And bathe my spirit, whiten'd for the sky.

While on this isthmus of my fate I lie,  
Jutting into Eternity's wide sea,

And leaning on this habitable globe,  
The verge of either world! dubious of life,  
Dubious, alike, of death; to Mercy thus,  
Inspirited with supplicating zeal,  
My guardian angel raised his potent prayer:  
(For angels minister to man, intent  
On offices of gentleness and love).

‘ Hear, Mercy! sweetest daughter of the skies,  
Thou loveliest image of thy Father’s face, [flow,  
Thou blessed fount, whence grace and goodness  
Auspicious, hear! extend thy helping arm,  
With pitying readiness, with willing aid,  
O lift thy servant from the vale of death,  
Now groveling in the dust, into the fields  
Of comfort, and the pastures green of health.  
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!  
If e’er thy servant to the poor his soul  
Drew out, and taught the fatherless to sing;  
If e’er by pity warm’d, and not by pride,  
He clothed the naked, and the hungry fed;  
If e’er distress and misery, forlorn,  
Deceived his cheek, and stole his untaught tear,  
An humble drop of thy celestial dew!  
Hear, Merey, sweetest daughter of the skies.

‘ Sprung from the bosom of eternal bliss,  
Thy goodness reaches farther than the grave;  
And near the gates of hell extends thy sway,  
Omnipotent! All, save the cursed crew  
Infernal, and the black rebellious host  
Of Lucifer, within thy sweet domain  
Feed on ambrosia, and may hope the stars.  
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!  
By thee, the great Physician from the bed  
Of darkness call’d the sick, the blind, the lame;  
He burst the grave’s relentless bars by thee,

And spoke the dead to life and bloom again.  
His miracles, thy work ; their glory, thine :  
Then, O thou dearest Attribute of God !  
Thy saving health to this thy servant lend !  
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies !'

Inclined upon a dewy skirted cloud,  
Purpled with light, and dropping fatness down,  
Plenty and bliss on man, with looks as mild  
As evening suns (when flowery footed May  
Leads on the jocund hours, when Love himself  
Flutters in green), effusing heartfelt joy  
Abundant, Mercy shone with sober grace,  
And majesty at once with sweetness mix'd  
Ineffable. A rainbow o'er her head,  
The covenant of God, betokening peace  
Twixt heaven and earth, its florid arch display'd,  
High bended by the' Almighty's glorious hand ;  
The languish of the dove upon her eyes  
In placid radiance melted, from the throne  
Of grace infused, and fed with light ; her smiles  
Expansive cheer'd the undetermined tracks  
Of all creation, from the' ethereal cope,  
August with moving fires, down to the shades  
Infernal, and the reign of darkness drear.  
E'en men refine to angels from her gaze,  
Gracious, invigorating, full of Heaven !

This daughter of the Lamb, to fervent prayers  
And intercession, opes her ready ear,  
Compassionate ; and to Hygeia thus—  
' Hygeia, hie thee to the well of life ;  
There dip thy fingers ; touch his head and breast,  
Three drops into his mouth infuse, unseen,  
Save by the eye of Faith ; he yonder lies—  
Descend, and take the evening's western wing.'

She said. Hygeia bow'd ; and, bowing, fill'd

The circumambient air with odorous streams,  
Pure essence of ambrosia! not the breath  
Of Lebanon, from cedar alleys blown,  
Of Lebanon, with aromatic gales  
Luxuriant, spikenard, aloes, myrrh, and balm;  
Nor the wise eastern monarch's garden vied  
In fragrance, when his fair Circassian spouse,  
Enamour'd, call'd upon the south to fan  
Its beds of spices, and her bosom cool,  
Panting with languishment and lovesick fires.

Forth from the' eternal throne the well of Life,  
Pouring its crystal, laves the streets of God  
(Where Sickness never comes, nor Age, nor Pain),  
Fast trickling o'er the pebble gems. Beneath  
Unfading amaranth and asphodel,  
A mirror spreads its many colour'd round,  
Mosaic work, inlaid by hands divine  
In glistering rows, illuminating each,  
Each shading: beryl, topaz, chalcedon,  
Emerald, and amethyst. Whatever hues  
The light reflects, celestial quarries yield,  
Or melt into the vernant showery bow,  
Profusive, vary here in mingling beams.  
Collected thus the waters, dimpling, end  
Their soft progressive lapse. The Cherubs hence  
Immortal vigour quaff and bliss unblamed.  
Nor only flow for you, ye sons of Light,  
The streams of comfort and of life, but flow  
To heal the nations. Wonderful to tell,  
The aged they renew, the dead revive,  
And more, the festers of the wounded soul,  
Corrupted, black, to pristine white relume  
And saintlike innocence. The mystic Dove  
Broods, purifying o'er them, with his wings.

The angel, who Bethesda's troubled pool  
Stirr'd, first his pinions with these vital drops  
Sprinkled; then pour'd himself into the flood,  
Instilling health and nutriment divine,  
Its waves to quicken, and exalt its powers.

Here lights Hygeia, ardent to fulfil  
Mercy's behest. The bloom of Paradise  
Lived on her youthful cheek, and glow'd the Spring.  
The deep carnations in the eastern skies,  
When ruddy Morning walks along the hills,  
Ilistriously red, in purple dews,  
Are languid to her blushes; for she blush'd  
As through the opening file of winged flames,  
Bounding, she lighted, and her sapphire eyes  
With modest lustre bright, improving heaven,  
Cast sweetly round, and bow'd to her compeers,  
An angel amid angels. Light she sprung  
Along the' empyreal road: her locks distill'd  
Salubrious spirit on the stars. Full soon  
She pass'd the gate of pearl, and down the sky,  
Precipitant, upon the evening wing  
Cleaves the live ether, and with healthy balm  
Impregnates, and fecundity of sweets.

Conscious of her approach, the wanton birds,  
Instinctive, carol forth, in livelier lays  
And merrier melody, their grateful hymn,  
Brisk fluttering to the breeze. Eftsoons the hills,  
Beneath the gambols of the lamb and kid,  
Of petulant delight, the circling maze  
(Brush'd off its dews) betray. All Nature smiles  
With double day delighted. Chief, on man  
The goddess ray'd herself: he, wondering, feels  
His heart in driving tumults, vigorous, leap,  
And gushing ecstasy: bursts out his tongue

In laud, and unpremeditated song,  
Obedient to the music in his veins.  
Thus, when at first, the instantaneous light  
Sprung from the voice of God, and, vivid, threw  
Its golden mantle round the rising ball,  
The cumbrous mass, shot through with vital warmth  
And plastic energy, to motion roll'd  
The drowsy elements, and active rule:  
Sudden the Morning Stars together sang,  
And shouted all the sons of God for joy.

Enters Hygeia, and her task performs,  
With healing fingers touch'd my breast and head;  
Three drops into my mouth infused, unseen,  
Save by the eye of Faith: then reascends.

As snow in Salmon, at the tepid touch  
Of southern gales, by soft degrees, dissolves  
Trickling, yet slow, away; and loosen'd frosts  
The genial impress feel of vernal suns,  
Relenting to the ray; my torpid limbs  
The healing virtue of Hygeia's hand  
And salutary influence perceive,  
Instant to wander through the whole. My heart  
Begins to melt, o'errunning into joy,  
Late froze with agony. Kind tumults seize  
My spirits, conscious of returning health,  
And dire disease abating from the cells  
And mazy haunts of life. The judging leech  
Approves the symptoms, and my hope allows.

The hostile humours cease to bubble o'er  
Their big distended channels; quiet now  
And sinking into peace. The organs heave  
Kindlier with life: and Nature's fabric near  
To dissolution shatter'd, and its mould

To dust dissolved, though not its pristine strength  
(The lusty vigour of its healthy prime),  
Yet gentle force recovers; to maintain,  
Against the tyrant Death's battering assaults,  
The fort of Life.—But darkness, present still,  
And absent sweet repose, best medicine, sleep,  
Forbid my heart the full carouse of joy.

‘ Soft power of slumbers, dewy feather'd Sleep,  
Kind nurse of Nature! whither art thou fled,  
A stranger to my senses, wearied out  
With pain, and aching for thy presence? Come,  
O come! embrace me in thy liquid arms;  
Exert thy drowsy virtue, wrap my limbs  
In downy indolence, and bathe in balm,  
Fast flowing from the' abundance of thy horn,  
With nourishment replete, and richer stored  
Than Amalthea's; who (so poets feign)  
With honey and with milk supplied a god,  
And fed the thunderer. Indulgent quit  
Thy couch of poppies! steal thyself on me  
(In rory mists suffused and clouds of gold),  
On me, thou mildest cordial of the world !

The shield his pillow, in the tented field,  
By thee, the soldier, bred in iron war,  
Forgets the mimic thunders of the day,  
Nor envies luxury her bed of down.  
Rock'd by the blast, and cabin'd in the storm,  
The sailor hugs thee to the doddering mast,  
Of shipwreck negligent, while thou art kind.  
The captive's freedom, thou! the labourer's hire;  
The beggar's store; the miser's better gold;  
The health of Sickness; and the youth of Age!  
At thy approach the wrinkled front of Care

Subsides into the smooth expanse of smiles.  
And, stranger far ! the monarch, crown'd by thee,  
Beneath his weight of glory gains repose.

What guilt is mine, that I alone am wake,  
E'en though my eyes are seal'd, am wake alone ?  
Ah ! seal'd, but not by thee ! the world is dumb ;  
Exhaled by air, an awful silence rules,  
Still as thy brother's reign, or foot of time ;  
E'en nightingales are mute, and lovers rest,  
Steep'd in thy influence, and cease to sigh,  
Or only sigh in slumbers. Fifteen nights  
The moon has walk'd in glory o'er the sky ;  
As oft the Sun has shone her from the sphere,  
Since, gentle Sleep, I felt thy cordial dews.  
Then listen to my moaning ; nor delay  
To sooth me with thy softness ; to o'ershade  
Thy suppliant with thy pinions : or at least  
Lightly to touch my temples with thy wand.

So, full and frequent, may the crimson fields  
With poppies blush, nor feel a Tarquin's hand.  
So may the west winds sigh, the murmuring brook,  
The melody of birds, Ianthe's lute,  
And music of the spheres, be all the sounds  
That dare intrude on thy devoted hour.  
Nor Boreas bluster, nor the thunder roar,  
Nor screechowl flap his wing, nor spirit yell,  
As 'neath the trembling of the moon he walks,  
Within the circle of thy still domain.  
He comes ! he comes ! the reconciling Power  
Of pain, vexation, care, and anguish comes !  
He hovers in the lazy air :—He melts,  
With honey heaviness, my senses down.—

I thank thee, Sleep !—Heavens ! is the day  
restored

To my desiring eyes ? their lids, unglued,  
Admit the long lost light, now streaming in  
Painfully clear !—O check the rapid gleam  
With shading silk, till the weak visual orb,  
Stronger and stronger, dares imbibe the sun,  
Nor, watering, twinkles at unfolded day.  
As where, in Lapland, Night collects her reign,  
Oppressive, over half the rounded year  
Uninterrupted with one struggling beam ;  
Young Orra Moor, in fury spoils enroll'd,  
Shagged and warm, first spies the imperfect blush  
Of opening light, exulting ; scarce her eyes  
The lustre bear, though faint ; but, widening fast,  
The unbounded tide of splendour covers, fair,  
The expanded hemisphere ; and fills her sight  
With gladness, while her heart, warm-leaping,  
burns.

Sight, all expressive ! though the feeling sense  
Thrills from Ianthe's hand ; at Handel's lyre  
Tingles the ear ; though smell from blossom'd  
Arabian spirit gathers ; and the draught, [beans  
Sparkling from Burgundy's exalted vines,  
Streams nectar on the palate ; yet, O Sight !  
Weak their sensations, when compared with thee.  
Without thee, Nature lies unmeaning gloom.  
Whatever smiles on earth, or shines in heaven,  
From star of Venus to Adonis' flower ;  
Whatever Spring can promise ; Summer warm  
To rich maturity ; gay Autumn roll  
Into the lap of Plenty, or her horn ;  
Winter's majestic horrors ;—all are thine.  
All varying in order's pleasing round,  
In regular confusion grateful all !

And now progressive Health, with kind repair,  
My fever-weaken'd joints and languid limbs

New-brace. Live vigour and auxiliar'd nerves  
Sinew the freshen'd frame in bands of steel.  
As in the trial of the furnace ore,  
From baser dregs refined, and drossy scum,  
Flames more resplendent, and admits the stamp  
Of majesty to dignify the gold,  
Caesar or George! the human body, thus,  
Enamel'd, not deform'd, from Sickness' rage  
More manly features borrows, and a grace  
Severe, yet worthier of its sovereign form.  
The patriarch of Uz, son of the Morn,  
Envied of Lucifer, by sores and blains  
Sharply improved, to fairer honours rose;  
Less his beginning bless'd than latter end.  
How late a tortured hump of baleful pain,  
The soul immerged in one inactive mass  
Of breathing blains, each elegance of sense,  
Each intellectual spark and fiery seed  
Of reason, memory, judgment, taste, and wit,  
Extinct and smother'd in unwieldy clay  
Scarce animated: and (O blessing!) now  
I seem to tread the winds; to overtake  
The empty eagle in her early chase,  
Or nimble trembling dove, from preyful beak,  
In many a rapid, many a cautious round,  
Wheeling precipitant: I leave behind,  
Exulting o'er its aromatic hills,  
The bounding Bether roe. The poet's mind,  
(Effluence essential of heat and light!)  
Not mounts a loftier wing, when Fancy leads  
The glittering track, and points him to the skies,  
Excursive: the empyreal air inhales,  
Earth fading from his flight! triumphant soars  
Amid the pomp of planetary worlds,

Ranging infinitude, beyond the stretch  
 Of Newton's ken, reformer of the spheres,  
 And, gaining on the heavens, enjoys his home!

The Winter of disease all pass'd away,  
 The Spring of health, in bloomy pride, calls forth  
 Embosom'd bliss, of rosy winged praise  
 The rising incense, the impassion'd glance  
 Of gratitude, the pant of honour, quick  
 With emulating zeal; the florid wish  
 For sacred happiness, and cordial glow  
 From conscious virtue felt: all the sweet train  
 Of vernal Solitude's refining walks,  
 Best gift of Heaven, and source of nameless joys!

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#### NOTES AND ALLUSIONS TO BOOK IV.

PAGE 58. *The sons of Light.*—Light is the first-born of all creatures; and it is commonly observed that the angels were created at the same period of time. St. Austin thinks them meant under *Fiat Lux*, ‘Let there be Light:’ *De Civitate Dei*, l. xi. c. 9. This indeed is only conjectural, and we have no article of the Apostles’ Creed which directs upon any considerations of angels; because perhaps it exceeds the faculties of men to understand their nature, and it may not conduce much to our practical edification to know them. Yet, however, this observation may serve to illustrate that beautiful passage in the Book of Job: When ‘the Morning Stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.’

P. 61. —— *to pristine white rume.*—White has been accounted in all ages the peculiar tinture of Innocence, and white vestments worn by persons delegated for sacred offices, &c. When our Saviour was transfigured before his disciples, his raiment be-

came shining, ' exceeding white as snow,' Mark, chap. ix. 3. When he ascended into Heaven, the angels descended in ' white apparel,' Acts i. 10. ' And to the spouse of the Lamb was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of the Saints,' Rev. xix. ver. 8. 14. Hence the custom of the primitive church of clothing the persons baptized in white garments.

Inde parens sacro ducens de fonte sacerdos  
Infantes, niveo corpore, mente, habitu.  
*Paulinus, Epist. xii.*

The Heathens paid likewise a great regard to white:

Color albus præcipue Deo charus est.  
*Cicero de Leg. Lib. ii.*

— Ante aras stat veste sacerdos  
Effulgens nivea. *Silius Ital. Lib. iii.*

Delius hic longe candenti veste sacerdos  
Occurrit. *Valerius Flacc. Lib. ii.*

And not only the priests, but likewise those who attended at the sacrifices, and paid their devotions to their gods:

Cernite fulgentes ut eat sacer agnus ad aras,  
Tinctaque post olea candida turba comas.  
*Tibull. Lib. ii. Eleg. 1.*

And Ovid:

Linguis candida turba favet.  
*Fast. Lib. ii.*

I shall only add one passage, from Plautus:

— Ergo aequius vos erat  
Candidatas venire, hostiatisque ad hoc  
Fauum. *Rudens. Act. i. Sc. 5.*

P. 63. — *touch'd my breast and head;*

*Three drops, &c.*—Hygeia here performs her office in the very manner she was ordered by Mercy. I have, after the manner of Homer, used the same expressions over again, as when she received the

mandate. The Father of Poetry constantly makes his envoys observe this practice, as a mark of decency and respect.

P. 64. *Than Amalthea's, &c.*—Amalthea, the daughter of Melissus, King of Crete, and nurse of Jupiter, who fed him with goats' milk and honey. But this story is differently related. See Strabo, l. x. Diodor. Sicul. l. iv. e. 5, and Ovid. Fast. l. v. It is very remarkable that the translation of the Septuagint uses the expression Amalthea's horn, for the name of Job's third daughter Keren-happuc (so called from her beauty) alluding to a Grecian fable invented long after; Job, ch. the last, v. 14. The same translation likewise mentions Arachne in Psalm xc. verse 9, which image is left out in all our late versions. A Christian poet, therefore, may surely be excused for using the word Ambrosia, &c. or drawing metaphors or comparisons from the pagan mythology in a serious composition; which is the practice of Milton, and some of the best poets. The fault only is, when the poet weaves the Heathen fables with the Jewish and Christian truths. As when Sannazarius introduces the Furies, Cerberus, &c. into his poem (which is otherwise a very fine one) *De Partu Virginis*. And likewise when Camoëns blends the adventures of Bacchus with the miracles of Christ, &c. in his *Lu-siad*. But this by the by.

## THE THANKSGIVING.

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The grave cannot praise Thee ; death cannot celebrate Thee.

—The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day.—ISAIAH.

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### The Argument.

The effects which the restoration of health ought to have in the solitudes of spring. Rural prospect. Excursion to the battle at Tournay. Reflections on the abuses of modern poetry. Hymn to the ever blessed and glorious Trinity. 1st. to God the Father, as Creator and Preserver: 2dly, to God the Son, as Mediator and Redeemer: 3dly, to God the Holy Ghost, as Sanctifier and Comforter. Conclusion.

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### BOOK V.

COME, Contemplation ! therefore from thy haunts,  
 From Spenser's tomb (with reverent steps and slow  
 Oft visited by me ; certes, by all, [retreats,  
 Touch'd by the Muse) : from Richmond's green  
 Where Nature's Bard <sup>1</sup> the Seasons on his page  
 Stole from the Year's rich hand : or Welwyn groves,  
 Where Young, the friend of virtue and of man,  
 Sows with poetic stars the nightly song,  
 To Phœbus dear as his own day ! and drowns  
 The nightingale's complaint in sadder strains  
 And sweeter elegance of woe, O come !

<sup>1</sup> Thomson.

Now evening mildly still, and softer suns  
(While every breeze is flowing balm) invite  
To taste the fragrant spirit of the spring  
Salubrious; from mead or hawthorn hedge  
Aromatized, and pregnant with delight  
No less than health. And what a prospect round  
Swells greenly grateful on the cherish'd eye!  
An universal blush! a waste of sweets!  
How live the flowers, and, as the zephyrs blow,  
Wave a soft lustre on their parent sun,  
And thank him with their odours for his beams;  
Mild image of himself! reflected fair,  
By faintness fair, and amiably mild!

Hark! how the airy echoes talk along  
With undulating answer, soft or loud,  
The mocking semblance of the imaged voice,  
Babbling itinerant from wood to hill,  
From hill to dale, and wake their sisters round,  
To multiply delight upon the ear.

As float the clouds, romantic Fancy pours  
The magazines of Proteus forth, and builds  
Huge castles in the air; while vessels sail  
Spacious, along the fluid element;  
And dragons burn in gold, with azure stains  
Speckled: ten thousand inconsistent shapes  
Shift on the eye, and through the welkin roll.

Here tufted hills: there shining villas rise,  
Circling; and temples, solemn, fill the mind  
With beauty, splendour, and religious awe!  
Peace o'er the plain expands her snowy wing,  
Dove-eyed; and buxom Plenty laughs around!

For different objects mortify the eye  
Along thy borders, Scheld: (with William's tears  
Emboiled, tears from brave humanity

And royal pity drawn! nor of his blood  
Less prodigal!) Instead of herbaged plains,  
Of fields with golden plenty waving wide,  
Of lowing valleys, and of fleecy hills:  
What magazines of death! what flaming swords  
Destruction brandish; what a burnish'd glare  
Of horror wanders round; what carnage vile  
Of dubitable limbs; what groaning piles  
Of dying warriors on the' ensanguined earth  
(E'en sons of Britain, chiefs of high renown)  
Groveling in dust, and with unmartial fires  
Sheer blasted! O 'tis pitiful to sight!  
It smites the honest brain and heart! The cloud,  
Belch'd from the brazen throat of War, would hide,  
Industrious, the ruin which it spreads,  
As if ashamed of massacre—But hark!—  
What dire explosion tears the' embowel'd sky,  
And rumbles from the' infernal caves? The roar  
Of *Ætna*'s troubled caverns, when she heaves  
Trinacria from her marble pillars, fix'd  
On the foundations of the solid earth,  
And *Thetis*' bellows from her distant dens  
O'erwhelm the ear!—A mine, with deadly stores  
Infuriate, burst; and a whole squadron'd host  
Whirl'd through the riven air. A human shower  
With smouldry smoke enroll'd and wrapp'd in  
fire,  
To cover earth with desolation drear!—  
Cursed be the man, the monk, the son of hell,  
The triple Moloch! whose mechanic brain,  
Maliciously inventive, from its forge,  
Of cruel steel, the sulphur seeds of wrath  
Flash'd on the world, and taught us how to kill;

To hurl the blazing ruin, to disgorge  
From smoking brass the ragged instruments  
Of fate, in thunder, on the mangled files  
Of gallant foes:—the cowardice of hell!  
And, what the barbarous nations never knew  
(Though nourish'd by the tigers, and their tongues  
Red with the gore of lions), to involve  
The holy temples, the religious fanes,  
To hallelujahs sacred and to peace,  
With dreadless fires. Shuddering the angels weep  
At man's impiety, and seek the skies:  
They weep! while man, courageous in his guilt,  
Smiles at the infant writhing on his spear;  
The hoary head pollutes the flinty streets  
With scanty blood; and virgins pray in vain.  
Blush, blush! or own Deucalion for thy sire.

Yet should Rebellion, bursting from the caves  
Of Erebus, uprear her hydra form,  
To poison, Liberty, thy light divine;  
If she, audacious, stalk in open day,  
And hiss against the throne by Heaven's own hand  
Establish'd, and religion heaven-reform'd,  
Britannia! rescue earth from such a bane:  
Exert thy ancient spirit; urge thyself  
Into the bowels of the glowing war,  
Sweep her from day to multiply the fiends, [Hosts,  
And scare the damn'd!—and Thou! the God of  
Supreme! the Lord of lords, and King of kings!  
Thy people, thy anointed, with thy shield  
Cover and shade; unbare thy righteous arm,  
And save us in the hollow of thy hand!  
Michaël send, as erst against the host  
Of Lucifer, and let his sword be drunk

With rebel blood. The battle is thy own ;  
When virtue, liberty, religion call :  
Thine is the victory : the glory thine !

Turn, Contemplation, from this savage scene  
Of violence and waste : my swimming eyes  
Have lost the beauties of the vernal view !

Sweet are the beauties of the vernal view !  
And yet devotion wafts to nobler themes,  
And lifts the soul to Heaven ! For who, untouch'd,  
With mental adoration, feeling laud,  
Beholds this living vegetable whole,  
This universal witness of a God !  
Though silent, yet convincing, uncontrol'd,  
Which meets the sense, and triumphs in the soul ?  
Let me (by Isaac's wise example fired,  
When meditation led him through the fields),  
Sweetly in pious musings lost, adore  
My God ! for meditation is too poor,  
Below the sacrifice of Christian hearts :  
Plato could meditate ; a Christian, more :  
Christians, from meditation, soar to prayer.

Methinks I hear, reproved by modern wit,  
Or rather pagan ; 'Though ideal sounds  
Soft wafted on the zephyr's fancied wing,  
Steal tuneful soothings on the easy ear,  
New from Ilissus' gilded mists exhaled ;  
Though gently o'er the academic groves,  
The magic echoes of unbodied thoughts  
Roll their light billows through the unwounded air,  
In mildest undulations ! yet a priest<sup>2</sup>,  
Tasteless and peevish, with his jargon shrill,  
Scorns Academus ; though its flowers bestow  
On Hybla neetar, purer than her own,

<sup>2</sup> The very expressions of one of our disciples of Socrates.

From Plato's honey-dropping tongue distill'd  
 In copious streams, devolving o'er the sense  
 Its sweet regalement !' Philodemus, yes  
 (Though learn'd Lycaeum's cloisters lead the mind  
 Attentive on, as far as Nature leads:  
 And Plato, for a heathen, nobler dreams  
 Than dream some modern poets): Yes, a priest,  
 A priest dares tell you, Salem's hallow'd walks,  
 And that illumined mountain, where a God,  
 The God of my Salvation, and I hope  
 Of thine, unutterable beauty beam'd  
 (Though shaded from excess of Deity,  
 Too fierce for mortal aching eyes to prove  
 The rush of glory), me, desirous, draw  
 From Athens' owls, to Jordan's mystic dove.  
 Thou sing of Nature, and the moral charms  
 Gild with thy painted Muse: my fingers lift  
 The lyre to God! Jehovah! Eloim !  
 Truth is my leader; only Fancy, thine,  
 (Sweet Farinelli of enervate song !)  
 I quit the myrtle, for a starry crown.  
 And know, if Sickness shed her bluish plagues  
 From fog, or fen, or town-infected damps,  
 (And sure I'd pity thee) among thy veins;  
 Then, then no Platonist ! thy inmost soul  
 Will thank me for this preaching; nor disdain  
 To breathe itself in prayer, as low as mine:  
 From God begin, with God conclude the song;  
 Thus glorifying with a Christian zeal.

Father of Heaven and Earth ! Coeval Son !  
 And coexisting Spirit ! Trinal One !  
 Mysterious Deity; invisible;  
 Indefinite, and omnipresent God,  
 Inhabiting eternity ! Shall dust,

Shall ashes, dare presume to sing of Thee ?  
O for a David's heart, and tongue of fire  
To rival angels in my praise and zeal !  
Yet love immense, and gratitude, with awe  
Religious mix'd, shall elevate the hymn,  
My heart enkindle, and inspire my tongue.

Father Creator ! who beholds Thy works,  
But catches inspiration ! Thou the Earth  
On nothing hung, and balanced in the void  
With a magnetic force, and central poise.  
Ocean of brightness Thou ! Thy grand behest  
Flung on thy orb, the Sun, a sparkling drop,  
To light the Stars, and feed their silver urns  
With unexhausted flame ; to bid them shine  
Eternal in their courses, o'er the blue  
Which mantles night, and woo us to repose  
With roscid radiance. They, harmonious, roll,  
In majesty of motion, solemn, loud,  
The universal hallelujah ; sphere,  
In lucid order, quiring sweet to sphere,  
Deep-felt and loftier than a Seraph's song ;  
The symphony of well according worlds !  
But man, thy beam, thy breath, thy image, shines  
The crown, the glory, and the lord of all ;  
Of all below the stars ! a plant, from Heaven  
Traduced, to spread the riches of its bloom  
O'er Earth, and water'd with ethereal dews ;  
Incorruptible aliment ! The birds  
Warble among his boughs ; the cattle, safe,  
Pasture within his shade ; and earth, beneath  
The imperial umbrage of his branches, smiles.  
The smiling earth, the spangled spheres, and man,  
Their great Creator praise ! but praise how long,  
Unless by thy Almighty Arm upheld,

Preserver infinite? By Thee unless  
Upheld, the earth would from her basis reel ;  
The spheres forego their courses (off their orbs  
The silver softness melted into shade),  
Obscurely dissonant; and mortal man  
(Void of thy fostering fires) his stately form  
To dust be moulder'd : Chaos would resume  
Her ancient anarchy; Confusion, rule ;  
And Darkness swallow all. In Thee we live,  
In Thee we move: our beings in Thy chain,  
Link'd to eternity, fasten on Thee,  
The pillar of our souls! For me, (how late  
A neighbour of the worm !) when I forget  
The wonders of thy goodness ray'd on me,  
And cease to celebrate, with matin harp  
Or vesper song, thy plenitude of love,  
And healing mercy; may the nightly Power,  
Which whispers on my slumbers, cease to breathe  
Her modulating impulse through my soul ;  
Untuned, unhallow'd! Discord string my lyre,  
Idly my finger press the fretted gold,  
Rebellious to the dictates of my hand,  
When indolent to swell the notes for Thee,  
Father of heaven and earth!—Coeval Son!  
(His Word, his Essence, his Effulgence pure !)  
Not less thy Filial likeness I adore,  
Nor from thy Father's glory aught disjoin,  
Redeemer! Mediator! from the birth  
Of uncreated Time, thy Father's wrath  
(Sprung from Omiscience !) to appease, for man,  
Upright as yet, to mediate, Mercy waked  
Unbounded love in Thee; unbounded love  
Contracted to the measure of a span  
Immensity of Godhead, and thy crown

Reft from thy faded brow. Listen, O earth!  
And wonder, O ye heavens! shall He, whose  
feet

Are clothed with stars, (the glory of his head  
For who can tell?) whose looks divine illume  
The dazzled eyes of cherubs, and the youth  
Of saints with everlasting bloom renew;  
Shall He, whose vital smiles with splendour fill  
The circuits of creation, and sustain  
The abodes of all existence, from the depths  
Of hell beneath, above Heaven's highest orb,  
With life, and health, and joy! shall He, to God  
Dear as his eye and heart, engraving there  
Deep from eternity; alone beloved,  
Alone begotten! say, shall He become  
A man of grief—for man? nay more, his foe,  
Rebellious next the fiends?—Astonishment  
Had chain'd my tongue to silence, if the powers  
Of tenderest pity and of warmest love  
Provoked not pensive measures, sadder strains  
Of elegiac sorrow, with the theme  
Mournfully varying. Take, my soul redeem'd!  
O take the moaning dove's dew dropping wing,  
Fly, fly to Solyma! and melt thy woe  
To Cedron's murmurs. Thence extend thy flight  
To Golgotha's accurséd tree. Behold!  
Clouds roll'd on clouds of wrath (the blackest  
wrath  
Of an offended God!) His beauties shade;  
But shade not long: it soon in drops dissolves,  
Sweet to the soul as manna to the taste,  
As pride of summer flower to sight or smell!  
Behind this shadowing cloud, this mystic gloom,  
The Sharon rose, dyed in the blood of Heaven,  
The lily of the valley, white from stain,

Bows the fair head, in loveliness declines,  
And, sweetly languishing, it droops and dies.  
But darkness veils the sun: a curtain draw  
Before the Passion; beyond wonder great,  
Great beyond Silence! — (Awe-struck, pause  
a while—)

And heavy as the burden of our sins!

‘ ‘Tis finish’d! — Change the lyre, the numbers  
change;

Let holy anthem-airs inspire the hymn.

Glory in Heaven! Redemption to mankind,  
And peace on earth! dominion! blessing! praise!  
Thanksgiving! power! salvation to our God!

Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb!

And, co-existing Spirit! Thou, whose breath  
My voice informs, shall it be mute to Thee,  
Eternal Paraclete? in order, last,  
Equal in glory to Omnipotence

The First, as to the Second; and from both  
Proceeding; (O inexplicable Name!)  
Mystical link of the unnumber’d Three!

To learning, night; to faith, the noontide day.

Soul of the Universe! thy wisdom first

The rage composed of warring elements  
(The subject of a nobler future song<sup>3</sup>),  
Yon all surrounding heavens with crystal orbs  
Garnish’d, and living gems, in goodly ranks  
And disciplined array; dividing night  
From day, their ordinances establish’d sure.  
Moving the waters saw Thee o’er their face,  
O God, the waters saw thee, and afraid,  
Into their channels shrunk, (capacious bed  
Of liquid element!) and own’d their bounds  
Impassable, as that eternal gulf

<sup>3</sup> The Elements. A Poem in Four Books.

Twixt bliss and woe.—The Prince of Peace thy beams

Largely imbibed, when, dovelike, o'er his head,  
Fast by the banks of Jordan's sacred stream,  
Thy mantling wings diffused their heavenly hues;  
And Abba glorified his Only Son,

Well pleaséd.—From thy tongues of cloven fire  
Kindled, the nations burn'd in flaming zeal,  
And unextinguish'd charity, dispersed

And glowing as the summer blaze at noon.

The rushing winds, on all their wings convey'd  
Thy doctrine, strong to shake the guilty soul;  
As, erst, the dome, low-stooping to its base,  
Before thy mighty presence learn'd to bend.

Thou, from the morning womb, upon our souls,  
Barren and dry, thy sanctifying dews,

Abroad, in silent softness sheds: the dews  
Of Love unspotted, uncorrupted Joy;

Obedient Goodness, Temperance subdued;

Ushaken Faith, and Meekness without guile.

Hence flow the odours out, our prayers perfume,  
Like incense, rising fragrant on the Throne,  
From golden vials pour'd, by Elder hands!

Extinct thy influential radiance, Sin,

Incumbent on the soul, as black as hell,

Holds godless anarchy: by Thee refined,

Incensed, sublimed, and sanctified, the soul

Invites the Holiest (O abyss of love!)

To choose a Temple, purer than the Sun,

Incorruptible, formed not by hands,

Where best He loves to dwell.—Thou all my bed,

Most holy Comforter! in Sickness smooth'd,

And violet buds, and roses without thorn,

Showered round the couch. From darkness and  
 the vale  
 Of shadowy Death, to pastures fair, and streams  
 Of comfort, thy refreshing right hand led  
 My wearied soul, and bathed in Health and Joy!  
 To light restored, and the sweet breath of  
 Heaven,  
 Beneath thy olive boughs, in plenteous flow,  
 The golden oil effusing on my head  
 Of gladness, let me ever sit and sing,  
 Thy numerous Godhead sparkling in my soul,  
 Thyself instilling praises, by thy ear  
 Not unapproved! For wisdom's steady ray,  
 The enlightening gift of tongues, the sacred fires  
 Of poesy are thine; United Three!  
 Father of Heaven and Earth! Coeval Son!  
 And coexisting Spirit! Trinal One!

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#### NOTES AND ALLUSIONS TO BOOK V.

PAGE 72. *Along thy borders, Scheld.*—This was written at the time of the siege of Tournay.

P. 75. *Plato could meditate.*—Far be it from me to speak with disrespect of this pagan philosopher. For my part, I could almost declare my admiration of Plato's beautiful descriptions, &c. in the words of B. Jonson on Shakspeare: 'To justify (says he) my own candour, I honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any.' *See his Discoveries, vol. ii. fol. of his Works.* P. 98.

I only here would observe how falsely, not to say impiously, some modern writers seem to take pains to recommend Plato's ideal morality, in opposition to

the glorious doctrines so fully revealed in the Holy Scriptures.

P. 76. ——— *Philodemus*.—Alluding to Q. Sectanus's admirable Satires, who introduces much such another character under this name. The true author, as we are informed by Mons. Blainville, in his curious Travels, is Mons. Segardi, one of the finest and politest gentlemen of Rome: by Philodemus he means one Gravina, an atheistical pretender to philosophy, the Greek language, &c. He thus makes him boast of himself, as if he drew the principles of his system from Socrates.

Nos etenim (puto jam nostri) docti sumus, et quos  
Socratica cœpi tractandos molliter arte  
Sordibus emergunt vulgi, totaque probantur  
Urbe. *See Q. Sectani Satyr. Ato. vol. i.*  
*Sat. 1. lib. i. v. 108, &c.*

P. 80. *Soul of the Universe*.—The heathens frequently give the appellation of Soul or Spirit to God.

Thus Virgil:

Cœlum et terram camposque liqueentes,  
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra,  
Spiritus intus alit.

That he means God by Spirit, appears from another place,

————— Denm ire per omnes  
Terrasque tractusque maris cœlumque profundum.

And Zeno's opinion is very remarkable;

Θεος εσι πνευμα διηκον δι' ολε τε κοσμος.

*See Lactantius, B. vii. c. 3. and Diogenes Laertius in the Life of Zeno.*

P. 80. *Moving the Waters saw Thee o'er their face*, &c.—Cicero tells us that it was Thales' opinion that God was the Spirit which created all things from the water. ‘Thales aquam dixit esse initium rerum, Deum autem esse mentem quæ ex aqua cuncta fingeret.’ *De Nat. Deor. l. 1.*

P. 81. *Before thy mighty presence, &c.*—The very heathens imagined a commotion in Nature at the presence of the Deity.

— Vibratus ab æthere fulgor  
Cum sonitu venit, et ruere omnia visa repente.  
*Æneis, Lib. viii.*

And in another place, Virgil:

Vix ea fatus eram, tremere omnia visa repente  
Liminaque laurusque Dei, totusque moveri  
Mons circum. *Æneis, Lib. iii.*

So likewise Statius:

Mirabar cur templa mihi tremuere Diana.  
*Theb. Lib. iv.*

And Seneca:

— Imo mugit e fundo solam.  
Tonat dies serenus, ac totis domus  
Ut fracta tectis crepuit. *Thyestes, Act. ii.*

P. 81. *Thou, from the morning womb, &c.*—Psalm ex. 3. This is a noble metaphor to express the beauties and graces of the Holy Spirit. So that ‘From the womb of the Morning’ in the Psalmist, signifies this: From the heavenly light of the Gospel, which is the wing or beam whereby the Sun of Righteousness revealeth himself, and breaketh out upon the world, the people shall adorn themselves from the first forming of Christ in them, with the dews of Grace, and the gifts and emanations of the Holy Ghost: which are Love, Joy, Peace, Long Suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance. Gal. v. 22, &c. When the Spirit of Christ bloweth thus upon us, and the dews of Grace are poured into our hearts, then the spices flow out, which arise from the holy Duties and spiritual Infusions, mentioned above.

P. 81. —— by Elder hands.—Rev. v. 8. The four and twenty Elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full

of odours, which are the prayers of the Saints; that is, the prayers of good men are as grateful to God as incense from the Tabernacle. So David, Ps. xiv. 2. Let my Prayer be directed to thee as Incense.

P. 82. *Beneath thy olive boughs, &c.*—Alluding to the two Olive Branches in Zecharia; ch. iv. ver. 11 and 12, which empty the golden oil out of themselves. Amongst other expositions of which words, Junius and Tarnovius interpret them to mean the various gifts and effusions of the Holy Spirit, which are, by Christ, derived upon the Church. For Christ is called the Messiah, on account of his being anointed with the Oil of Gladness: Ps. xiv. 8. And St. John speaketh thus of the Holy Ghost: Ye have an unction from the Holy One: 1 John ii. 20. The anointing which ye received from him, abideth in you: John ii. v. 27.

To conclude; a recovery from the smallpox a few years ago, gave occasion to the preceding Poem. I only at first (in gratitude to the Great Physician of Souls and Bodies) designed to have published this Hymn to the Trinity upon a Recovery from Sickness. But the subject being very extensive, and capable of admitting serious reflections on the frail state of humanity, I expatiated farther upon it. It cannot be supposed that I should treat upon sickness in a medicinal, but only in a descriptive, a moral, and religious manner: the versification is varied accordingly: the descriptive parts being more poetical; the moral, more plain; and the religious, for the most part, drawn from the Holy Scriptures. I have just taken such notice of the progress of the smallpox, as may give the reader some small idea of it, without offending his imagination. These few Notes are not intended for the learned reader; but added, to assist those who may not be so well acquainted with the classical and other allusions. I do not remember to have seen any other poem on the same subject to

lead me on the way, and, therefore, it is to be hoped, the goodnatured reader will more readily excuse its blemishes.

I have here added, by way of conclusion to the Notes, a short Hymn, written (when very young) in the great epidemical cold in 1732.

### HYMN IN SICKNESS.

O LORD! to Thee I lift my soul,  
To thee direct my eyes,  
While Fate in every vapour rolls,  
And sickening Nature sighs.

E'en air, the vehicle of Life,  
The soft recess of breath,  
Is made the harbinger of Fate,  
And poison'd dart of Death.

No gentle strains relieve my ears:  
But hark! the passing toll,  
In a long, sadly solemn knell,  
Alarms, anew, my soul.

No lovely prospect meets my eye,  
But melancholy fear,  
Attended with the hollow pomp  
Of Sickness and Despair.

My sins wide staring in my face  
In ghastly guise alarm;  
The pleasing sins of wanton youth,  
In many a fatal charm.

I sink beneath their black approach:  
My GOD! thy mercy lend!  
Let Hope her healing wings diffuse;  
O snatch me from the fiend!

I feel, I feel Thy saving health:  
New raptures fill my heart:  
A shining train of bliss succeeds;  
The gloomy scenes depart.

Though straining coughs this mortal frame  
To dissolution bring,  
Yet dreary Death in vain affrights,  
And points in vain his sting;

If gracious Heaven at that sad hour  
Its guardian arm extend:  
If Angels watch my parting soul,  
And save me at my end.

O Lord, or let me live or die,  
Thy holy Will be done!  
But let me live alone to Thee,  
And die in Thee alone.

## HYMN TO MAY.



## PREFACE.

As Spenser is the most descriptive and florid of all our English writers, I attempted to imitate his manner, in the following vernal Poem. I have been very sparing of the antiquated words, which are too frequent in most of the imitations of this author; however, I have introduced a few here and there, which are explained at the bottom of each page, where they occur. Shakspeare is the Poet of Nature, in adapting the affections and passions to his characters; and Spenser in describing her delightful scenes and rural beauties. His lines are most musically sweet; and his descriptions most delicately abundant, even to a wantonness of painting: but still it is the music and painting of Nature. We find no ambitious ornaments, or epigrammatical turns, in his writings, but a beautiful simplicity: which pleases far above the glitter of pointed wit. I endeavoured to avoid the affectation of the one, without any hopes of attaining the graces of the other kind of writing.

Te sequor, O nostræ gentis decus! inque tuis nunc  
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:  
Non ita certaudi cupidus, quam propter amorem  
Quod Te imitari aveo: Quid enim contendat Hirundo  
Cyenis?— LUCRETIUS.

A modern writer has, I know, objected against running the verse into alternate and stanza: but Mr. Prior's authority is sufficient for me, who ob-

serves that it allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse. As I professed myself in this Canto to take Spenser for my model, I chose the stanza; which I think adds both a sweetness and solemnity at the same time to subjects of this rural and flowery nature. The most descriptive of our old Poets have always used it, from Chaucer down to Fairfax, and even long after him. I followed Fletcher's measure in his *Purple Island*; a poem, printed at Cambridge, in 12 Cantos, in quarto, scarce heard of in this age, yet the best in the allegorical way (next to the *Fairy Queen*), in the English language. The Alexandrine line, I think, is peculiarly graceful at the end, and is an improvement on Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. After all, Spenser's *Hymns* will excuse me for using this measure; and Sealiger, in the third Book of his *Poeties*, tells us (from Dydimus) that the *Hymns* of the Athenians were sung to the lyre, the pipe, or some musical instrument: and this of all other kinds of verse is, certainly, *Lyrical*. But enough of the stanza: for (as Sir William Davenant observes in his admirable Preface to *Gondibert*) numbers in verse, like distinct kinds of music, are composed to the uncertain and different taste of several ears. I hope I have no apology to make for describing the beauties, the pleasures, and the loves of the Season in too tender or too florid a manner. The nature of the subject required a luxuriosness of versification, and a softness of sentiment; but they are pure and chaste at the same time: otherwise this Canto had neither been ever written, or offered to the public. If the sentiments and verse be florid and tender, I shall excuse myself in the words of Virgil (though not in his sense):

— Nunc mollissima fandi  
Tempora!

## HYMN TO MAY.

— Nunc formosissimus Annus. VIRGIL.

## The Argument.

Subject proposed. Invocation of May. Description of her: her operations on Nature. Bounty recommended; in particular at this season. Vernal apostrophe. Love the ruling passion in May. The celebration of Venus her birthday in this month. Rural retirement in spring. Conclusion.

ETHERIAL daughter of the lusty Spring,  
And sweet Favonius, ever gentle May!  
Shall I, unblamed, presume of thee to sing,  
And with thy living colours gild my lay?  
Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain;  
My numbers languish in a softer vein:  
I pant, too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,  
With storms when Winter blackens Nature's face;  
When whirling winds the howling forest tear,  
And shake the solid mountains from their base;  
Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky  
Veil thy beloved glories from the eye, [dren die?  
For which the nations pine, and Earth's fair chil-

Where Leda's Twins<sup>1</sup>, forth from their diamond  
tower,  
Alternate, o'er the Night their beams divide;  
In light embosom'd, happy, and secure  
From Winter rage, thou choosest to abide.

<sup>1</sup> Castor and Pollux.

Bless'd residence ! for there, as poets tell,  
The powers of Poetry and Wisdom dwell<sup>2</sup> ;  
Apollo wakes the Arts ; the Muses strike the shell.

Certes<sup>3</sup> o'er Rhedicyna's laurel'd mead,  
(For ever spread, ye laurels, green and new !)  
The brother stars their gracious nurture shed,  
And secret blessings of poetic dew.  
They bathe their horses in the learned flood,  
With flame recruited for the' ethereal road ;  
And deem fair Isis' swans<sup>4</sup> fair as their father god.

No sooner April, trimm'd with girlands<sup>5</sup> gay,  
Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly showers ;  
But, in the eastern pride of beauty, May,  
To gladden earth, forsakes her heavenly bowers,  
Restoring Nature from her palsied state.

April, retire ; ne<sup>6</sup> longer, Nature, wait :  
Soon may she issue from the Morning's golden gate.

Come, bounteous May ! in fulness of thy might,  
Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing Hours,  
All-recent from the bosom of delight,  
With nectar nurtured ; and involved in flowers :  
By Spring's sweet blush, by Nature's teeming  
By Hebè's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom : [womb ;  
By Venus' self (for Venus' self demands thee) come !

By the warm sighs, in dewy eventide,  
Of melting maidens, in the woodbine groves,  
To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride ;  
By billing turtles, and by cooing doves ;

<sup>2</sup> The Gemini are supposed to preside over learned men. See Pontanus, in his beautiful poem called *Urania*. Lib. 2. *De Gemini*.

<sup>3</sup> Surely, certainly. *Ibid. Rhedicyna*, Oxford.

<sup>4</sup> Jupiter deceived Leda in the shape of a swan, as she was bathing herself in the river Eurotas.

<sup>5</sup> Garlands.

<sup>6</sup> Nor.

By the youths' plainings stealing on the air  
 (For youths will plain, though yielding be the fair),  
 Hither, to bless the maidens and the youths, re-  
 pair.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn buds,  
 With freshness breathing, by the daisied plains,  
 By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,  
 And jovial roundelay<sup>7</sup> of nymphs and swains ;  
 In thy full energy, and rich array,  
 Delight of earth and heaven ! O blessed May ;  
 From heaven descend to earth : on earth vouch-  
 safe to stay.

She comes !—a silken camus<sup>8</sup>, emerald green,  
 Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows  
 (Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen),  
 And with the labours of the needle glows,  
 Purfled<sup>9</sup> by Nature's hand ! The amorous air  
 And musky western breezes fast repair,  
 Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her  
 hair.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems),  
 With the gay honours of the Spring entwined,  
 Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,  
 Floats glittering on the sun, and scents the wind,  
 Lovesick with odours !—Now to order roll'd,  
 It melts upon her bosom's dainty mold,  
 Or, curling round her waste, disparts its wavy  
 gold.

Young circling roses, blushing, round them throw  
 The sweet abundance of their purple rays,  
 And lilies, dipp'd in fragrance, freshly blow,  
 With blended beauties, in her angel face.

<sup>7</sup> Songs. <sup>8</sup> A light gown. <sup>9</sup> Flourished with a needle.

The humid radiance beaming from her eyes  
 The air and seas illumes, the earth and skies;  
 And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

On Zephyr's wing the laughing goddess view,  
 Distilling balm. She cleaves the buxom air,  
 Attended by the silver-footed Dew,  
 The ravages of Winter to repair.  
 She gives her naked bosom to the gales,  
 Her naked bosom down the ether sails;  
 Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the Spring  
 exhales.

All as the phœnix, in Arabian skies,  
 New burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,  
 At large, in roseal undulation <sup>10</sup>, flies;  
 His plumage dazzles, and the gazer tires:  
 Around their king the plumy nations wait,  
 Attend his triumph, and augment his state:  
 He, towering, claps his wings, and wins the' ethereal height—

So round this phœnix of the gaudy year  
 A thousand, nay ten thousand sports and smiles,  
 Fluttering in gold, along the hemisphere,  
 Her praises chant; her praises glad the isles.  
 Conscious of her approach (to deck her bowers)  
 Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours  
 A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flowers.

<sup>10</sup> Pliny tells us, Lib. 11, that the phœnix is about the bigness of an eagle; the feathers round the neck shining like gold; the body of a purple colour; the tail blue, with feathers resembling roses. See Claudian's fine Poem on that subject, and Marcellus Donatus, who has a short dissertation on the phœnix in his Observations on Tacitus. Annal. Lib. 6. Westley on Job, and Sir Tho. Brown's Vulgar Errors.

Narcissus<sup>11</sup> fair, in snowy velvet gown'd;  
 Ah, foolish! still to love the fountain brim:  
 Sweet Hyacinth<sup>12</sup>, by Phœbus erst<sup>13</sup> bemoan'd;  
 And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim.  
 Whate'er, Armida<sup>14</sup>, in thy gardens blew;  
 Whate'er the sun inhales, or sips the dew;  
 Whate'er compose the chaplet on Ianthe's brow.

He who undazed<sup>15</sup> can wander o'er her face,  
 May gain upon the solar blaze at noon;—  
 What more than female sweetness, and a grace  
 Peculiar! save, Ianthe, thine alone,  
 Ineffable effusion of the day!  
 So very much the same, that lovers say,  
 May is Ianthe; or the dear Ianthe, May.

So far as doth the harbinger of Day  
 The lesser lamps of Night in sheen<sup>16</sup> excel:  
 So far in sweetness and in beauty May  
 Above all other months doth bear the bell.  
 So far as May doth other months exceed,  
 So far in virtue and in goodlihead<sup>17</sup>,  
 Above all other nymphs Ianthe bears the meed<sup>18</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> A beautiful youth who, beholding his face in a fountain, fell in love with himself, and pining away was changed into a flower which bears his name. See Ovid. *Metamorph.* Lib. 3.

<sup>12</sup> Beloved, and turned into a flower, by Apollo. See the Story in Ovid. *Met.* Lib. 10. There is likewise a curious dialogue in Lucian betwixt Mercury and Apollo on this subject. Servius, in his Notes on Virgil's second *Bucolic*, takes the Hyacinth to be the *Vaccinium* of the Latins, bearing some similitude with the name.

<sup>13</sup> Formerly: long ago.

<sup>14</sup> See Tasso's *Il Goffredo*, Canto 16.

<sup>15</sup> Brightness, shining.

<sup>16</sup> Undazzled.

<sup>17</sup> Beauty.

<sup>18</sup> Prize.

Welcome! as to a youthful poet, wine,  
To fire his fancy, and enlarge his soul:  
He weaves the laurel chaplet with the vine,  
And grows immortal as he drains the bowl.  
Welcome! as beauty to the lovesick swain,  
For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain:  
He darts into her arms; quick vanishes his pain.

The drowsy Elements, aroused by thee,  
Roll to harmonious measures, active all!  
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, with feeling glee,  
Exult to celebrate thy festival.  
Fire glows intenser; softer blows the Air;  
More smooth the Waters flow; Earth smiles more  
fair:  
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, thy gladdening im-  
pulse share.

What boundless tides of splendour o'er the skies,  
O'erflowing brightness! stream their golden rays!  
Heaven's azure kindles with the varying dyes,  
Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze.  
Air whitens; wide the tracts of ether been  
With colours damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,  
And all above is blue; and all below is green.

At thy approach, the wild waves' loud uproar,  
And foamy surges of the maddening main,  
Forget to heave their mountains to the shore;  
Diffused into the level of the plain.  
For thee the Halcyon builds her summer's nest;  
For thee the Ocean smooths her troubled breast,  
Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple  
dress'd.

Have ye not seen, in gentle eventide,  
 When Jupiter the earth hath richly shower'd,  
 Striding the clouds, a Bow dispredden<sup>19</sup> wide  
 As if with light inwove, and gaily flower'd  
 With bright variety of blending dyes?

White, purple, yellow, melt along the skies,  
 Alternate colours sink, alternate colours rise.

The Earth's embroidery then have ye eyed,  
 And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white;  
 Their vernal-tinctured leaves, luxurious, dyed  
 In Flora's livery, painted by the light.

Light's painted children in the breezes play,  
 Lay out their dewy bosoms to the ray,  
 Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

From the wide altar of the foodful Earth  
 The flowers, the herbs, the plants, their incense roll;  
 The orchards swell the ruby tinctured birth;  
 The vermil gardens breathe the spicy soul.  
 Grateful to May, the nectar spirit flies,  
 The wafted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,  
 The zephyr's balmy burthen, worthy of the skies.

The Bee, the golden daughter of the Spring,  
 From mead to mead, in wanton labour roves,  
 And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing  
 With all the essence of the flushing groves:  
 Extracts the aromatic soul of flowers,  
 And, humming in delight, its waxen bowers  
 Fills with the luscious spoils, and lives ambrosial  
 hours.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves  
 That low in pastures or on mountains bleat,  
 Revive their frolics and renew their loves,  
 Stung to the marrow with a generous heat.

<sup>19</sup> Spread.

The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,  
Shakes to the winds the honours of his mane,  
(High-arch'd his neck) and, snuffing, hopes the  
dappled train.

The aerial songsters sooth the listening groves :  
The mellow thrush, the ouzle<sup>20</sup> sweetly shrill,  
And little linnet celebrate their loves  
In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill ;  
The soaring lark, the lowly nightingale,  
A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,  
And melancholy music dies along the dale.

This gay exuberance of gorgeous Spring,  
The gilded mountain, and the herbaged vale,  
The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,  
The murmuring fountain and the breathing dale :  
The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,  
The vales, the mountains, and the Spring invite,  
Yet unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

When Nature laughs around, shall man alone,  
Thy image, hang (ah me !) the sickly head ?  
When Nature sings, shall Nature's glory groan,  
And languish for the pittance poor of bread !  
O may the man that shall his image scorn,  
Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn, [torn.  
Die unanell'd<sup>22</sup> ; and dead, by dogs and kites be  
Cursed may he be (as if he were not so),  
Nay doubly cursed be such a breast of steel,  
Which never melted at another's woe,  
Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel.  
His heart is black as hell, in flowing store  
Who hears the needy crying at his door, [be poor.  
Who hears them cry, ne recks<sup>23</sup> ; but suffers them

<sup>20</sup> Blackbird.                   <sup>22</sup> Without a funeral knell.

<sup>23</sup> Nor is concerned.

But bless'd, O more than doubly bless'd be he !  
 Let Honour crown him and eternal Rest,  
 Whose bosom, the sweet fount of Charity,  
 Flows out to nourse<sup>24</sup> Innocence distress'd.  
 His ear is open to the widow's cries,  
 His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries ;  
 Like Mercy's self he looks on Want with Pity's  
 eyes.

In this bless'd Season, pregnant with delight,  
 Ne<sup>25</sup> may the boding owl with screeches wound  
 The solemn silence of the quiet night,  
 Ne croaking raven with unhallow'd sound,  
 Ne damned ghost affray<sup>26</sup> with deadly yell  
 The waking lover, raised by mighty spell,  
 To pale the stars, till Hesper shine it back to hell.

Ne witches rifle gibbets, by the moon  
 (With horror winking, trembling all with fear),  
 Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone :  
 Nor imp in visionary shape appear,  
 To blast the thriving verdure of the plain ;  
 Ne let hobgoblin, ne the ponk, profane [brain.  
 With shadowy glare the light, and mad the bursting  
 Yet fairy elves (so ancient custom's<sup>27</sup> will)  
 The green-gown'd fairy elves, by starry sheen<sup>28</sup>,  
 May gambol or in valley or on hill,  
 And leave their footsteps on the circled green.

<sup>24</sup> To nurse.

<sup>25</sup> Nor.

<sup>26</sup> Affright.

<sup>27</sup> The Lemuria, or rites sacred to the Lemures, were celebrated by the Romans in May. See Ovid. Fast. 1, 5, &c. They imagined the Lemures (in English, Fairies) to be like ghosts of deceased persons : but our traditional accounts are very different in respect to the nature of fairies. Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Drayton's *Fairy Tale*, and a celebrated 'Old Ballad,' are masterpieces in their kind.

<sup>28</sup> Brightness.

Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around ;  
 Full feately<sup>29</sup>, Oberon, thou, o'er grass turf bound :  
 Mab brushes off no dewdrops, Oberon prints no  
 ground.

Ne<sup>30</sup> bloody rumours violate the ear,  
 Of cities sack'd, and kingdoms desolate,  
 With plague or sword, with pestilence or war ;  
 Ne rueful murmur stain thy era date ;  
 Ne shameless calumny, for fell despite,  
 The foulest fiend that e'er blasphemed the light,  
 At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,  
 Ne voice of misery assault the heart ;  
 Ne fatherless from table be debarr'd ;  
 Ne piteous tear from eye of sorrow start ;  
 But, plenty, pour thyself into the bowl  
 Of bounty-head ; may never want control [soul.  
 That good, good honest man, who feeds the famish'd  
 Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep ;  
 The viol wake alone, and tender flute :  
 The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,  
 And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian lute.  
 Yet Clio frets, and burns, with honest pain,  
 To rouse and animate the martial strain, [plain.  
 While British banners flame o'er many a purpled  
 The trumpet sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake,  
 Illustrious chief ! to sound thy mighty name  
 (Snatch'd from the malice of Lethean lake),  
 Triumphant swelling from the mouth of Fame.  
 Meanwhile, disdain not (so the virgins pray)  
 This rosy crown, with myrtle wove and bay  
 (Too humble crown I ween), the offering of May.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,  
 Heaping thy crowded way with greens and flowers,  
 And in the fondness of their heart rejoice  
 To sooth, with dance and song, thy gentler hours ;  
 Indulge the season, and with sweet repair  
 Embay thy limbs, the vernal beauties share :  
 Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war.

Britannia's happy isle derives from May  
 The choicest blessings liberty bestows :  
 When royal Charles (for ever hail the day !)  
 In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes.  
 Restored with him, the arts the drooping head  
 Gaily again uprear'd ; the Muses' shade [ray'd.  
 With fresher honours bloom'd, in greener trim ar-  
 And thou, the goodliest blossom of our isles !  
 Great Frederick's and his Augusta's joy,  
 Thy native month approved with infant smiles,  
 Sweet as the smiling May, imperial boy !  
 Britannia hopes thee for her future lord,  
 Loved as thy parents, only not adored ! [stored.  
 Whene'er a George is born, Charles is again re-  
 O may his father's pant for finer fame,  
 And boundless bountyhead to humankind ;  
 His grandsires' glory, and his uncle's name,  
 Renown'd in war ! inflame his ardent mind :  
 So arts shall flourish 'neath his equal sway,  
 So arms the hostile nations wide affray ;  
 The laurel, Victory ; Apollo, wear the bay.  
 Through kind infusion of celestial power,  
 The dullard earth May quickeneth with delight :  
 Full suddenly the seeds of joy recure <sup>31</sup>  
 Elastic spring, and force within empight <sup>32</sup>.

<sup>31</sup> Recover.

<sup>32</sup> Placed, fixed.

If senseless elements invigorate prove  
 By genial May, and heavy matter move, [love?  
 Shall shepherdesses cease, shall shepherds fail to  
 Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,  
 Purpled with health, as in the greenwood shade,  
 Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground  
 And deftly<sup>33</sup> lead the dance along the glade;  
 (O may no showers your merry-makes affray!)  
 Hail at the opening, at the closing day,  
 All hail, ye bonnibels<sup>34</sup>, to your own season, May.  
 Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd swains,  
 But lend to dance and song the liberal May,  
 And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,  
 Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,  
 Frisking in glee. To May your garlands bring,  
 And ever and anon her praises sing: [ring.  
 The woods shall echo May, with May the valleys  
 Your Maypole deck with flowery coronal;  
 Sprinkle the flowery coronal with wine;  
 And in the nimble-footed galliard, all,  
 Shepherds and shepherdesses, lively, join.  
 Hither from village sweet and hamlet fair,  
 From bordering cot and distant glen<sup>35</sup> repair:  
 Let youth indulge its sport, to eld<sup>36</sup> bequeath its  
 care.

Ye wanton Dryads and light-tripping Fawns,  
 Ye jolly Satyrs, full of lustyhead<sup>37</sup>,  
 And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns;  
 O come with rural chaplets gay disspread:  
 With heel so nimble wear the springing grass,  
 To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brass;  
 Or foot it to the reed: Pan pipes himself apace.

<sup>33</sup> Finely. <sup>34</sup> Pretty women. <sup>35</sup> A country hamlet.  
<sup>36</sup> Old age. <sup>37</sup> Vigour.

In this soft season, when creation smiled,  
 A quivering splendour on the ocean hung,  
 And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,  
 The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.  
 The dolphins gambol o'er the watery way,  
 Carol the Naiads, while the Tritons play,  
 And all the seagreen Sisters bless the holiday.

In honour of her natal month, the queen  
 Of bliss and beauty consecrates her hours,  
 Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,  
 To buxom ladies, and their paramours.  
 Love tips with golden alchymy his dart;  
 With rapturous anguish, with an honey'd smart  
 Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on heart.

A softly swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd  
 (Myrtles to Venus algates<sup>38</sup> sacred been),  
 Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,  
 For ever fragrant and for ever green,  
 O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,  
 By beauty form'd for amorous regale.  
 Was ever hill so sweet as sweetest Acidale?

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flowers,  
 A hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow  
 Through mossy grottos, amaranthine bowers,  
 And form a laughing flood in vale below :  
 Where oft their limbs the Loves and Graces bay<sup>39</sup>  
 (When Summer sheds insufferable day), [play.  
 And sport, and dive, and flounce in wantonness of  
 No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,  
 Save short-breathed vows, the dear excess of joy;  
 Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,  
 Who yield obeisance to the Cyprian boy:

<sup>38</sup> Ever.

<sup>39</sup> Bathe.

Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale ;  
 Or fountain, gurgling down the sacred vale ;  
 Or hymn to beauty's queen, or lover's tender tale.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court  
 In light festivity and gladsome game :  
 The young and gay, in frolic troops resort,  
 Withouten censure and withouten blame.  
 In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,  
 Night steals upon the day, the day on night :  
 Each knight his lady loves; each lady loves her  
 knight.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be),  
 In idle wilderness or desert drear,  
 To beauty's sacred power an enemy ?  
 Let foul fiends harrow<sup>40</sup> him; I'll drop no tear.  
 I deem that carl<sup>41</sup>, by beauty's power unmoved,  
 Hated of heaven, of none but hell approved :  
 O may he never love, O never be beloved !

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May !  
 Unconscious of love's nectar-tickling sting,  
 And, unrelenting, cold to Beauty's ray ;  
 Beauty the mother and the child of Spring !  
 Beauty and Wit declare the sexes even ;  
 Beauty to woman, wit to man is given ;  
 Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of  
 heaven.

Alliance sweet ! let beauty wit approve,  
 As flowers to sunshine ope the ready breast :  
 Wit Beauty loves, and nothing else can love :  
 The best alone is grateful to the best.

<sup>40</sup> Destroy.

<sup>41</sup> A clown.

Perfection has no other parallel!  
 Can light with darkness, doves with ravens, dwell?  
 As soon, perdie<sup>42</sup>, shall heaven communion hold  
 with hell.

I sing to you, who love alone for love:  
 For gold the beauteous fools (O fools besure!)  
 Can win; though brighter Wit shall never move:  
 But Folly is to Wit the certain cure.  
 Cursed be the men (or be they young or old),  
 Cursed be the women, who themselves have sold  
 To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

Not Julia such: she higher honour deem'd  
 To languish in the Sulmo poet's arms,  
 Than, by the potentates of earth esteem'd,  
 To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms.  
 Not Laura such: in sweet Vauclusa's vale  
 She listen'd to her Petrarch's amorous tale.  
 But did poor Colin Clout<sup>43</sup> o'er Rosalind prevail?  
 Howe'er that be; in Acidalian shade<sup>44</sup>,  
 Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day:  
 No dreams of banishment his loves invade;  
 Encircled in eternity of May.

<sup>42</sup> An old word for asserting any thing.

<sup>43</sup> Spenser.

<sup>44</sup> These three celebrated poets and lovers were all of them unhappy in their amours. Ovid was banished on account of his passion for Julia. Death deprived Petrarch of his beloved Laura very early; as he himself tells us in his account of his own life. These are his words—‘Amore acerrimo, sed unico et honesto, in adolescentia laboravi, et diutius laboressem, nisi jam tepescentem ignem mors acerba, sed utilis, extinxisset.’ See his Works, Basil, fol. Tom. 1. Yet others say, she married another person; which is scarce probable; since Petrarch lamented her death for ten years afterwards, as appears from Sonetto 313, with a most uncommon ardour

Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclined  
 On violets, gives sorrow to the wind :  
 And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of the' Arcadian train,  
 That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill :  
 Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain !  
 Of bliss and melody O take thy fill.

Ne envy I, if dear Ianthe smile, [style;  
 Though low my numbers, and though rude my  
 Ne quit for Acidale, fair Albion's happy isle.

Come then, Ianthe ! milder than the Spring,  
 And grateful as the rosy month of May,  
 O come ; the birds the hymn of Nature sing,  
 Enchanting wild, from every bush and spray :  
 Swell the green germs and teem along the vine,  
 A fragrant promise of the future wine,  
 The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine !

Let us our steps direct where father Thames,  
 In silver windings, draws his humid train,  
 And pours, where'er he rolls his naval stream,  
 Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.  
 Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,  
 (Ah, why so long from Isis' banks away !)  
 Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand  
 shepherds play.

of passion. Thomasinus, in his curious book, called ' *Petrarcha Redivivus*,' has given us two prints of Laura, with an account of her family, their loves, and the sweet retirement in Vaucluse. As for Spenser, we may conclude that his love for Rosalinda proved unsuccessful from the pathological complaints, in several of his poems, of her cruelty. The author, therefore, thought it only a poetical kind of justice to reward them in this imaginary retreat of Lovers, for the misfortunes they really suffered here, on account of their passions.

Or choose you rather Theron's calm retreat,  
Embosom'd, Surrey, in thy verdant vale,  
At once the Muses' and the Graces' seat!  
There gently listen to my faithful tale.  
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,  
Or taste the odours of the mazy grove:  
Hark how the turtles coo : I languish too with love.

Amid the pleasance of Arcadian scenes,  
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;  
Nor falls of water, nor enamel'd greens,  
Can sooth my anguish, or invite to rest.  
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart  
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:  
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,  
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,  
And from the water's crystal bosom steal  
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey:  
The perch, with purple speckled manifold;  
The eel, in silver labyrinth self roll'd,  
And carp, all burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly gold.

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris hues  
And Nature's pencil gay diversified  
(For now the Sun has lick'd away the dews),  
Fair flushing and bedeck'd like virgin bride?  
Thither (for they invite us) we'll repair,  
Collect and weave (whate'er is sweet and fair)  
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

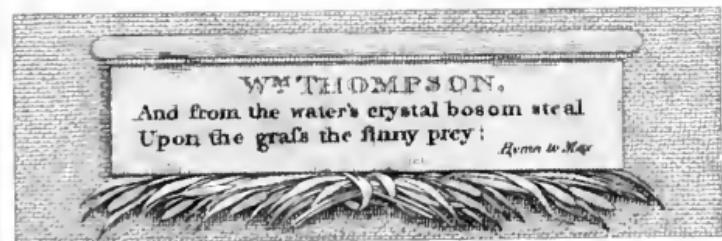
Fair is the lily, clad in balmy snow;  
Sweet is the rose, of Spring the smiling eye;  
Nipp'd by the winds, their heads the lilies bow;  
Cropp'd by the hand, the roses fade and die.



WM THOMPSON.

And from the water's crystal bosom steal  
Upon the grass the fliny prey:

*Evening in May*



Drawn by Rich. Wm.all. R.A.

Engraved by J.H. Wright.

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1, Cornhill.



Though now in pride of youth and beauty dress'd,  
O think, Ianthe, cruel Time lays waste  
The roses of the cheek, the lilies of the breast.

Weep not; but, rather taught by this, improve  
The present freshness of thy springing prime:  
Bestow thy graces on the god of Love,  
Too precious for the wither'd arms of Time.  
In chaste endearments, innocently gay,  
Ianthe! now, now love thy Spring away;  
Ere cold October blasts despoil the bloom of May.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,  
With grateful diligence, we wind our way;  
What opening scenes our ravish'd senses fill,  
And wide their rural luxury display! [spires,  
Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots, and  
Villas of learned clerks, and gentle squires;  
The villa of a friend the eyesight never tires.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I strung [veins,  
The gladsome lyre, when livelood<sup>45</sup> swell'd my  
And Eden's nymphs and Isis' damsels sung  
In tender elegy<sup>46</sup>, and pastoral strains<sup>47</sup>;  
Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bowers,  
O green his gardens, O perfume his flowers,  
O bless his morning walks and sooth his evening  
hours.

Long, Theron, with thy Annabel enjoy  
The walks of Nature, still to Virtue kind,  
For sacred solitude can never cloy;  
The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind!

<sup>45</sup> Liveliness.

<sup>46</sup> Stella; sive Amores: Elegiarum Tres Libri. Written in the year 1736.

<sup>47</sup> Six Pastorals: written in the year 1734.

O very long may Hymen's golden chain  
 To earth confine you and the rural reign; [in vain.  
 Then soar, at length, to heaven! nor pray, O Muse,  
 Where'er the Muses haunt, or poets muse,  
 In solitary silence sweetly tired,  
 Unloose thy bosom, May! thy stores effuse,  
 Thy vernal stores, by poets most desired,  
 Of living fountain, of the woodbine shade,  
 Of Philomela, warbling from the glade.  
 Thy bounty, in his verse, shall certes be repaid.

On Twit'nam bowers (Aonian Twit'nam bowers!)  
 Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,  
 Thick as the Winter stars, or Summer flowers;  
 Albe<sup>48</sup> the tuneful Master (ah!) be dead.  
 To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,  
 My reed to warble, to resound my string:  
 The king of shepherds he, of poets he the king.

Hail, happy scenes, where Joy would choose to  
 dwell;

Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;  
 Hail, music, which the Muses scant<sup>49</sup> excel;  
 Hail, flowerets, not unworthy Venus' crown.  
 Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales;  
 Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye gales,  
 Ye ever happy scenes! all you, your Poet hails.

All hail to thee, O May! the crown of all!  
 The recompense and glory of my song:  
 Ne small the recompense, ne glory small,  
 If gentle ladies, and the tuneful throng,  
 With lovers' myrtle, and with poet's bay  
 Fairly bedight<sup>50</sup>, approve the simple lay, [May!  
 And think on Thomalin whene'er they hail thee,

<sup>48</sup> Although.

<sup>49</sup> Scarcely.

<sup>50</sup> Adorned.

## MISCELLANIES.

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### THE NATIVITY.

1736.

'TWAS morn ! the fields were sprinkled o'er with  
light,

The folds unpent sent out their flocks to feed :  
A shepherd boy (young Thomalin he hight<sup>1</sup>),  
With flying fingers deftly tuned his reed ;  
Where ancient Isis laves the Muses' mead,  
(For ever smile the mead and flow the stream !)  
He sung the birth of David's holy seed :  
Though low his voice, full lofty was his theme ;  
Wightly<sup>2</sup> his senses all were rapt into a dream.

Eftsoons<sup>3</sup> he spied a grove, the season's pride,  
All in the centre of a pleasant glade,  
Where Nature flourish'd like a virgin bride ;  
Mantled with green, with hyacinths inlaid,  
And crystal rills o'er beds of lilies stray'd ;  
The blue-eyed violet and kingcup gay,  
And new blown roses, smiling sweetly red,  
Outglow'd the blushing infancy of day,  
While amorous west winds kiss'd their fragrant  
souls away.

<sup>1</sup> Named or called.      <sup>2</sup> Quickly.      <sup>3</sup> Immediately.

A rich pavilion rear'd within its height,  
 The capitals and friezes gold entire,  
 Glistening with carbuncles ; a various light  
 Waved tremulous, and set the eye on fire.  
 A silken curtain, drawn on silver wire,  
 And tinged with colours of the summer sky,  
 Flow'd round, and bade the ruder gales retire.  
 Four forms attendant at the portals lie,  
 The same Ezekiel saw with keen prophetic eye.

Unlike, O much unlike, the strawy shed,  
 Where Mary, queen of heaven, in humbless<sup>4</sup> lay,  
 Where erst<sup>5</sup> the Infant God reposed his head,  
 And deign'd to dwell in tenement of clay ;  
 The clouded tabernacle of the day !  
 The shepherd's dream was mystical, I ween<sup>6</sup>,  
 Isaiah on his bosom pour'd a ray,  
 And painted to his eyes the gentle scene, [reign !  
 Where lions dandled lambs ; O Peace, thy golden  
 High smiling in delight a lady sat,  
 Young as the dawning morn, on ivory throne ;  
 Upon her looks the virgin virtues wait,  
 The virgin virtues wait on her alone !  
 Her sapphire eyes with gentle spirit shone :  
 Fair bountyhead was open'd in her face,  
 Of honour and of love the paragon<sup>7</sup> !  
 A sweet regard and most auspicious grace  
 Bespoke her lineage high : she was of David's race.  
 Upon her lap a lovely Infant lay,  
 And ken'd the mother by her smiling grace.  
 His looks were radiant as the bloom of day,  
 And angel sweetness purpled in his face.

<sup>4</sup> Humility.

<sup>6</sup> I think.

<sup>5</sup> Formerly, sometime since.

<sup>7</sup> The pattern or model.

Oh ! how the mother did the babe embrace  
 With tender blandishment and fondling care !  
 She gazed, and gazed, ne<sup>8</sup> could enough caress  
 His cheeks, as roses red, as lilies fair, [heir !  
 The holy Dayspring hight, Heaven's everlasting  
 Near him a goodly personage mildly shone,  
 With looks of love, and shedding peace and joy :  
 Her looks were love, soft streaming from the throne  
 Of grace, and sweetly melted on the boy :  
 Her tongue dropp'd honey, which would never  
 Mercy yeleped<sup>9</sup>. All Nature on her hung, [cloy.  
 To drink her manna and her smiles enjoy ;  
 Young laughing angels ' Mercy, Mercy,' sung ;  
 Heaven echo'd ' Mercy' back, the spheres with  
 ' Mercy' rung.

Thus if the clouds, enroll'd with deadly food,  
 Forget to thunder in the' ethereal towers,  
 But silently dissolve in kindly mood,  
 In fostering dews, and balm, and honey showers ;  
 Laugh all the fields for joy, and all the bowers.  
 The shrubs and herbs fresh odours round them fling,  
 Pop up their smiling heads the little flowers,  
 Warble the birds, exulting on the wing,  
 And all the wild-wood notes the genial blessings  
 sing.

High o'er his head was held a starry crown,  
 Emblem of royalty and princely might :  
 His priesthood was by golden mitre shown ;  
 An eagle young, with eyne most pierceng bright,  
 To prove the Prophet drank the distant light.  
 But strangest was to see a bloody hand  
 Upear a cross, the cross with blood bedight<sup>10</sup> :

<sup>8</sup> Nor.    <sup>9</sup> Called or named.    <sup>10</sup> Stained or adorned.

Ten thousand angels, fluttering in a band,  
Admired the mystic sign, but could not understand.

Now dulcet symphonies, and voices meet,  
Mellifluous stole upon the shepherds' ear,  
Which swell'd so high, and died away so sweet,  
As might have charm'd a seraph from his sphere.  
Happy the swain that mote <sup>11</sup> such music hear !

Eftsoons a joyous fellowship was seen  
Of ladies gent <sup>12</sup>, and beauties without peer <sup>13</sup>,  
As they a train of goddesses had been,  
In manner of a mask, radiant along the green.

Faith led the van, her mantle dipp'd in blue,  
Steady her ken, and gaining on the skies ;  
Obedient miracles around her flew :  
She pray'd, and heaven burst open on her eyes,  
And golden valves roll'd baek in wondrous wise :  
And now some hill, with all its shaggy load  
Of trees and flocks, unto the ocean hies :  
Now wings of cherubs, flaming all abroad,  
Careering on the winds in sight upbear their God.

Next Hope, the gayest daughter of the sky !  
Her nectar-dewed locks with roses bound ;  
An Eden flourish'd where she cast her eye,  
And flocks of sports and joys, their temples  
crown'd, [ground.

Plumed their bright wings, and thump'd the hollow  
Grief gladden'd, and forgot to drop a tear  
At her approach ; ne sorrow mote <sup>14</sup> be found,  
Ne rueful-looking <sup>15</sup> Drad, ne pale-eyed Care ;  
And 'neath her chariot wheels she crush'd hell-  
black Despair.

<sup>11</sup> Might or must.

<sup>12</sup> Gentle or handsome.

<sup>13</sup> Without equal.

<sup>14</sup> Might.

<sup>15</sup> Fear or terror.

Then Charity full zoned, as her beseems,  
 Her breasts were softer ivory, her hair  
 Play'd with the sunny rays in amber streams,  
 And floated wanton on the buxom air ;  
 As Mercy kind, as Hope divinely fair.  
 Her soul was flame, and with prolific rays  
 The nations warm'd, all bright withouten glare.  
 Both men and angels, as she passes, gaze, [praise.  
 But chief the poor, the lame, the blind, the naked,  
 The train of Virtues next, a dainty train !  
 Advance their steps, sweet daughters of delight,  
 Awfully sweet, majestically plain !  
 Celestial Love, as eyne of seraphs bright,  
 And spotless as their robes of new spun light.  
 Truth, simple as the love-sick village maid ;  
 Health-blooming Temperance, a comely wight<sup>16</sup> :  
 Humility, in homely weeds array'd,  
 And by her, in a line, an asses colt she led.  
 But hark, the jolly pipe, and rural lay !  
 And see, the shepherd clad in mantle blue,  
 And shepherdess in russet kirtle gay,  
 Come danneing on the Shepherd Lord to view,  
 And pay, in decent wise, obeisance due.  
 Sweet smelling flowers the gentle votaries bring,  
 Primroses, violets, wet with morning dew,  
 The sweetest incense of the early Spring ;  
 A humble, yet, I weet, a grateful offering.  
 Jocund to lead the way, with sparkling rays,  
 Danced a star errant up the orient sky ;  
 The newborn splendour streaming o'er the place,  
 Where Jesus lay in bright humility,

<sup>16</sup> Person.

Seem'd a fix'd star unto the wondering eye :  
 Three seers unwist<sup>17</sup> the captain glory led,  
 Of awful semblance<sup>18</sup>, but of sable<sup>19</sup> dye.  
 Full royally along the lawn they tread, [head.  
 And each with circling gold embraved<sup>20</sup> had his  
 Low, very low on bended knee they greet  
 The Virgin Mother, and the Son adore,  
 The Son of love ! and kiss his blessed feet ;  
 Then ope the vases and present their store, [more ?  
 Gold, frankincense, and myrrh ; what could they  
 For gold and myrrh a dying king divine<sup>21</sup> ;  
 The frankincense, from Arab's spicy shore,  
 Confess'd the God ; for God did in him shine :  
 Myrrh, frankincense, and gold, God-Man, were  
 meetly thine.

And last, triumphant on a purple cloud,  
 Fleecy with gold, a band of angels ride :  
 They boldly sweep their lyres, and, hymning loud,  
 The richest notes of harmony divide ;  
 Scarce Thomalin the rapture could abide :  
 And ever and anon the babe they eye,  
 And through the fleshly veil the God descried,  
 Shrill hallelujahs tremble up the sky :  
 ' Good will and Peace to Man,' the choirs in  
 heaven reply.

They ended : and all nature soon was changed !  
 O'er diamond pebbles ran the liquid gold :  
 And side by side the lamb and lion ranged  
 The flowery lawn. The serpent gently roll'd

<sup>17</sup> Unknown, unlook'd for. <sup>18</sup> Appearance.

<sup>19</sup> Commonly painted black ; but a vulgar error.

<sup>20</sup> Adorned, or made brave. <sup>21</sup> Foretell.

His glistening spires, and playful tongue outloll'd  
 To lick the infant hand. Together fed  
 The wolf and kid, together sought a fold.  
 The roses blush'd with more celestial red;  
 Hell groan'd through all her dens; and grim Death  
 dropp'd down dead.

Whilom <sup>22</sup> these scenes the tuneful Twick'nam  
 swain <sup>23</sup>,  
 With Esay's heavenly pencil taught to glow :  
 Then cease, O cease, the antiquated strain;  
 Nor mar <sup>24</sup> his song : but reverently go,  
 And in the temple of his Muses bow.—  
 Delight and wonder broke the shepherd's dream ;  
 Faded the scenes : and, in a goodly row,  
 Rush'd on his eyes the Muses' well loved theme,  
 Fair Rhedicyna's towers, and Isis' sacred stream !

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## THE MAGI.

### A SACRED ECLOGUE.

No more in Beauty's praise my numbers move,  
 Nor melt away in dying falls of love :  
 A child on earth, yet heaven's eternal King,  
 The manger'd God, the Virgin's Son, I sing.  
 Thou fountain good, with light my soul o'erflow,  
 With hallow'd ardour bid my bosom glow !  
 Fired at the promise of thy dawning ray,  
 The easteru sages found celestial day.

<sup>22</sup> Formerly, sometime ago.

<sup>23</sup> Pope ; in his ' Messiah, a sacred Eclogue.'      <sup>24</sup> Spoil.

Drawn by a leading flame, with sweet surprise,  
 The infant Deity salutes their eyes.  
 The heir elect of love his mother press'd,  
 Smiled in her arms, and wanton'd on her breast.  
 No jewels sparkle here, nor India's stores  
 The portals brighten or emblaze the doors.  
 But young-eyed seraphims around him glow,  
 And Mercy spreads her many-colour'd bow !  
 Her bow, composed of new created light,  
 How sweetly lambent and how softly bright !  
 The saered circle of embodied rays  
 The cradle crowns, and round his temples plays.  
 So shines the rainbow round the' eternal Throne  
 To shade the *Holy, Holy, Holy* One.  
 By turns the ruby bleeds a beam, by turns  
 Smiles the green emerald, and the topaz burns :  
 The various opal mingles every ray,  
 Fades into faintness, deepens into day :  
 Promiscuous lustre kindles half the skies,  
 'Too slippery bright for keen seraphic eyes.  
 The venerable three, low bending down,  
 Extend their offerings, and the Godhead own.

## MAG. I.

From Eastern realms, where first the infant sight  
 Springs into day, and streaks the fading night,  
 To Thee we bend, before the morning rise ;  
 A purer morning trembles from thy eyes.

## MAG. II.

In vain the Sun with light his orb arrays,  
 Our sense to dazzle, and as God to blaze ;  
 Through his transparent fallacy we see,  
 And own the Sun is but a star to Thee.

## MAG. III.

Thou spotless essence of primeval light,  
 Thy vassals own, and wash thy Ethiops white.  
 Thy cloud of sable witnesses adorn  
 With the first roses of thy smiling morn.

## MAG. I.

By bards foretold the ripen'd years are come,  
 Gods fall to dust, and oracles are dumb.  
 Old Ocean murmurs from his oozy bed,  
 'A Maid has borne a Son, and Pan is dead.'

## MAG. II.

The nymphs, their flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
 O'er fountains weep, in twilight thickets mourn.  
 Long hollow groans, deep sobs, thick screeches, fill  
 Each dreary valley and each shaded hill.

## MAG. III.

No more shall Memphian timbrels wake the morn,  
 No more shall Hammon lift his gilded horn.  
 From hence in vain shall Belzebub rebel,  
 Anubis howls, and Moloch sinks to hell.

## MAG. I.

Here lows a bull; a golden gleam adorns  
 The circling honours of his beamy horns.  
 He safely lows, nor fears the holy knife,  
 No sacrifice from hence shall drink his life.

## MAG. II.

Ye gardens, blush with never fading flowers;  
 For ever smile, ye meads; and blow, ye bowers:  
 Bleat, all ye hills; be whiten'd, all ye plains;  
 O earth, rejoice; the' Eternal Shepherd reigns.

## MAG. III.

Ye lilies, dip your leaves in falling snow;  
 Ye roses, with the eastern scarlet glow,  
 To crown the God: ye angels, haste to pour  
 Your rain of nectar, and your starry shower.

MAG. I. [*Offers Gold.*]

The ore of India ripens into gold,  
 To gild thy courts, thy temple to infold,  
 Accept the emblematic gift; again  
 Saturnian years revolve a golden reign!

MAG. II. [*Offers Frankincense.*]

For thee Arabia's happy forests rise,  
 And clouds of odours sweetly stain the skies.  
 While fragrant wreaths of smoking incense roll,  
 Receive our prayers, the incense of the soul!

MAG. III. [*Offers Myrrh.*]

The weeping myrrh with balmy sorrow flows,  
 Thy cup to sweeten and to sooth thy woes:  
 So prophets sing; for (human and divine)  
 The Man was born to grieve, the God to shine.

## MAG. I.

Smile, sacred Infant, smile: thy rosy breast  
 Excels the odours of the spicy East;  
 The burnish'd gold is dross before thy eye,  
 Thou God of sweetness, God of purity!

## MAG. II.

Ye planets, unregarded walk the skies,  
 Your glories lessen as his glories rise:  
 His radiant word with gold the sun attires,  
 The moon illumines, and lights the starry fires.

## MAG. III.

Hail, Lord of Nature, hail ! to Thee belong  
 My song, my life,—I give my life, my song :  
 Walk in thy light, adore thy day alone,  
 Confess thy love, and pour out all my own.

## THE NEW LYRE.

TO A FRIEND<sup>1</sup>.

I STRUNG my lyre, when Love appear'd,  
 Demanding a light wanton lay :  
 'Christ!' I began—the trifler heard,  
 And shook his wings, and pass'd away.

The strings rebellious to my hand  
 Refuse to charm : in vain I sue,  
 The strings are mute to my demand—  
 I broke the *old*, and form'd a *new*.

' Christ!' I began : the sacred lyre  
 Responsive swell'd with notes divine,  
 And warm'd me with seraphic fire :  
 Sweet Jesus, I am only thine !

O wake to life this springing grace,  
 And water with thy heavenly dew :  
 Display the glories of thy face,  
 My spirit and my heart renew !

<sup>1</sup> He lent me a MS. discourse on these words : *Old things are passed away, and, lo ! all things are become new.*

Direct my soul, direct my hand :—  
 O blessed change! Thy Power I feel:  
 My numbers flow at thy command,  
 My strings with holy raptures swell.  
 And, you, whose pious pains unfold  
 Those truths, receive this tribute due;  
 You once endured my Muse of old,  
 Nor scorn the first fruits of the new.

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### EPITHALAMIUM.

#### ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS, IN MAY, 1736.

ON Thamis' banks, where many a flowery gem  
 Blooms wanton wild, advanced a jovial crew,  
 Thick as the daisies which his meadows hem,  
 And with sweet herbs the liquid crystal strew;  
 For on the liquid crystal gaily flew  
 A painted gondelay<sup>1</sup>, bedecked fair  
 With gold and purple, gorgeous to the view!  
 While loud approving shouts divide the air,  
 'Hail, happy future bride of Albion's worthy heir.'  
 Eftsoons<sup>2</sup> the father of the silver flood,  
 The noble Thames, his azure head upraised,  
 And shook his dewy locks, worthy a god!  
 A lambent glory round his temples blazed,  
 On which the Naiads all with wonder gazed.  
 So sparkle Thetis' purple trembling streams,  
 When Phœbus, for his golden car ypraised,  
 Strikes the calm surface with his morning beams,  
 And sprinkles spangles round, and the wide blue  
 inflames.

<sup>1</sup> A boat.

<sup>2</sup> Presently.

The wanton Naïds, Doris' daughters all,  
 Range in a ring: Pherusa, blooming fair,  
 Cymodoce dove-eyed, with Florimal, [hair,  
 Sweet smelling flowerets deck'd their long green  
 And Erato, to Love, to Venus dear,  
 Galene dress'd in smiles and lily-white,  
 And Phao, with her snowy bosom bare,  
 All these, and more than these, a dainty sight!  
 In dance and merriment and sweet belgards<sup>3</sup> de-  
 light.

Around the bark they dance, wherein there sat  
 A Lady fresh and fair, ah! such a one,  
 So fresh and fair, so amiably great,  
 So goodly gracious seem'd as never none,  
 And like thy sweet-beam'd planet, Venus, shone.  
 They much admire, O very much, her face,  
 Her shape, her breast, for Love a downy throne!  
 Her beauties glorious shine, her every grace;  
 An angel she appear'd, at least of angel race.

Her Thamis (on his golden urn he lean'd)  
 Saluted with this hymeneal song,  
 And hail'd her safe. Full silent was the wind,  
 The river glided gently soft along,  
 Ne<sup>4</sup> whispered the breeze the leaves emong,  
 Ne love-learn'd Philomel outtrill'd her lay;  
 A stillness on the waves attentive hung,  
 A brighter gladness bless'd the face of Day, [May.  
 All Nature 'gan to smile, her smiles diffused the

‘ Ah, saered ship, to Albion wafting good,  
 Our wish, our hope, our joy! who safe convey'd  
 Through perilous sea, from Ila's little flood,  
 This beauty's paragon, this Royal Maid,

<sup>3</sup> Beautiful looks.

<sup>4</sup> Nor.

Isprung, I wist, of high empyreal seed;  
 The child of Heaven, the daughter of Delight,  
 Nursed by a Grace, with milk and honey fed!  
 Oh, Frederick! oh, certes<sup>5</sup>, blessed wight, [hight<sup>6</sup>.  
 To whom the gods consign the nymph Augusta

‘ Ah, sacred ship! may favourable gales,  
 The kindest breath of heaven, attend thy way,  
 And swell the winged canvass of thy sails:  
 May calmness be thy path, and pleasaunce lay  
 On the soft bosom of the yielding sea,  
 Where’er thou wind; or to the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the bless’d, or India’s bay,  
 Where diamonds kindle, and the golden ore  
 Flames into purity, to deck Augusta more!

‘ Augusta, fairest princess under sky,  
 Welcome to Albion’s renowned land,  
 Albion, well known to thy great ancestry,  
 Made dearer far to thee by Hymen’s band,  
 The band of love, of honour, and command!  
 Deign to receive the nation’s public voice,  
 Of heartiness unfeign’d, who gleeful stand  
 In meet array, and thus express their joys [noise.  
 In peals of loud acclaim, and mirth’s confused

‘ With warmer raptures, and more passionate,  
 Though hard to be! the Royal Youth, I trow,  
 Shall thee embrace: him tenfold fires elate,  
 And sacred passions in his bosom glow,  
 Which from thy picture erst began to flow.  
 For thee he burns, for thee he sighs and prays,  
 Pours out his soul to thee, nor rest can know;  
 But dreams of thee long, livelong nights and days,  
 By Beauty led through all Love’s rosy thorny ways.

<sup>5</sup> Certainly.

<sup>6</sup> Named.

‘ To heal his pains soft music does divide  
 Most heavenly melody in soothing strains ;  
 Nor heavenly melody, nor aught beside,  
 Save thee, ah dearest dread ! can heal his pains.  
 Thy form too deeply in his breast remains.  
 So ever and anon he chides the gales,  
 That slowly seem to brush the liquid plains ;  
 “ Oh ! fly on all the wings of heaven, ye sails,  
 Oh fly ! ” he cries ; and lo ! a Lover’s prayer prevails.

‘ Now cease thy sighs. She comes, (oh blessed day !)  
 She comes, by all the Loves and Graces dress’d,  
 In proud humility. See, Hymen play,  
 With saffron robe and flame-embroider’d vest,  
 (Such colours, sikerly<sup>7</sup>, suit Hymen best.)  
 And Cupid catches rosy wafts of air  
 To stretch the sails and fan the Royal Guest.  
 Nor Chastity, meek-eyed, is wanting there, [steer.  
 For She and Modesty, sweet blushing, guide the

‘ Not Venus, queen of beauty and of bliss,  
 So goodly shone, when erst<sup>8</sup> the goddess sprung  
 From Ocean’s sparkling foam; sweet nakedness !  
 A thousand Smiles and Loves upon her hung,  
 And all the gods for joy and wonder sung.  
 The waves so proud the beamy burden bore  
 Exulting ; she around her odours flung,  
 And bade the billows laugh and cease to roar ;  
 They gladly her obey, and gently kiss the shore.

‘ So fair she looks, nay fairer, could it be ;  
 Did never mortal man such charms behold  
 In bower or hall. Spring waits upon her eye ;  
 Lo ! Flora has her richest stores outroll’d

<sup>7</sup> Surely.

<sup>8</sup> Formerly.

Of variable flowers and blooming gold.  
 The meadows smile, the birds renew their love,  
 And throw themselves in pairs the young and old;  
 All Nature glows where'er her glances move,  
 And Beauty paints each field, and music fills  
 each grove.

‘ But who is yon, each other youth excelling  
 As much as orient gold surmounteth brass?  
 Sure Honour in his visage chose her dwelling,  
 And sacred Truth, perdie<sup>9</sup>, adorns his face;  
 Such goodlihead and humbless never was.  
 Bless’d be the sight! full well those looks I ken,  
 Where Joyaunce sits and ever smiling Grace;  
 Frederick! ’tis he! the first and best of men,  
 Our dearling prince to meet Augusta well beseen<sup>10</sup>.

‘ And lo! what medled passions in him move,  
 He gazes—wonders—(great is Beauty’s power!)  
 And, sweetly lost in ecstasy and love,  
 His eyes her whole, his lips her lips devour,  
 Which Venus had besprent with nectar shower.  
 Her slippery charms allow his eyes no rest,  
 But thousand arrows, nay ten thousand pour  
 Into his wounded and transported breast;  
 Sure none like her is fair, sure none like him is  
 bless’d!

‘ O blessed youth! receive thy bonnibel<sup>11</sup>,  
 Eternal fount of virtue, love, and grace!  
 O kneel to all the gods and pray to all,  
 Who sparkle so divinely in her face,

<sup>9</sup> An affirmation.

<sup>10</sup> Handsome.

<sup>11</sup> Beautiful virgin.

And with celestial fires her bosom bless,  
 So shines Aurora in her rich attire,  
 When she Hyperion would fain caress :  
 Gaze all the host of stars, and all admire,  
 Then twinkle in their urns, and into night retire.

‘ O blessed maid ! receive thy belamour<sup>12</sup>,  
 With glee receive him and o’erflowing heart :  
 Ne in high monarch’s court, ne lady’s bower,  
 A youth so form’d by Nature and by Art,  
 Conspiring both, e’er cherish’d Cupid’s dart.  
 So Phœbus, lusty bridegroom of the sky,  
 With native splendours shines on every part ;  
 From east to west his pointed glories fly,  
 He warmeth every heart, he dazzleth every  
 eye.’

Here Thamis ended. Now the goodly train  
 Of all the Naïds, in most comely wise,  
 A present make of myrtle garland green,  
 Entrail’d with flowrets and with rare device.  
 The Graces eke, with laughter-swelling eyes,  
 A rosy chaplet, steep’d in nectar, bring  
 (The roses gather’d in the morning skies),  
 Then, joining with the Naïds, form a ring,  
 And round them deftly daunce, and round them  
 blithly sing :

‘ As roses and as myrtles kindly weave  
 Their sweets in one, much sweeter as they blend ;  
 Emblem of marriage love ! So you, receive  
 Sweets interchanged, and to each other lend ;

<sup>12</sup> Charming lover.

Then, in a bless'd perfume, to heaven ascend,  
 And mingle with the gods! while here below,  
 New myrtles, roses new, withouten end,  
 From your luxurious stock, full plenteous, grow,  
 And with their parent sweets, and parent beauty  
 glow.'

Next Albion's Genius came, bedite in gold,  
 An oaken chaplet nodded on his head;  
 The crown he held was glorious to behold,  
 And royally he taught his feet to tread.  
 Soon as he spied the Prince's goodlyhead,  
 He pointed to the crown, and raised his voice  
 To hail the Royal Pair and bless their bed;  
 The jolly chorus catch the grateful noise, [rejoice.  
 Echo the woods and vales, and heaven and earth

Next Liberty, the fairest nymph on ground;  
 The flowing plenty of her golden hair  
 Diffusing lavishly ambrosia round;  
 Her hands a flowery cornucopia bear,  
 Which scatters joy and pleasaunce through the air.  
 Earth smiled, and Gladness danced along the sky;  
 Before her vanish'd Grief and pale eyed Care,  
 And eft<sup>13</sup>, in courteous guise, she cast her eyc  
 On that same gentle twain, her glory and her joy.

And these beside, a sacred Personage came,  
 Immaculate and sweet as sharon rose:  
 Upon her breast a bloody cross did flame,  
 Aumail'd with gold and gems in goodly rows:  
 A pall of lawn adown her shoulders flows:  
 Yclep'd<sup>14</sup> Eusebia. She pray'd aloud,  
 Then, blessing both, for her defenders chose,

<sup>13</sup> Often.

<sup>14</sup> Called.

And sphear'd her glories in a purple cloud;  
Softly Augusta smiled, full lowly Frederick bow'd.

Fair Fame behind a silver trumpet blew,  
Sweet to the earth, and fragrant to the sky!  
Her mantle of a many-colour'd hue,  
Her rainbow wings powder'd with many an eye,  
And near her Honour, Power, and Courtesy:  
Honour of open front, and steady grace:  
Power, clad in steel, a falehion brandish'd high;  
Courtesy dress'd in smiles her bounteous face:  
When these attend a prince, thrice happy subjects'  
case!

The Muses closed this intellectual scene  
From Helicon; who knows not Helicon?  
Gold were their lyres, their laurels ever green.  
Soon Clio to the Prince a starry crown  
Presents, another to his bellibone<sup>15</sup>.  
Then all in lofty chorus swell the song,  
Big with their happy loves and great renown.  
Prophetic numbers float the woods emong,  
For shepherd lad too high, for memory too long.

Nathless<sup>16</sup> thy tuneful sons, O Oxford dear!  
By Muses visited, may catch the lays,  
Sweet pouring streams of nectar on the ear,  
And from their lips, in vision, learn to raise  
Their loves and fame, to brighten future days.  
Thee fits not, Thomalin, a simple swain,  
High deeds to sing, but gentle rounddelays:  
Go feed thy flock, renew the rural strain  
On oaten pipe, content to please the humble plain.

<sup>15</sup> Fair damsel.

<sup>16</sup> Nevertheless.

## CORESUS AND CALLIRHOE.

A Tale.

VETERES RENOVAMUS AMORES.

CATULLUS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tale is related by Pausanias, in Achaicis, Græciæ, Lib. 7. but instead of giving the original, or the Latin version by Rominus Amasæus (both which the learned reader may find in the edition published by Joach. Kuhnius in fol. Lipsiæ, 1696, p. 575), I shall content myself with the translation of the story into English, as it is done from the Greek in the learned and ingenious Travels of Sir G. Wheeler: which book, upon many accounts, deserves to be reprinted and made more common.

“ Coresus, the priest of Bacchus, fell in love with a fair virgin of Calydon called Callirhoe; who the more she was courted, the more she despised the priest: so that neither his rich presents, vows, nor tears could move her to the least compassion. This, at last, made the priest run in despair to the image of Bacchus for succour, imploring vengeance from him. Bacchus made it appear that he heard his prayers, by a disease he sent on the Town; which seemed a kind of drunken madness, of which mad fit people died in abundance. Whereupon they sent deputies from Calydon to the Oracle of Jupiter of Dodona, to know what they should do to be freed from that woful malady. Answer was given, that Coresus must sacrifice Callirhoe, or some other person, that would dedicate himself in her stead, to appease the anger of Bacchus. The virgin, when she could no way obtain her life of her relations, was brought to the altar, adorned as victims

used to be, to be sacrificed by her lover Coresus: whose wonderful love, even at that present, so conquered all past thoughts of revenge, that instead of her he slew himself. The Virgin also, relenting of her cruelty to him, went and slew herself at a fountain near the town, from thence called by her name, Callirhoe."

Thus far Sir George Wheeler. See his Journey into Greece, fol. Book 4lb, p. 292.

I shall only add that the ancient customs, particularly of the orgia or rites of Bacchus, and of the sacrifice, are here alluded to, and carefully observed, in the several parts of this little Poem.

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HIGH in Achaia, splendid from afar,  
A city flourish'd; Calydon its name,  
Wash'd by Evenus' chalky flood; the seat  
Of Meleager, from the slaughter'd boar  
Glorious. A virgin here, amazing, shone,  
Callirhoe the fair: her father's boast!  
For, ah! she never knew a mother's smile;  
Nor learn'd what happiness from marriage springs.  
In flower of youth, and purer than the snow,  
Which with a silver circle, crown'd the head  
Of the steep neighbour mountain; but averse  
To Hymen's rites, the lovely foe of man.  
O why will beauty, cruel to itself,  
No less than others, violate the laws  
Which nature dictates, and itself inspires?

A thousand lovers from the' Olenian hill,  
From rough Pylene, and from Pleuron's towers,  
Their passion pleaded. But Coresus, chief,  
The Calydonian priest of Bacchus, form'd  
By Venus' self for love; in beauty's pride;  
Young, bounteous, affable. What tender arts,  
What winning carriage, and respectful suit,  
Almost to zealous adoration swell'd,

Did he not practise! But in vain. And now  
Drew near the Orgial festival, and rites  
Lyæan. Poor Coresus, to approve  
The wonders of his love and dear regard,  
By scorn unquench'd, and growing by neglect,  
(In hopes to soften her, at least adorn)  
Presented to this murdereress of his peace  
The ritual ornaments, by virgins worn  
Upon the solemn feast. The ivy-spear,  
With winding green, and viny foliage gay,  
Curl'd by his hand: a mitre for his head,  
Curious aumail'd with imitated grapes,  
Of blushing rubies form'd: the pall of lawn,  
Flower'd with the conquests of the purple god:  
The cista, silver; and the cymbals, gold:  
And piny torch (O were it Hymen's!) tinged  
With spicy gums, to feed the ready flame.

Open'd the festival—Loose to the winds,  
Dishevel'd, bare, the virgins give their necks  
And wanton hair. *Evœ!* they maddening cry,  
And shake their torches. *Evœ! Io!* rends  
The air, and beats the echoing vault of heaven.  
The hills, the vales with *Io! Evœ!* ring.

The Temple opens to the sacred throng;  
When foremost enters, as in dress and charms,  
Callirhoe, so in speed. Their lovers wait,  
With burning expectation, to enfold  
His beauteous mistress each. High on a throne  
Coresus blazed in jewels and in gold,  
More charming in himself. Quick with his eye  
He catch'd Callirhoe, and descending, clasp'd  
With eager transport her reluctant waist.  
A thousand vows he breathed, and melting things  
He spoke and look'd; but to the rocks and wind.

What could he more? Yes, more he did: for  
What can't a lover, like Coresus, do? [what,  
Neglectful of his dignity he sunk  
(Still Love despairs what dignity demands,  
O'er Jupiter himself supreme), he sunk,  
And trembled at her feet, with prostrate zeal,  
As to his god. He died upon her hand  
With sighing languishment: he gazed his soul  
At every ardent glance into her eyes;  
Most eloquently silent! O'er his cheek  
The gushing tears, in big, round drops, diffused  
The dews of passion, and the brain's soft shower,  
Potent to warm the most obdurate breast,  
Though cold as marble. Idle were his tears,  
His glances, languishment, and prostrate zeal.

Disdainful—frowning: 'Hence, (she cried) nor  
To interrupt my progress in the rites [dare  
With thy capricious rudeness. Shall the priest  
The mysteries of Bacchus thus profane,  
In his own temple too? And rather pay  
To Venus his devotion, than his god?'—  
Then, haughty as away she turn'd, he grasp'd  
Her knees; upon her garments flowing train  
Shivering he hung: and with beseeching eyes,  
Thus, from the abundance of his heart, com-  
plain'd—

‘ If pity be no stranger to thy breast,  
(As sure it should not to a breast like thine,  
Soft as the swanny down!) relenting, hear;  
In feelingness of spirit, mildly lend  
Attention to the language of my heart,  
Sick with o'erflowing tenderness and love.  
I love thee with that innocence of truth,  
That purity of passion, and desire  
Unutterable, of bequeathing up

My heart, my life, my all into thy hands,  
Into thy gentle custody ;—that all,  
My heart, my life, are bitterness and weight  
Of agony without thee. Since I first  
(By Bacchus' self I swear) beheld that face,  
And nameless magic of those radiant eyes,  
All the foundation of my peace gave way :  
While hopes and fears rose up in bosom war  
To desolate the quiet of my days.  
Thy dear idea was my fancy's dream ;  
It mingled with my blood ; and in my veins  
Throbb'd, undulating, as my life were stung.  
I live but on the thought of thee ; my breast  
Bleeds in me, with distress to see thee frown.  
O, smile ! by thy dead mother's reverend dust,  
By all thy bowels are most fond of, smile,  
And chase these heavy clouds of grief away.  
I beg by Bacchus ; for his sake be kind.'

Here, interrupted by the swelling storm  
Of passion labouring in his breast, his words  
Gave way for sighs and tears to speak the rest.  
She, in contemptuous derision, smiled,  
To which her frowns were innocent ; and thus—  
' Thy staggering power and thee I scorn alike ;  
Him I despise, for choosing thee his priest ;  
Thee, for thy arrogance, and courtship vile.'

Indignant he, in wrathful mood (alarm'd  
More at his god reviled, than scorn for him)  
First casting on the ground his mitred crown,  
With hands and eyes uplifted, ardent, pray'd—

' Offspring of Jove, Eveæus, hear !  
If e'er these hands with ivy wreaths thy brow  
Circled, and twining tendrils of the vine :  
If e'er my grateful tongue, big with thy praise,  
Eveæus ! Io Bacchus ! sung :

If e'er thy servant on thy altars pour'd,  
 Copious, the purple wave of offer'd wine,  
 And, busy, fed the consecrated fire  
 With fat of ass, or hog, or mountain goat ;  
 Devoutly lavish in the sacrifice :  
 Avenge thy priest ; this cursed race destroy :  
 Thy honours violated thus, avow ;  
 Till they confess this staggering power a god.'

He pray'd.—Loud peals of thunder shook the  
 The Image nodding, his petition seal'd ; [fane :  
 And Bacchus gave the Calydonian race  
 To madness, and unutterable woes.

The frantic crowd, as if with wine possess'd,  
 And the strong spirit of the flaming grape,  
 To and fro reel, and stagger to and fro,  
 In dithyrambic measures, wild, convolved.  
 They toss their cymbals, and their torches shake,  
 Shrieking, and tear their hair, and gash their flesh,  
 And howl, and foam, and wheel the rapid dance  
 In giddy maze : with fury then o'erborne,  
 Enthusiastic, whirling in despair, [pire.  
 Flat, drop down dead ; and heaps on heaps ex-

Amazed, confounded at the raging pest,  
 The venerable fathers, in debate,  
 To speed inquiring deputies resolved  
 To high Dodona's grove ; with vocal oaks  
 Umbrageous, aged, vast, the struggling day  
 Excluding : the prime Oracle of Greece !

Obsequious, they haste : inquire : return :  
 And thus the counsels of the god disclose—

‘ The rage of Bacchus for his injured priest,  
 Coresus, by Callirhoe's scorn repulsed,  
 Your city wastes : and with funeral fires  
 Your streets shall redden, formidably bright,

Till by Coresus' hand the cruel maid  
 A sacrifice be offer'd up: or one,  
 Free, uncompell'd, embrace the destined steel,  
 Devoted in her stead; and bleed for her.  
 So you 'll appease the god, the plague be stay'd.'

They said. Staring affright, and dumb amaze  
 The fathers seize: but chief, Æneüs, thee,  
 Callirhoe's old miserable sire!  
 Tenfold affliction to the grave weighs down  
 Thy silver'd hairs. But fate and Heaven require.

Soon through the city spread the news, and soon  
 Wounded Callirhoe's ear. Her spindle drops  
 Neglected from her hand. Prone on the floor  
 She falls, she faints; her breath, her colour fled:  
 Pale, cold, and pale. Till, by assisting care,  
 The fragrant spirit hovers o'er her lips,  
 And life returning streams in rosy gales;  
 Rekindled only to despair. She knew  
 The virgins envied; and the injured youth  
 Stung with her scorn, would wanton in her wounds,  
 Nor one, one offer up the willing breast  
 A victim for her life. And now the crowd,  
 Impatient of their miseries, besiege  
 The marble portal; burst the bolted gates;  
 Demand Callirhoe; furious to obey  
 The Oracle, and pacify the god.

What pangs, unhappy maid, thy bosom tear,  
 Sleepless, and sad! relenting now, too late,  
 Thy stubborn cruelty. Coresus' charms  
 Blaze on thy mind; his unexampled love,  
 His every virtue rising to thy thought.  
 Just in his fury, see the pointed steel  
 Waves, circling, o'er thy throbbing breast: he  
 He riots in thy blood with dire delight; [strikes;

Insatiate ! He gluts his heart of rage  
With thy warm gushing life ; and death enjoys,  
Redoubling wound on wound, and blow on blow.

Thus pass'd her hours. And now the dewy morn  
The mountains tipp'd with gold, and threaten'd day.  
Without the city gates, a fountain wells  
Its living waters, clear as shining glass :  
Haunt of the nymphs ! A cypress' aged arms  
Threw round a venerable gloom, and seem'd  
Itself a grove. An altar on the brink  
Convenient rose : for holy custom wills  
Each victim to be sprinkled with its streams,  
New from pollution, worthier of the god.  
Fierce for the sacrifice, Coresus here  
Waited ; and stimulated with revenge,  
He cursed and chid the lazy circling hours  
Too slow, as if injurious to his hate.

But soon the gathering crowd and shouts pro-  
claim

Callirhoe near. Her weeping damsels lead  
The destined offering, lovely in distress,  
And sparkling through her tears. A myrtle crown  
With roses glowing, and selected green,  
The ambrosial plenty of her golden hair  
Entwine : in looks, a Venns ; and a Grace  
In motion. Searee the flowers of sixteen springs  
The fields had painted, since Æneüs first  
Fondled his babe, and bless'd her on his knee.  
E'en mountain clowns, who never pity knew,  
Relented, and the hardest heart wept blood,  
Subdued by beauty, though the fatal source  
Of all their misery. What tumults then  
Roll in thy breast, Coresus ! while thy hands

The purifying waters on her head  
Pour'd trembling, and the sacred knife unsheathe'd!

Wiping the silver streaming tears away,  
She with a look nor cheerful, nor dismay'd,  
But languishingly sweet, her ruby lips  
Soft opening, thus began—‘ Father and friends,  
Wound me not doubly with your tender grief :  
I was not born alone for you. My life  
I gladly offer for my country's weal :  
‘Tis glory thus to die. Receive my blood,  
Dear native soil ! O may it health restore  
And peace ; and Bacchus' wrath be now appeased.  
And thou, Coresus, whom I most have wrong'd,  
Look not so fiercely on me, while the steel  
My once loved bosom lances, drop a tear ;  
One sigh in mercy heave, and drop one tear,  
And I will thank thee for thy blow. For, oh !  
I never hated thee : but female pride,  
Our sex's curse ! forbade me to comply,  
Too easy won !—Then pity me, Coresus ;  
O pity ; and, if possible, forgive.’

He answer'd not : but, ardent, snatch'd the knife,  
And, running o'er her beauties, strangely wild,  
With eyes which witness'd huge dismay and love,  
‘ Thus, thus I satisfy the gods !’ he cried,  
And buried in his heart, in his own heart,  
The guilty blade. Then, reeling to her arms,  
He sunk, and groaning ‘ O Callirhoe !’—died.

Heaven rings with shouts, ‘ Was ever love like  
this ?

Callirhoe shriek'd ; and from the gaping wound,  
Quick as the lightning's wing, the reeking knife  
Wrench'd : in an agony of grief and love,

Her bosom piercing, on his bosom fell,  
 And sigh'd upon his lips her life away.  
 Their blood uniting in a friendly stream  
 With bubbling purple stain'd the silver flood,  
 Which to the fountain gave Callirhoe's name.

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## BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

An Ode.

O SOFTLY sigh into the flute,  
 While dear Ianthe breathes the lovesick lay :  
 Now teach the melancholy lute  
 In tender trills to melt the notes away,  
 Melodious in decay !—  
 But hark, she louder, louder sings,  
 Sink, boldly sink into the strings :  
 Shake, O shake the numerous wire,  
 Fire the blood, the spirits fire  
 With musical thunder and burning desire !  
 Our souls divided with a fond surprise  
 Dissolve in woe ;  
 With rapture glow ;  
 Fall with her notes ; or with her bosom rise ;  
 Raised with hopes ; with fears depress'd ;  
 Sweetly tortured, sweetly bless'd ;  
 Saved by her voice, and vanquish'd by her eyes.  
 The god of Love, to hear her strains,  
 Leaves his Aeidalian plains,  
 And, as the harmonious charmer sings,  
 In triumph points his darts and waves his wings.  
 The' harmonious charmer paused to see  
 A listening, wondering deity ;

While silence softly chain'd her tongue,  
 The god responsive raised the song,  
 In strains like these, if strains can be  
 Raised to the raptures of a deity,  
 The raptures of a wondering deity !

Beauty, sacred Beauty sing,  
 Flowing from the wondrous spring  
 Of uncreated and primeval light !

Beauty the first best work of God,  
 Spoke into being in his high abode,  
 And next his own eternal essence bright !

With Beauty Music join,  
 The breath of Heaven  
 To mortals given  
 To swell their bliss to bliss divine !  
 With Beauty Music join.

Beauty, silent harmony !  
 Softly stealing through the eye,  
 Smiles into the breast a dart.  
 Music, fine proportion'd sounds !  
 Pours balm upon the lover's wounds  
 Through the ear into the heart.

Thus once Cecilia (tuneful Dryden sings),  
 To fire with sacred rage her soul,  
 Touch'd into voice the sprightly strings,  
 And bade the silver tides of Music roll.  
 An angel, listening to her lyre,  
 To lift the modulations higher,  
 Applied the aiding graces of his tongue ;  
 And while the Virgin play'd, the Seraph sung.

Sweetest mortal, to befriend thee,  
 Angels from their quires attend thee,

Angels leave their thrones to hear  
Music with devotion glowing,  
Musie heavenly joys bestowing,  
Worthy a seraphic ear!

Again she trembles o'er the silver strings;  
The silver strings, exulting to her hand,  
Obey the sweet command,  
And thus again the Angel sings.

(While Silence waved her downy wings around,  
And Gladness smiled along the purple skies ;  
All Nature soften'd at their flows of sound,  
And brighten'd at the radiance of their eyes.)

Harmony, the soul refining !  
Beauty, Sense, and Virtue joining  
In a form and mind like thine,  
Nobly raise a mortal creature  
To a more exalted nature ;  
We alone are more divine !

Rapturous thus the Angel sung,  
Manna melting from his tongue,  
Attemper'd to Cecilia's golden lyre :  
The blended powers of Harmony  
Trembling up the willing sky,  
And mingled with the Seraph's flaming quire.

How sweet the Music, how divine,  
When Heaven and Earth in consort join !  
O sweet the Music ! O divine !

Skill'd the softest notes to sing,  
Skill'd to wake the sweetest string,  
Dear Ianthe both supplies :  
Thee, Cecilia, thee we find  
In her form and in her mind,  
The angel in her voice and eyes !

Happy, O beyond expressing !  
 He who tastes the' immortal blessing  
     Dear Ianthe may bestow !  
 Beauty, in its pride, possessing,  
 Ever loving and caressing,  
     Music moving,  
     Bliss improving !—  
 He 'll enjoy a heaven below !  
 Happy he, beyond expressing !

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### ODE BRUMALIS :

AD AMICUM OXONIENSEM.

EH EU ! sereni mollia tempora  
 Conduntur anni. Fila, puer, lyræ  
     Lascivientis frange : Bruma  
     Flebilis officium Camœnæ  
  
 Pullata poscit ; non salis Attici  
 Hæc flore gaudet. Præterit ocyor  
     Equo Maronis, nec seit uno  
     Stare loco saliens voluptas.

Quò cessit umbræ gloria frondeæ ?  
 Quò serta, mixtis viva coloribus,  
     Ornare non indigna Popi  
     Marmora, sive comas Ianthæ.

Heu Veris ætas occidit aurea,  
 Estatis atque argentea, et ærea  
     Recessit Autumnia, severæ  
     Ferrea sola Hyemis remansit,

Sic vita transit nostra! volantibus  
 Urgetur horis. Quid sapiens aget,  
 Quid ergo prudens? Ille, certè,  
 Dona rapit fugientis horæ,  
 Gratus deorum cultor. Hyems virum,  
 Quem lavit Isis, flumen Apollinis,  
 Quem Suada puro melle fovit,  
 Intrepidum feriet procellis.

Nigrescat æther, pectore candido  
 Pax alba ridet: mugiat Africus,  
 Eurusque; tu, tranquilla Virtus,  
 Vere tumens, Zephyros reduces.

Tranquilla virtus, nescia criminis,  
 Te, amice, munit, tectum adamantino  
 Thorace; te non atra bilis  
 Mente quatit placidâ Novembris.

Nec me November mente hilari quatit,  
 Tristesque Menses: fallitur improba  
 Vel cura Musis, vel Choreis,  
 Dulcè vices subeunte Baccho.

Horatiani pocula nunc Meri  
 Grato ore libo, digna labris Jovis!

Nunc intimas et suave nectar  
 Ovidii fluit in medullas.

Si grandis inflet Calliope tubam,  
 Mentem illa semper cantu Heliconio  
 Accedit: Io! me jam aperto  
 Virgilius dedit ire cœlo.

Pompam theatri visere sæpiùs  
 Garrickus urget, dramatis arbiter!  
 Decore, gestu, voce, vultu  
 Ille oculos capit, ille mentes.

Odi profanos, pace tuâ, jocos,  
 Vanburge,—odi: me gravis attrahit  
 Shakspeare, Cothurnati per ævum  
 Omne pater, columenque regni.

Heus!—deme soccos:—alta tragœdia  
 Jubet:—Cothurnos induit aureos:—  
 Orchestra, majestate adaucta,  
 Sub pedibus Gradientis horret.

Quod fulmen aures non imitabile  
 Et corda sternit: terror amabilis  
 Pervadit intùs nos:—Othello!—  
 En rabido tonat ore Othello!

Proh! quantus iræ gurges inæstuat  
 Spumatque venis! ut tumet in minas!

Quam splendidè bacchatur excors!  
 Ah! gemit—ah! trepidat—ruensque,  
 Procumbit heros!—Gaudia sunt nimis  
 Hæc sæva, Shakspeare! Turbinibus sinus  
 Perflas voluptatis micantes:—  
 Ferre animus timet hos tumultus.

Mutare scenam jam lubet.—Ibimus,  
 Quo suavis Otway nos vocat, ibimus,  
 Iantha! quamvis, pulchra fletu,  
 Turgidulis redeas ocellis.

Planctus gementum planetibus addere  
 Est dulce semper. Monimiæ dolor,  
 Me teste, guttâ molliore  
 Sæpè genas, tacitè, fefellit.

O quæ paventum murmura virginum  
 Questusque mulcent aera odoribus!—  
 Tu vincis, Otway! corda vincis;  
 Euripidis reuovans triumphos,

Plausus ovantum sint aliis virūm  
 Quæsita merces: sat tibi gloriæ,  
 Te urgente, vates invidende,  
 Virgineos maduisse vultus.

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## ODE VERNALIS:

AD AMICUM OXONIENSEM.

CURAS Lyæus jàm mihi discutit  
 Raptim; nec aurum (suavitèr insolens)  
 Vocale de myrto recuso  
 Vellere liberiore dextrâ.

Et quis vetabit quò minùs audeam  
 Lusus amico mittere cum joco!

Ridere mens est; terra ridet;  
 Ipsa Venus negat esse tristes,  
 Jucunda Veris diva. Quid ampliùs  
 Rugæ juvabunt? Versicoloribus  
 En Maius alis raptus afflat  
 Lætitiam genialis auræ.

Amice! (blando hoc nomine te vocem,  
 O Woode?) cum Quo sæpè per Isidis  
 Errare sylvas, nùnceque cantu  
 Nuncque mero licuit morantes.

Duxisse soles in Thetidis toros,  
 Amice! quæ te gaudia floreis  
 Cingunt coronis? Quæquè molles  
 Nymphæ caput lepidum remulcet

Inter lacertos? Nùm charitum Chorus,  
 Chorùsve Pindi tempora dividit?

Sunt ambo grati; mense Maii  
 Quùm charites meliùs colantur.

Nunc dulce pictis desipere in toro  
 Herbis tumenti, vivus ubi tremor  
 Splendescit undæ; si poëtae,  
 Siquè aderint, tua cura, Musæ.

Adsit jocorum grata protervitas,  
 Thalia pleno quos tibi depluit  
 Cornu: nec absit Bacchus, uvæ,  
 Evohe! purpureus magister.

Handalus omnes tendere barbiti  
 Nervos laboret; nec sileat placens  
 Iantha cantu, dum jocoso  
 Tangit ebur geniale plectro.

Audite, Cœli! num modulaminis  
 Tales triumphos aula refert Jovis  
 Stellata? Sphærarumve tales  
 Lucidus et numerosus ordo?

O lene murmur! cum Venus aurea  
 Inire somnos, strata rosis, parat,  
 Melosque poscit; talis aura  
 Idalias tremit inter umbras.

Quæ flamma Venis pasta! potentibus  
 Succumbo victus blanditiis lyræ:  
 Succumbo victus voce, vultu,  
 Crine nigro, niveoque collo,

Sic prata sævis florea solibus  
 Oppressa languent. Ferte, citò, precor,  
 Leniniæ ægro; ferte rores  
 Metcafi medicos, sodales!

Frustrà: nec unquam Metcafi manus  
 Extinguet ignes, docta licet, meos;  
 Nec flumen, ah! vestri benignis  
 Ingenii recreabit undis.

ON

## A PRESENT OF THREE ROSES,

From *Janthe*.

THREE roses to her humble slave  
The mistress of the Graces gave :  
Three roses of an eastern hue,  
Sweet swelling with ambrosial dew.  
How each, with glowing pride, displays  
The riches of its circling rays !  
How all, in sweet abundance, shed  
Perfumes, that might revive the dead !  
Now tell me, Fair One, if you know,  
Whence these balmy spirits flow ?  
Whence springs this modest blush of light  
Which charms at once and pains the sight ?

The Fair One knew, but would not say,  
So blush'd and smiling went her way.

Impatient, next the Muse I call ;  
She comes, and thus would answer all —

‘ Fool (and I sure deserved the name),  
Mark well the beauties of the Dame,  
And can you wonder why so fair,  
And why so sweet the roses are ?  
Her cheek with living purple glows,  
Which blush'd its rays on every rose ;  
Her breath exhaled a sweeter smell  
Than fragrant fields of asphodel ;

The sparkling spirit in her eyes  
A kindlier influence supplies  
Than genial suns and summer skies.  
Now can you wonder why so fair,  
And why so sweet the roses are?"—  
"Hold, tuneful trifler (I replied,  
The beauteous cause I now descried),  
Hold, talk no more of summer skies,  
Of genial suns and—splendid lies;  
Of fragrant fields of asphodel,  
And brightest rays and sweetest smell;  
Whatever Poetry can paint,  
Or Muse can utter—all is faint:  
Two words had better all express'd;—  
She took the roses from—her breast."

---

### THE BOWER.

BLOW, blow, thou summer breeze,  
O gently fan the trees,  
That form yon fragrant bower;  
Where Sylvia, loveliest maid!  
On Nature's carpet laid,  
Enjoys the evening hour.  
  
Hence, hence, ye objects foul,  
The beetle, bat, and owl,  
The hagworm, newt, and toad;  
But fairy elves, unseen,  
May gambol o'er the green,  
And circle her abode.  
  
Breathe, breathe thy incense, May;  
Ye flowers, your homage pay,

To one more fair and sweet;  
Ye opening rose-buds, shade,  
With fragrant twine, her head;  
Ye lilies, kiss her feet.

Shed, shed thy sweetest beams,  
In party-colour'd streams,  
Thou fount of heat and light!  
No, no, withdraw thy ray,  
Her eyes effuse a day,  
As mild, as warm, as bright.

Flow, flow, thou crystal rill,  
With tinkling gurgles fill  
The mazes of the grove:  
And if thy murmuring stream  
Invite my love to dream,  
O may she dream of Love!

Sing, sing ye feather'd quires,  
And melt to soft desires  
Her too obdurate breast:  
Then, in that tender hour,  
I'll steal into her bower,  
And teach her—to be bless'd.

---

### THE LOVER.

SINCE Stella's charms, divinely fair,  
First pour'd their lustre on my heart,  
Ten thousand pangs my bosom tear,  
And every fibre feels the smart.  
If such the mournful moments prove,  
O who would give his heart to Love!

I meet my bosom friends with pain,  
Though Friendship used to warm my soul;  
Wine's generous spirit flames in vain,  
I find no cordial in the bowl.  
If such the mournful moments prove,  
O who would give his heart to Love!

Though Nature's volume open lies,  
Which once with wonder I have read,  
No glories tremble from the skies,  
No beauties o'er the earth are spread.  
If such the mournful moments prove,  
O who would give his heart to Love!

E'en Poetry's ambrosial dews  
With joy no longer feed my mind,  
To Beauty, Music, and the Muse,  
My soul is dumb, and deaf, and blind.  
Though such the mournful moments prove,  
Alas! I give my heart to Love.

But should the yielding virgin smile,  
Dress'd in the spotless marriage robe,  
I'd look upon this world as vile,  
The master of a richer globe.  
If such the rapturous moments prove,  
O let me give my heart to Love!

The business of my future days,  
My every thought, my every prayer,  
Shall be employ'd to sing her praise,  
Or sent to bounteous Heaven for her.  
If such the rapturous moments prove,  
O let me give my heart to Love!

Poets shall wonder at my Love,  
 Painters shall crowd her face to see,  
 And when they would the passions move,  
 Shall copy her, and think of me.  
 If such the rapturous moments prove,  
 O let me give my heart to Love !

Old age shall burn as bright as youth,  
 No respite to our bliss be given :  
 Then mingled in one flame of truth,  
 We'll spurn at earth, and soar to heaven !  
 Since such the rapturous moments prove,  
 We both will give our hearts to Love.

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### THE LOVER'S NIGHT.

ULL'D in the arms of him she loved,  
 Ianthe sigh'd the kindest things :  
 Her fond surrender he approved  
 With smiles ; and thus, enamour'd, sings—

‘ How sweet are lovers' vows by night,  
 Lapp'd in a honeysuckle grove !  
 When Venus sheds her gentle light,  
 And sooths the yielding soul to Love.

‘ Soft as the silent-footed dews  
 That steal upon the starlight hours ;  
 Warm as a lovesick poet's Muse ;  
 And fragrant as the breath of flowers !

‘ To hear our vows the moon grows pale,  
 And pants Endymion's warmth to prove :  
 While, enulous, the nightingale  
 Thick-warbling trills her lay of love.

‘ The silver-sounding shining spheres,  
 That animate the glowing skies,  
 Nor charm so much, as thou, my ears,  
 Nor bless so much, as thou, my eyes.

‘ Thus let me clasp thee to my heart,  
 Thus sink in softness on thy breast!  
 No cares shall haunt us, danger part;  
 For ever loving, ever bless’d.

‘ Censorious envy dares not blame  
 The passion which thy truth inspires :  
 Ye stars, bear witness that my flame  
 Is ehaste as your eternal fires.’

Love saw them (hid among the boughs),  
 And heard him sing their mutual bliss :  
 ‘ Enjoy (cried he) Ianthe’s vows;  
 But, oh!—I envy thee her kiss.’

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### THE DESPAIRING MAIDEN.

WITHIN an unfrequented grove  
 As late I laid alone,  
 A tender maid in deep distress,  
 At distancee, made her moan.

She cropp’d the blue-eyed violet,  
 Bedew’d with many a tear;  
 And ever and anon her sighs  
 Stole sadly on my ear.

‘ Ah, faithless man! how could he leave  
 So fond and true a maid?  
 Can so much innocence and truth  
 Deserve to be betray’d?

‘ Alas, my mother (if the dead  
Can hear their children groan),  
What ills your helpless orphan feels,  
To sorrow left alone !

‘ To sorrow left by him I loved ;  
Ah, perjured and ingrate !—  
Ye virgins, learn the wiles of men,  
And learn to shun my fate.

‘ For whom do I these flowerets crop,  
For whom this chaplet twine ?  
Say, shall they glow on Damon’s brow,  
Or fade away on mine ?

‘ But he the blooming wreath will scorn,  
Who scorn’d my virgin bloom :  
And me—alas ! they suit not me,  
Unless to deck my tomb.

‘ How oft the dear perfidious youth  
Invoked each Power above !  
How oft he languish’d at my feet,  
And vow’d eternal love !

‘ How sweet the minutes danced away,  
All melted in delight !  
With him each summer day was short,  
And short each winter night.

‘ Twas more than bliss I felt :—and now,  
Alas ! ’tis more than pain.—  
Ye soft, ye rosy hours of love,  
Return—return again.

‘ Ah ! no.—Let blackness shade the night,  
When first he breathed his vows :  
The scene of pleasure then—but, ah !  
The source of all my woes.

‘ How could I think so sweet a tongue  
 Could e’er consent to lie ?

‘ Twas easy to deceive a maid  
 So soft and young as I.

‘ And yet he lays the fault on me  
 (Where none could e’er be laid,  
 Unless my loving him too well),  
 And calls me “ perjured maid.”

‘ The nymphs, who envious saw my charms,  
 Rejoice to see my woe,  
 And taunting cry, “ why did you leave  
 The youth that loved you so ? ”

‘ But, oh ! believe me, lovely youth,  
 Far dearer than my eye,  
 I love you still, and still will love,  
 Till oh, for you, I die !

‘ E’en though you hate, I dote to death ;  
 My death my truth shall prove :  
 My latest prayers are prayers for you,  
 And sighs are sighs of love.’

She ceased :—(while Pity from the clouds  
 Dissolved in silent showers) :—

Then faintly ‘ Damon ! ’ cried :—and breathed  
 Her soul amid the flowers.



### THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

WHEN gloomy November, to Nature unkind,  
 Both saddens the skies, and oppresses the mind,  
 By beauty undone, a disconsolate swain  
 Thus sigh’d his despair to the winds and the rain—

‘ In vain the wind blows, and in vain the rains beat,  
They fan but my flame, without quenching the heat;  
For so fierce is the passion which Stella inspires,  
Not the ocean itself could extinguish its fires.

‘ Why gazed ye, my eyes, with such aching delight,  
Till Paradise open’d and swam in my sight?  
Yes, Paradise open’d, and oh! to my cost,  
The Serpent I found, but the Paradise lost.

‘ Heaven knows with what fondness her heart I  
address’d,  
What passionate tenderness bled in my breast:  
Yet so far was my truth from engaging belief,  
That she frown’d at my vows, though she smiled  
at my grief.

‘ Sure never was love so ill fated as mine:  
If a friend shall demand her, what, must I resign?—  
Yes, yes, O resign her, be bravely distress’d;  
And though I die unhappy, yet—may he be  
bless’d!

‘ And how bless’d must he be!—O to live on her  
charms!  
At her wit while he wonders to sink in her arms!—  
But yet, O my soul, to his friendship be just:  
Let him live on her charms;—I’ll go down to the  
dust.

‘ To the chambers of darkness I gladly will go,  
For the light without her is the colour of woe:  
Come, Death, then relieve me, my life I resign,  
Since the arrows of Love are less friendly than  
thine.

‘ Ye virgins of Isis, the fair and the young,  
 Whose praises so often have sweeten’d my tongue,  
 In pity, when of my sad fate you shall hear,  
 Oh, honour my grave with a rose and a tear!

‘ Perhaps the dear beautiful cause of my doom  
 May steal, by the starlight, and visit my tomb:  
 My ghost, if one sigh shall but heave in her breast,  
 Though restless without it, contented will rest.’

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## PARADISE REGAINED.

To a friend.

LORD of himself, and sole of humankind,  
 In rectitude of reason Adam shone:  
 Till the still voice infused into his mind,  
 ‘ It is not good for man to be alone.’

By God’s own hand his virgin Eve was led.

Now Paradise with fresher beauties glows:  
 The conscious roses form a blushing bed:  
 Consenting Nature sooths them to repose.

A single is an inconsistent life:  
 Completely bless’d, O friend! to thee is given,  
 A sweet, a fair, a wise, a modest wife,  
 The bloom of Innocence, and blush of Heaven!

May Eden life in bright succession flow,  
 When all was happiness, for Love was all:  
 Her beauties will a Paradise bestow,  
 And both your virtues guard you from a fall.

TO A

## FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

AUSPICIOUS sprung the morning into light,  
By Love selected from the golden tide  
Of Time, illustrious with peculiar white,  
And mended from the blushes of the bride.

The Muse observed the fond approaching hour,  
And thus her Philo's gentle ear address'd—  
‘ Behold, descending from yon Maiden Tower,  
The beauteous object of thy eyes and breast.

‘ Fair issuing, down the hill I see her move,  
Like the sweet morn, in dews and blushes gay :  
You, like the Bridegroom Sun, her charms ap-  
prove ;  
And warm her dawning glories into day.

‘ I own the radiant magic of her eyes,  
But more the graces of her soul admire ;  
*Those* may lay traps for lovers, fops, and flies,  
But *these* the husband and the Muse inspire.

‘ A husband is a venerable name !  
O happy state, when heart is link'd to heart !  
Nor less the honour of the wedded dame :  
Sweet interchange ! which only death can part.

‘ O bless'd with gentle manners, graceful ease ;  
Gay, yet not trifling ; serious, yet not grave ;  
Skilful, to charm the wits ; the wise, to please ;  
Though beauteous, humble ; and though tender,  
brave.

‘ Riches and honours wait on either name:  
 But they in life are but the last desert:  
 Your richer happiness and fairer fame  
 Shall be the good behaviour of the heart.

‘ When such the wonders both of form and mind,  
 What rapture fancied, reason will approve;  
 By time your inclinations be refined;  
 And youth be spent in passion; age, in love.’

Thus far the Muse. When Hymen, from the sky,  
 The Lovers in the band of Concord tied;  
 The Virtues and the Graces too were by,  
 And Venus left her cestus with the Bride.

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### THE MILKMAID.

‘TWAS at the cool and fragrant hour,  
 When evening steals upon the sky,  
 That Lucy sought a woodbine grove,  
 And Colin taught the grove to sigh;  
 The sweetest damsel she, on all the plains;  
 The softest lover he, of all the swains.

He took her by the lily hand,  
 Which oft had made the milk look pale;  
 Her cheeks with modest roses glow’d,  
 As thus he breathed his tender tale—  
 The listening streams a while forgot to flow,  
 The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow.

‘ O smile, my Love! thy dimply smiles  
 Shall lengthen on the setting ray:  
 Thus let us melt the hours in bliss,  
 Thus sweetly languish life away:  
 Thus sigh our souls into each other’s breast,  
 As true as turtles, and as turtles bless’d!

‘ So may thy cows for ever crown  
With floods of milk thy brimming pail ;  
So may thy cheese all cheese surpass,  
So may thy butter never fail :  
So may each village round this truth declare,  
That Lucy is the fairest of the fair.

‘ Thy lips with streams of honey flow,  
And pouting swell with healing dews ;  
More sweets are blended in thy breath,  
Than all thy father’s fields diffuse :  
Though thousand flowers adorn each blowing  
field,  
Thy lovely cheeks more blooming beauties yield.

‘ Too long my erring eyes had roved  
On city dames in scarlet dress’d ;  
And scorn’d the charmful village maid,  
With innocence and program bless’d :  
Since Lucy’s native graces fill’d my sight,  
The painted city dames no more delight.

‘ The speaking purple, when you blush,  
Outglows the scarlet’s deepest dye ;  
No diamonds tremble on thy hair,  
But brighter sparkle in thy eye.  
Trust me, the smiling apples of thy eyes  
Are tempting as were those in Paradise.

‘ The tuneful linnet’s warbling notes  
Are grateful to the shepherd swain ;  
To drooping plants, and thirsty fields,  
The silver drops of kindly rain ;  
To blossoms, dews ; as blossoms to the bee ;  
And thou, my Lucy ! only art to me.

‘ But mark, my Love! you western clouds ;  
 With liquid gold they seem to burn :  
 The evening star will soon appear,  
 And overflow his silver urn.  
 Soft stillness now, and falling dews invite  
 To taste the balmy blessings of the night.  
 ‘ Yet ere we part, one boon I crave,  
 One tender boon ! nor this deny :  
 O promise that you still will love,  
 O promise this ! or else I die :  
 Death else my only remedy must prove ;  
 I’ll cease to live, whene’er you cease to love.’  
 She sigh’d, and blush’d a sweet consent ;  
 Joyous he thank’d her on his knee,  
 And warmly press’d her virgin lip.—  
 Was ever youth so bless’d as he !—  
 The moon, to light the lovers homeward, rose,  
 And Philomela lull’d them to repose.

---

### THE CONQUEST.

WHEN Phœbus heard Ianthe sing  
 And sweetly bid the groves rejoice,  
 Jealous, he smote the trembling string,  
 Despairing, quite, to match her voice.

Smiling, her harpsichord she strung :  
 As soon as she began to play,  
 Away his harp poor Phœbus flung ;  
 It was no time for him to stay.

Yet hold ; before your godship go  
 The fair shall gain another prize :  
 Your voice and lyre’s outdone, you know ;  
 Nor less thy sunshine by her eyes.

## THE BEE.

LEAVE, wanton bee, those blossoms leave,  
Thou buzzing harbinger of Spring;  
To Stella fly, and sweeter spoils  
Shall load thy thigh, and gild thy wing.

Her cheeks, her lips, with roses swell,  
Not Paphian roses deeper glow;  
And lilies o'er her bosom spread  
Their spotless sweets, and balmy snow.

Then, grateful for the sacred dews,  
Invite her, humming round, to rest;  
Soft dreams may tune her soul to love,  
Though coldness arm her waking breast.

But if she still obdurate prove,  
O shoot thy sting.—The little smart  
May teach her then to pity me  
Transfix'd with Love's and Beauty's dart.

Ah, no! forbear, to sting forbear;  
Go, fly unto thy hive again,  
Much rather let me die for her  
Than she endure the least of pain.

Go, fly unto thy hive again,  
With more than Hybla-honey bless'd:  
For Pope's sweet lips prepare the dew,  
Or else for Love a nectar feast.

## THE MORNING LARK.

ANACREONTIC.

FEATHER'D lyric! warbling high,  
Sweetly gaining on the sky,  
Opening with thy matin lay  
(Nature's hymn!) the eye of day,  
Teach my soul, on early wing,  
Thus to soar, and thus to sing.

While the bloom of orient light  
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,  
May the Dayspring from on high,  
Seen by Faith's religious eye,  
Cheer me with his vital ray,  
Promise of Eternal Day!

---

## THE HAPPY LIFE.

A book, a friend, a song, a glass,  
A chaste, yet laughter-loving lass,  
To mortals various joys impart,  
Inform the sense, and warm the heart.

Thrice happy they, who, careless, laid  
Beneath a kind embowering shade,  
With rosy wreaths their temples crown,  
In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Meanwhile the Muses wake the lyre,  
The Graces modest mirth inspire,  
Goodnatured humour, harmless wit;  
Well temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light.

Let sacred Venus with her heir,  
And dear Ianthe too, be there.  
Music and wine in concert move  
With beauty and refining love.

There Peace shall spread her dovelike wing,  
And bid her olives round us spring.  
There Truth shall reign, a sacred guest !  
And Innocence, to crown the rest.

Begone ambition, riches, toys,  
And splendid cares, and guilty joys.—  
Give me a book, a friend, a glass,  
And a chaste laughter-loving lass.

---

## THE WEDDING MORN.

### A DREAM.

'TWAS morn : but Theron still his pillow press'd  
(His Annabella's charms improved his rest).  
An angel form, the daughter of the skies,  
Descending bless'd, or seem'd to bless, his eyes ;  
White from her breast a dazzling vestment roll'd,  
With stars bespangled and celestial gold.  
She moved, and odours, wide, the circuit fill'd ;  
She spake, and honey from her lips distill'd.  
' Behold, illustrious comes, to bless thy arms,  
Thy Annabella, breathing love and charms !  
O melting mildness, undissembled truth !  
Fair flower of age, yet blushing bloom of youth !  
Fair without art, without design admired,  
Praised by the good, and by the wise desired.  
By Art and Nature taught and form'd to please,  
With all the sweet simplicity of ease.

In public courteous—for no private end;  
At home—a servant; and abroad—a friend.  
Her gentle manners, unaffected grace,  
And animated sweetness of her face,  
Her faultless form, by decency refined,  
And bright, unsullied sanctity of mind,  
The Christian graces breathing in her breast,  
Her—whole shall teach thee to be more than  
bless'd. [eyes,

‘ Tis Virtue's ray that points her sparkling  
Her face is beauteous, for her soul is wise.  
As from the sun resplendent glories roll,  
Which feed the starry host and fire the pole,  
So stream upon her face the beauties of her soul.  
Though the dove's languish melts upon her eye,  
And her cheeks mantle with the eastern sky,  
When seventy on her temples sheds its snow,  
Dim grow her eyes and cheeks forget to glow,  
Goodnature shall the purple loss supply,  
Good sense shine brighter than the sparkling eye:  
In beauteous order round and round shall move,  
Love cool'd by Reason, Reason warm'd by Love.

‘ Receive Heaven's kindest blessing! And re-  
This blessing as thy virtue's best reward. [gard  
When Beauty wakes her fairest forms to charm,  
When Music all her powers of sound to warm,  
Her golden floods when wanton Freedom rolls,  
And Plenty pours herself into our bowls;  
When with tumultuous throbs our pulses beat,  
And dubious Reason totters on her seat,  
The youth how steady, how resolved the guide  
Which stems the full luxuriant, pleasing tide!  
For these, and virtues such as these, is given  
Thy Annabella! O beloved of Heaven!

Hail, Marriage ! everlasting be thy reign !  
The chain of being is thy golden chain.  
From hence mankind, a growing race depend,  
Began with Nature, shall with Nature end.  
The mists, which stain'd thy lustre, break away,  
In glory lessen, and refine to day :  
No more the jests of wits, of fools the scorn,  
Which God made sacred, and which priests adorn.

‘ Ascend the bed, while genial Nature pours  
Her balmy blessings round, and nectar showers.  
And lo! the future opens on my eyes,  
I see soft buds, and smiling flowers arise:  
The human blossoms every charm display,  
Unfold their sweets, and beautify the day.  
The father’s virtues in the sons combine;  
The mother’s graces in the daughters shine.  
So where an angel spreads his dovelike wing  
Young laurels sprout, and tender myrtles spring;  
Sweet dews descending consecrate the ground,  
And opens a new Paradise around!  
I see!—But here the scenes which blazed behind,  
Her fancy dazzled, and dissolved his mind.  
He woke: yet still he thinks he sees and hears;  
Till real sounds salute his ravish’d ears:  
‘ —Arise! the Bride invites thee to be bless’d?  
He rose.—But silence only speaks the rest.

## MINERVA MISTAKEN.

MINERVA last week (pray let nobody doubt it)  
Went an airing from Oxford, six miles or about it :  
When she spied a young virgin so blooming and  
fair, [there ?  
That, ' O Venus (she cried), is your ladyship

Pray is not that Oxford? and lately you swore  
 Neither you, nor one like you, should trouble us  
 more. [fied?—

Do you thus keep your promise? and am I de-  
 The Virgin came nearer, and smiling replied,  
 ' My goddess! what have you your pupil forgot?'—  
 ' Your pardon, my dear, is it you, Molly S—?'



## ON THE DEATH OF MR. WEARING,

THE FAMOUS MUSICIAN AT OXFORD.

Poor Wearing to the shades is gone,  
 Like Orpheus, by mishap:  
 Not gone to seek his wife, but gone  
 To leave her in—a scrape.

We find the Sisters three are deaf,  
 Since Wearing now is dead;  
 For had the Fates but heard his strings,  
 They would have spared his thread.

Death heard his notes, and heard well pleased,  
 So drew his fatal lance;  
 Death will keep holiday; and he  
 Must play to Holbein's dance.



## CUPID MISTAKEN.

VENUS whipp'd Cupid t' other day,  
 For having lost his bow and quiver:  
 For he had given them both away  
 To Stella, queen of Isis river.

‘ Mamma ! you wrong me while you strike  
(Cries weeping Cupid), for I vow,  
Stella and you are so alike,  
I thought that I had lent them you.’

---

## CUPID IN LOVE;

OR, STELLA AND THE WASP.

ANACREONTIC.

CUPID by a bee was stung,  
Lately ; since Anacreon sung :  
Venus, with a smiling eye,  
Laugh’d to hear him sob and sigh.

Angry Cupid, in revenge,  
(Gods their shapes at pleasure change)  
In the form of wasp or bee,  
Stella ! fix’d his sting in thee :  
Stella ! fairest of the fair :  
Stella, Venus’ dearest care !  
In revenge he dealt the blow  
On her favourite below ;  
In revenge of smiling eyes,  
Sweetest emblems of the skies !  
‘ O, my finger !’ Stella cried :  
Would for Stella I had died !  
‘ O, my finger !’ thrice she cried,  
Thrice for Stella I’d have died !  
Stella ! fairest of the fair,  
Stella, Venus’ dearest care ;  
Venus, reddening, dropp’d a tear :  
—‘ Here, you sirrah, Cupid, here !

Dare you torture, like a foe,  
 Stella, my beloved below?  
 Cursed revenge on smiling eyes,  
 Sweetest emblems of the skies!'  
 Cupid, smit with Stella's eye,  
 Answer'd Venus with a sigh,  
 ' Rather, Mamma, pity me;  
 —I am wounded more than she.'

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ON  
 WRITING LAURA'S NAME IN THE SNOW.

Thirsis and Damon.

THIRYSIS.

WHY, Damon, write you Laura's name  
 In snowy letters? prithee, say:  
 Was it her coldness to express,  
 Or show thy love would melt away?  
 Or, rather, was it this? Because  
 When she is named you burn and glow,  
 Therefore in hopes to cool your breast  
 You writ the charmer's name in snow?

DAMON.

Thirsis, since ink would blot her charms,  
 In snow I chose her name to write;  
 Since only snow like her is pure,  
 Is soft alone, alone is white.  
 Perhaps the air her name may freeze,  
 And every letter grow a gem;  
 Fit characters to blaze her charms,  
 And owe their rays to Stella's name.

A monarch for the precious name  
Might then with half his kingdom part,  
Despise the jewels on his crown,  
To wear my Laura near his heart.

## THIRYSIS.

In vain. Behold the noontide sun  
Dissolves it with his amorous flame :  
The liquid syllables are lost :  
Now, Damon, where is Laura's name ?

## DAMON.

Too true : yet though her name dissolves ;  
The shining drops shall not be lost :  
I'll drink them as they weep away,  
And still her name shall be my toast.

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## EPILOGUE TO CATO.

SPOKEN BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN THE CHARACTER  
OF MARCIA, BEFORE A PRIVATE AUDIENCE.

CRITICS affirm, a bookish, clownish race  
(I wish they durst affirm it to my face),  
That love in tragedies has nought to do :  
Ladies, if so, what would they make of you ?  
Why, make you useless, nameless, harmless things ;  
How false their doctrine, I appeal to—kings ;  
Appeal to Afric, Asia, Greece, and Rome :  
And, faith, we need not go—so far from home.  
For us the lover burns, and bleeds, and dies,  
I fancy we have comets in our eyes ;  
And they, you know, are—signs of tragedies.

Thanks to my stars, or, rather, to my face,  
 Sempronius perish'd for that very case.  
 The boisterous wretch bawl'd out for peals of  
     thunder<sup>1</sup>,  
 Because he could not force me—to come under.  
 Lard! how I tremble at the narrow scape;  
 Which of you would not—tremble at a rape?  
 Howe'er that be, this play will plainly prove,  
 That liberty is not so sweet as love.  
 Think, ladies, think, what fancies fill'd my head,  
 To find the living Juba for the dead!  
 Though much he suffer'd on my father's side,  
 I'll make him cry, ere long, 'I'm satisfied!'  
 For I shall prove a mighty—loving bride.  
 But now, to make an end of female speeches,  
 I'll quit my petticoats to—wear the breeches.

[*Runs out, and comes in his night gown.*  
 We have changed the scene: for gravity becomes  
 A tragedy, as hearse sable plumes.  
 His country's father you have seen to-night,  
 Unfortunately great, and sternly right.  
 Fair Liberty, by impious Power oppress'd,  
 Found no asylum but her Cato's breast.  
 Thither, as to a temple, she retired,  
 And when he plunged the dagger she expired.  
 If Liberty revive at Cato's name,  
 And British bosoms catch the Roman flame;  
 If hoary villains rouse your honest ire,  
 And patriot youths with love of freedom fire,  
 If Lucia's grief your graceful pity move,  
 And Marcia teach the virgins virtuous love;  
 You'll own, e'en in this methodizing age,  
 The mildest school of morals—is the stage.

<sup>1</sup> Act IV. Scene II.

To you, the polish'd judges of our cause,  
Whose smiles are honour, and whose nods  
    applause,  
Humble we bend: encourage arts like these;  
For though the actors fail'd—they strove to please.  
Perhaps, in time, your favours of this night  
May warm us like young Marcus self to fight,  
Like Cato to defend, like Addison to write.

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ON

## MR. POPE'S WORKS.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER HIS DEATH.

MAN not alone hath end: in measured time,  
(So Heaven has will'd) together with their snows  
The everlasting hills shall melt away:  
This solid globe dissolve, as ductile wax  
Before the breath of Vulcan; like a scroll  
Shrivel the' unfolded curtains of the sky:  
Thy planets, Newton, tumble from their spheres,  
That lead harmonious on their mystic rounds:  
The moon be perish'd from her bloody orb;  
The sun himself, in liquid ruin, rush,  
And deluge with destroying flames the globe—  
Peace then, my soul, nor grieve that Pope is dead.

If e'er the tuneful spirit, sweetly strong,  
Spontaneous numbers, teeming in my breast,  
Enkindle; O, at that exalting name,  
Be favourable, be propitious now,  
While, in the gratitude of praise, I sing  
The works and wonders of this man divine.

I tremble while I write.—His lisping Muse  
 Surmounts the loftiest efforts of my age.  
 What wonder? when an infant, he applied  
 The loud Papinian<sup>1</sup> trumpet to his lips,  
 Fired by a sacred fury, and inspired  
 With all the god, in sounding numbers sung  
 ‘ Fraternal rage, and guilty Thebes’ alarms.’

Sure at his birth (things not unknown of old)  
 The Graces round his cradle wove the dance,  
 And led the maze of harmony: the Nine,  
 Prophetic of his future honours, pour’d,  
 Plenteous, upon his lips Castalian dews;  
 And Attic bees their golden store distill’d.  
 The soul of Homer, sliding from its star,  
 Where, radiant, over the poetic world  
 It rules and sheds its influence, for joy  
 Shouted, and bless’d the birth: the sacred choir  
 Of Poets, born in elder, better times,  
 Enraptured, catch’d the elevating sound, [sphere.  
 And roll’d the gladdening news from sphere to  
 O listen to Alexis<sup>2</sup> tender plaint!

How gently rural! without coarseness, plain;  
 How simple in his elegance of grief!  
 A shepherd, but no clown. His every lay  
 Sweet as the early pipe along the dale,  
 When hawthorns bud, or on the thymy brow  
 When all the mountains bleat, and valleys sing.  
 Soft as the nightingale’s harmonious woe,  
 In dewy eventide, when cowslips drop  
 Their sleepy heads, and languish in the breeze.

Imperial Windsor<sup>3</sup>! on thy brow august,  
 Superbly gay, exalt thy towery head;

<sup>1</sup> Translation of the First Book of Statius’s Thebais.

<sup>2</sup> Pastorals. <sup>3</sup> Windsor Forest. Mr. Pope born there.

(Much prouder of his verse than of thy stars)  
 And bid thy forests dance, and, nodding, wave  
 A verdant testimony of thy joy:  
 A native Orpheus warbling in thy shades.

Next, in the critie chair<sup>4</sup> survey him throned,  
 Imperial in his art, prescribing laws  
 Clear from the knitted brow, and squinted sneer;  
 Learn'd, without pedantry; correctly bold,  
 And regularly easy. Gentle, now,  
 As rising incense, or descending dews,  
 The variegated echo of his theme:  
 Now, animated flame commands the soul  
 To glow with sacred wonder. Pointed wit  
 And keen discernment form the certain page.  
 Just, as the Stagyrite; as Horae, free;  
 As Fabian, clear; and as Petronius, gay. [sides

But whence those peals of laughter<sup>5</sup> shake the  
 Of decent Mirth? Am I in fairy land?  
 Young evanescent forms before my eyes,  
 Or skim, or seem to skim; thin essences  
 Offluid light; sylphs, sylphids, elves, and gnomes;  
 Genii of Rosieruce, and ladies' gods!—  
 And, lo, in shining trails, Belinda's hair,  
 Bespangling with dishevel'd beams the skies,  
 Flames o'er the night. Behind, a satyr grins,  
 And, jocund, holds a glass, reflecting, fair,  
 Hoops, crosses, matadores; beaux, shocks, and  
 Promiscuously whimsieal and gay. [belles,  
 Tassoni, hiding his diminish'd head, [skulks,  
 Droops o'er the laughing page: while Boileau  
 With blushes cover'd, low beneath the desk.

More mournful scenes invite<sup>6</sup>. The milky vein

<sup>4</sup> *Essay on Criticism.*

<sup>5</sup> *Rape of the Lock.*

<sup>6</sup> *Ovid's Sappho to Phaon: and Eloisa to Abelard.*

Of amorous grief devolves its placid wave  
 Soft streaming o'er the soul, in weeping woe  
 And tenderness of anguish. While we read  
 The' infectious page, we sicken into love,  
 And languish with involuntary fires.

The zephyr, panting on the silken buds  
 Of breathing violets; the virgin's sigh,  
 Rosy with youth, are turbulent and rude,  
 To Sappho's plaint, and Eloïsa's moan.

Heavens! what a flood of empyréal day  
 My aching eyes involves! A Temple<sup>7</sup> soars,  
 Rising, like exhalations, on a mount,  
 And wide its adamantine valves expands.  
 Three monumental columns, bright in air,  
 Of figured gold, the centre of the quire  
 With lustre fill. Pope on the midmost shines  
 Betwixt his Homer and his Horace placed,  
 Superior by the hand of Justice. Fame,  
 With all her mouths the' eternal trumpet swells,  
 Exulting at his name; and, grateful, pours  
 The lofty notes of never dying praise,  
 Triumphant, floating on the wings of wind,  
 Sweet o'er the world: the' ambrosial spirit flies  
 Diffusive, in its progress widening still,  
 'Dear to the earth, and grateful to the sky.'  
 Fame owes him more than e'er she can repay:  
 She owes her very temple to his hands;  
 Like Ilium built; by hands no less divine!

Attention, rouse thyself! the master's hand,  
 (The master of our souls!) has changed the key,  
 And bids the thunder of the battle roar  
 Tumultuous<sup>8</sup>. Homer, Homer is our own!  
 And Grecian heroes flame in British lines.

<sup>7</sup> Temple of Fame.

<sup>8</sup> Translation of Homer.

What pomp of words! what nameless energy  
 Kindles the verse; invigours every line;  
 Astonishes, and overwhelms the soul  
 In transport toss'd! When fierce Achilles raves,  
 And flashes, like a comet, o'er the field,  
 To wither armies with his martial frown:  
 I see the battle rage; I hear the wheels  
 Careering with their brazen orbs! The shout  
 Of nations rolls (the labour of the winds)  
 Full on my ear, and shakes my inmost soul.  
 Description never could so well deceive:  
 'Tis real! Troy is here, or I at Troy  
 Enjoy the war. My spirits, all on fire,  
 With unextinguish'd violence are borne  
 Above the world, and mingle with the gods.  
 Olympus rings with arms! the firmament,  
 Beneath the lightning of Minerva's shield,  
 Burns to the centre: rock the towers of heaven.  
 All nature trembles! save the throne of Jove:—  
 Have mercy, Pope, and kill me not with joy:  
 'Tis tenfold rage, an agony of bliss!  
 Be less a god, nor force me to adore.

To root excesses from the human breast,  
 Behold a beauteous pile of Ethics<sup>9</sup> rise;  
 Sense, the foundation: harmony, the walls;  
 (The Doric grave, and gay Corinthian join'd)  
 Where Socrates and Horace jointly reign.  
 Best of philosophers! of poets too  
 The best! He teaches thee thyself to know:  
 That virtue is the noblest gift of Heaven;  
 ' And vindicates the ways of God to Man.'  
 O hearken to the moralist polite!

<sup>9</sup> Ethic Epistles.

Enter his school of truth; where Plato's self  
Might preach; and Tully deign to lend an ear.

Last see him waging with the fools of Rhyme <sup>10</sup>  
A wanton, harmless war. Dunce after Dunce,  
Beaux, doctors, templars, courtiers, sophs, and cits,  
Condemn'd to suffer life. The motley crew,  
Emerging from Oblivion's muddy pool,  
Give the round face to view, and shameless front  
Proudly expose; till Laughter have her fill.

Born to improve the age, and cheat mankind  
Into the road of Honour!—Vice again  
The gilded chariot drives:—for He is dead!

I saw the sable barge, along his Thames,  
In slow solemnity beating the tide,  
Convey his sacred dust!—Its swans expired,  
Wither'd in Twit'nam bowers the laurel bough;  
Silent the Muses broke their idle lyres:  
The attendant Graces cheek'd the sprightly dance,  
Their arms unlock'd, and catch'd the starting tear,  
And Virtue for her lost defender mourn'd!

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TO THE  
AUTHOR OF LEONIDAS.

AN EPISTLE.

WARM'D with thy verse, which Liberty inspires,  
Which Nature forms, and sacred Reason fires,  
I pour a tributary lay. Receive  
The honest praise a friend may dare to give.

Most of our poets choose their early theme  
A flowery meadow, or a purling stream.

<sup>10</sup> Dunciad.

Thy genius took a flight above the groves,  
The pipe neglected and the rural loves ;  
To godlike Newton's praises swell'd thy lyre,  
Play'd with the light, and grasp'd ethereal fire.  
So the young lyric lark, on trembling wings  
O'er meadows warbles, and to shepherds sings,  
The youthful eagle, born to nobler sway,  
Enjoys the sun, and boldly faces day.

Next brave Leonidas, with virtue warm'd,  
The child of Heaven and thee ! our wonder charm'd :  
Our wonder and our silence best can tell  
How much he loved his Greece, how great he fell.  
His arm how dreadful, how composed his mien !  
Fierce as a god, and as a god serene.  
Horrid with gold, and formidably bright  
He lightens and he thunders through the fight ;  
With bleeding hills he heaps the groaning plain,  
And crimson torrents mingle with the main.  
At last, collecting all his patriot fires,  
In the full blaze of Liberty expires.

If bless'd immortals bend their thoughts below,  
(And verse like thine may listening angels draw.)  
What new-felt raptures through the hero roll,  
To find his deeds immortal as his soul !  
To shine above each patriot's honour'd name,  
Throned in thy verse, the temple of his fame !  
Rich as the pillars which support the skies,  
And bright with wit, as heaven with starry dyes :  
As Virtue, firm ; as Liberty, sublime ;  
A monument to mock the rage of Time.

Did Homer, say, thy glowing breast inspire  
To sing the Spartan with Athenian fire ?  
Or Homer's self revives again in thee ?  
For Grecian chiefs and Grecian wit I see.

His mighty spirit all thy genius guides,  
And o'er thy bosom roll his golden tides.

Bless'd is thy fancy which durst first despise  
Gods in machines and bullies from the skies.

Nor Ariosto's fables fill thy page,  
Nor Tasso's points, but Virgil's sober rage.  
Pure temper'd fires an equal light maintain,  
To warm the reason, not to scorch the brain.  
How soft, how strong, thy varied numbers move,  
Or swell'd to glory, or dissolved to love!

Correct with ease, where all the graces meet,  
Nervously plain, majestically sweet.

The Muses well thy sacrifice repay,  
Attendant warbling in each heavenly lay!

When Ariana grasps the' abhorred dart,  
Each lover bleeds and feels it in his heart.  
Ah, faithful pair! by misery improved;  
Who would not die, to love as you have loved?  
Like Teribazus gladly I could die  
To draw one tear from dear Ianthe's eye.  
One sigh of hers would recompense my breath,  
Would sweeten pain, and sanctify my death.  
O might I, while her eyes inflict the wound,  
Or her soft lute dissolves a plaintive sound,  
Might I, while she inhales my latest breath,  
Sink from her arms into the arms of Death!  
Then rise, (so pure a wish may be forgiven)  
O sweet transition, from her breast to heaven!

Forgive this fond excursion of my woe;  
Forgive these tears, that will, rebellious, flow;  
Forgive these sighs, that will, unbidden, rise,  
Till Death for ever close her from my eyes.  
But thou, bless'd Youth, may thou for ever know  
The chaste endearment, and parental glow;

The still, the saered, the melodious hour,  
 The morning closet, and the evening bower.  
 There, when thy Muse shall let her eagle fly,  
 And nobly lift 'a mortal to the sky,'  
 When all the' inspiring god dilates thy soul,  
 And quick ideas kindle as they roll,  
 Let British valour thy brave care engage,  
 With British valour fire the glorious page.  
 Bid Henry's honours in thy poem glow,  
 On Edward immortality bestow,  
 Let Agincourt, let Cressy's well fought plain,  
 Run purple in thy lines, and bleed again;  
 Britannia then, no more her sons shall mourn,  
 Extinct, forgotten in the silent urn:  
 Borne on the wings of verse their names shall rise,  
 Dear to the earth, and grateful to the skies.  
 Hail, Poetry; whose life-infusing lays  
 Bid time roll back and sleeping atoms raise;  
 Dust into being wake, expand the tomb,  
 Dead glory quicken, and restore lost bloom:  
 As God, from mortals heighten to divine,  
 And give us through eternity to shine!

Glover! thy mind, in various virtue wise,  
 Each science claims, and makes each art thy prize.  
 With Newton soars, familiar, to the sky,  
 Looks nature through, so keen thy mental eye,  
 Or down descending on the globe below,  
 Through humbler realms of knowledge loves to  
 Promiseous beauties dignify thy breast, [flow.  
 By nature happy, as by study bless'd,  
 Thou, wit's Columbus! from the epic throne  
 New worlds descried, and made them all our own:  
 Thou first through real nature dared explore,  
 And waft her sacred treasures to our shore.

The merchant thus, by heavenly wisdom led  
 (Each kingdom noted, and each law survey'd),  
 On Britain pours whate'er can serve mankind,  
 Adorn the body, or delight the mind.  
 Spices which blow'd in Araby the bless'd,  
 And breathed a Paradise around the east.  
 Unclouded sapphires show their azure sky,  
 Emeralds with smiling green refresh the eye :  
 Here bleeds the ruby, diamonds sparkle there,  
 To tremble on the bosoms of our fair.  
 Yet should the sun with tenfold lustre shine,  
 Exalt with deeper dyes the flaming mine,  
 Should softer breezes and more genial skies  
 Bid sweeter spice, in blooming order, rise,  
 Nor gems, nor spice could Nature know to name,  
 Bright as thy wit, or fragrant as thy fame.

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## GRATITUDE.

ON THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET'S BENEFACTIONS TO  
 THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

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Donarem statuas—Carmina possumus  
 Donare.

HOR.

---

SHALL foreign lands for Pomfret wake the lyre,  
 And Tyber's more than Isis' banks inspire !  
 Let Isis' groves with Pomfret's name resound ;  
 Not Rome alone can boast of classic ground.  
 Ye sons of harmony, the wreath prepare,  
 The living laurel wreath, to bind her hair.

Hail, fair exemplar of the good and great,  
The Muses hail thee to their honour'd seat,  
And ne'er, since Anna with her presence bless'd,  
Sung they a nobler, more auspicious guest.  
Behold our youth, transported at the sight ;  
Behold our virgins, sparkling with delight ;  
E'en venerable age forgets its snow,  
The splendour catches, and consents to glow.  
Ye youths, with Pomfret's praises tune the shell,  
Ye virgins, learn from Pomfret to excel.  
For her let age, with fervent prayers and pure,  
The blessings of all bounteous Heaven secure.  
Their breathing incense let the Graees bring  
Their grateful paeans let the Muses sing.

If praise be guilt, ye laurels, cease to grow,  
Oxford, to sing, and, seraphims, to glow.  
No altars to an idol power we raise,  
Nor consecrate the worthless with our praise ;  
To merit only, and to goodness just,  
We rear the arch triumphal and the bust.

Sprung from the Pembroke race, their nation's  
pride,  
Allied by science, as by blood allied,  
Illustrious race ! sure to protect or please  
With patriot freedom, or with courtly ease ;  
Bless'd with the graceful form, and tuneful mind,  
To Oxford dear as to the Muses kind !  
Thy gifts, O Pomfret, we with wonder view,  
And, while we praise their beauties, think of you.  
Who but a Venus could a Cupid send ?  
And who a Tully but Minerva's friend ?  
A speechless Tully, lest he should commend.  
The praise you merit, you refuse to hear ;  
No marble orator can wound your ear.

Mere statues, worse than statues we should be,  
 If Oxford's sons more silent were than he.  
 Scarce silent, and impatient of the stone,  
 He seems to thunder from his rostral throne :  
 He wakes the marble, by some Phidias taught,  
 And, eloquently dumb, he looks a thought.  
 With hopes and fears we tremble or rejoice,  
 Deceived we listen, and expect a voice.  
 This station satisfies his noble pride,  
 Disdaining, but in Oxford, to reside.

Here safely we behold fierce Marius frown,  
 Glad that we have no Marius, save in stone,  
 So animated by the master's skill,  
 The Gaul awe-stricken, dares not—cannot, kill.

The sleeping Cupids happily express'd  
 The fiercer passions foreign to thy breast :  
 Long strangers to the laughter-loving dame,  
 They from Arcadia, not from Paphos, came.  
 Whene'er his lyre thy kindred Sidney<sup>1</sup> strung,  
 The flocking Loves around their poet hung ;  
 Whene'er he fought, they flutter'd by his side,  
 And stiffen'd into marble when he died :  
 Half dropp'd their quivers, and half seal'd their  
 They only sleep :—for Cupid never dies. [eyes,

‘A sleeping Cupid ! (cries some well dress'd  
 ‘Tis false ! I feel his arrows in my heart.’ [smart]  
 I own, my friend, your argument is good,  
 And who denies, that's made of flesh and blood ?  
 But yon bright circle, strong in native charms,  
 No Cupid's bow requires, nor borrow'd arms ;  
 The radiant messenger of conquest flies . [eyes ;  
 Keen from each glance, and pointed from their

<sup>1</sup> Sir Philip Sidney, who was aptly eulogised by some of his contemporaries as ‘England's Mars and Muse.’

His heart, whom such a prospect cannot move,  
Is harder, colder, than the marble love.  
But modesty rejects what justice speaks :  
—I see soft blushes stealing o'er their cheeks.

Not Phidian labours claim the verse alone,  
The figured brass, or fine proportion'd stone.  
To make you theirs the sister Arts conspire,  
You animate the canvass or the lyre :  
A new creation on your canvass flows,  
Life meets your hand, and from your pencil glows ;  
How swells your various lyre, or melts away,  
While every Muse attends on every lay !

The bright contagion of Hesperian skies  
Burn'd in your soul, and lighten'd in your eyes,  
To view what Raphael painted, Vinci plann'd,  
And all the wonders of the classic land.  
Proud of your charms, applauding Rome confess'd  
Her own Cornelias breathing in your breast.  
The Virtues, which each foreign realm renown,  
You bore in triumph home, to grace your own.  
Apelles thus to form his finish'd piece  
(The beauteons Pomfret of adoring Greece),  
In one united, with his happy care,  
The fair perfections of a thousand fair.

Though virtue may with moral lustre charm,  
Religion only can the bosom warm.  
In thee religion wakens all her fires,  
Perfumes thy heart, and spotless soul inspires.  
A Cato's daughter might of virtue boast,  
Nobly to vice, though not to glory, lost ;  
A Pomfret, taught by piety to rise,  
Looks down on glory, while she hopes the skies.  
Angels with joy prepare the starry crown,  
And seraphs feed a flame, so like their own.

One statue more let Rhedicina raise,  
 To charm the present, brighten future days ;  
 The sculptured column grave with Pomfret's name,  
 A column, worthy of thy temple, Fame !  
 Praxiteles might such a form commend,  
 And borrow graces which he used to lend ;  
 Where ease with beauty, force with softness, meet ;  
 Though mild, majestic ; and though awful, sweet.  
 Of gold and elephant, on either hand,  
 Let piety and bounty graceful stand ;  
 With fillets this, with roses that entwined,  
 And breathe their virtues on the gazer's mind.  
 Low at her feet, the sleeping Cupid's placed,  
 By Marius guarded and with Tully graced :  
 A monument of gratitude remain,  
 The bright Palladium of Minerva's fame !

---

### TO MISS ADDISON,

#### ON SEEING

MR. ROWE'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,  
 ERECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS WIDOW.

LATE an applauding people rear'd the stone  
 To Shakspeare's honour, and, alike, their own.  
 A perfect whole, where part consents to part ;  
 The wonder he of Nature, this of Art.  
 And now a wife (ye wits, no more despise  
 The name of wife), bids Rowe in marble rise.  
 Smiling he views her conjugal regard ;  
 A nation's cost had been a less reward :  
 A nation's praise may vulgar spirits move,  
 Rowe more deserved, and gain'd,—a spousal love.

O Italy! thy injured marble keep  
 Deep in thy bowels, providently deep,  
 When fools would force it over knaves to weep.  
 But when true wit and merit claim a shrine,  
 Pour forth thy stores, and beggar every mine.  
 They claim them now: for Virtue, Sense, and Wit,  
 Have long been fled, and want thy succours—Yet  
 They claim them now for one,—yes, one I see:—  
 Marble would weep—if Addison be he.

O crown'd with all the glories of thy race,  
 The Father's candour, and the Mother's grace!  
 With Rowe, Charlotta! vie, in generous strife,  
 And let the Daughter emulate the Wife.  
 Be justly pions; raise the honour'd stone,  
 And so—deserve a Rowe, or—Addison!

---

### ANNA MARIA W\*\* DF\*\* RD<sup>1</sup>!

‘ Go, Anna! (Nature said) to Oxford go:  
 (Anna! the fairest form and mind below,  
 Bless'd with each gift of Nature and of Art  
 To charm the reason, or to fix the heart.)  
 Go with a sprightly wit and easy mien,  
 To prove the Graces four, the Muses ten.  
 I see the wits adore, the wise approve;  
 E'en fops themselves have almost sense to love.  
 When poets would describe a lip or eye,  
 They'll look on thee and lay their Ovids by.  
 I see a lovesick youth, with passion fired,  
 Hang on thy charms, and gaze to be inspired.  
 With asking eyes explain his silent woes,  
 Glow as he looks, yet tremble as he glows:

<sup>1</sup> Written in a window at the Three Tuns tavern, Oxford;  
 May 29th, 1738.

Then drunk with beauty, with a warmer rage  
Pour thy soft graces through the tragic page.  
He sighs ;—he bleeds ;—to twilight shades he flies:  
Shakspeare he drops, and with his Otway dies.  
This pomp of charms you owe to me alone,  
The charms which scarce six thousand years have  
That face, illumined softly by the mind ; [known.  
That body, almost to a soul refined ;  
That sweetness, only to an angel given ;  
That blush of innocence, and smile of Heaven !  
I bade thy cheeks with morning purple glow ;  
I bade thy lips with nectar-spirit flow ;  
I bade the diamond point thy azure eyes,  
Turn'd the fine waist, and taught the breast to rise.  
Whether thy silver tides of music roll,  
Or pencil on the canvass strikes a soul,  
Or curious needle pricks a band or heart,  
At once a needle, and at once a dart !  
All own that Nature is alone thy Art.  
Why thus I form'd thy body and thy mind  
With sumless graces, prodigally kind,  
The reason was,—but you in time will know it ;—  
One is, but that's the least—*to make a Poet.*

---

## TO DR. LINDEN,

ON HIS TREATISE ON CHALYBEATE WATERS.

WITH healing wings, intent on doing good,  
An angel visited Bethesda's flood ;  
Quick as the morning ray, or evening beam,  
Himself diffusing through the vital stream :  
The sick who drink, the impotent who lave,  
Dive from diseases, and deceive the grave.

Though miracles are ceased, yet all confess  
 Your work, and you, are—only something less.  
 So much is to your worth and learning due,  
 Bath is Bethesda; the Good Angel,—You.

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## EPITAPH

### ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER<sup>1</sup>.

IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF BROUGH, WESTMORELAND.

DEAR to the wise and good, by all approved,  
 The joy of Virtue, and Heaven's well beloved!  
 His life inspired with every better art,  
 A learned head, clear soul, and honest heart.  
 Each Science chose his breast her favourite seat,  
 Each Language, but the language of deceit.  
 Severe his virtues, yet his manners kind,  
 A manly form, and a seraphic mind.  
 So long he walk'd in Virtue's even road,  
 In him, at length, 'twas natural to do good.  
 Like Eden<sup>2</sup>, his old age (a sabbath rest!)  
 Flow'd without noise, yet all around him bless'd!  
 His patron, Jesus! with no titles graced,  
 But that best title, a good Parish Priest.  
 Peace with his ashes dwell. And, mortals, know,  
 The saint's above; the dust alone below.  
 The wise and good shall pay their tribute here,  
 The modest tribute of one thought and tear;  
 Then pensive sigh, and say,—‘ To me be given,  
 By living thus on earth, to reign in heaven! ’

<sup>1</sup> Francis Thompson, B. D. Senr. Fellow of Queen's Coll. Oxford, and vicar of Brough thirty-two years. He departed this life Aug. 31, 1735, aged 70.

<sup>2</sup> The river Eden runs near Brough.

## EPITAPH ON THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER<sup>1</sup>.

IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF BROUGH, WESTMORELAND.

HERE rests a pattern of the female life,  
The woman, friend, the mother, and the wife.  
A woman form'd by Nature more than Art,  
With smiling ease to gain upon the heart:  
A friend as true as guardian angels are,  
Kindness her law, humanity her care:  
A mother sweetly tender, justly dear,  
Oh! never to be named without a tear:  
A wife of every social charm possess'd,  
Blessing her husbands<sup>2</sup>—In her husbands bless'd.  
Love in her heart, compassion in her eye,  
Her thoughts as humble as her virtues high.  
Her knowledge useful, nor too high, nor low,  
To serve her Maker, and herself to know.  
Born to relieve the poor, the rich to please,  
To live with honour, and to die in peace.  
So full her hope, her wishes so resign'd,  
Her life so blameless, so unstain'd her mind,  
Heaven smiled to see, and gave the gracious nod,  
Nor longer would detain her from her God.

<sup>1</sup> She departed this life October 25, 1737, aged 65.

<sup>2</sup> Her former husband was Jos. Fisher, M. A. fellow of Queen's Coll. Oxford, vicar of Brough and Archdeacon of Carlisle; by whom she had no children.

WRITTEN IN

## THE HOLY BIBLE.

THOU sacred Tome, be my unerring guide,  
Dove-hearted saints, and prophets eagle-eyed!  
I scorn the moral fop and ethic sage,  
But drink in truth from your illumined page:  
Like Moses' bush each leaf divinely bright,  
Where God invests Himself in milder light!  
Taught by your doctrines we devoutly rise,  
Faith points the way, and Hope unbars the skies.  
You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,  
And sink the body but to raise the soul;  
To raise it, bear it, to mysterious day,  
Nor want an angel to direct the way!

## GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

## I. IN IL SPENSEROSO.

## ON SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

Lo! here the place for contemplation made,  
For sacred musing, and for solemn song!—  
Hence, ye profane! nor violate the shade:  
Come, Spenser's awful genius, come along,  
Mix with the music of the' aerial throng!

Oh! breathe a pensive stillness through my  
breast,  
While balmy breezes pant the leaves among,  
And sweetly sooth my passions into rest.  
Hint purest thoughts, in purest colours dress'd,  
E'en such as angels prompt, in golden dreams  
To holy hermit, high in raptures bless'd,  
His bosom burning with celestial beams:  
No less the raptures of my summer day,  
If Spenser deign with me to moralize the lay.

## II. IN THE SAME.

ON

## SPENSER'S SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

At large beneath this floating foliage laid  
Of circling green, the crystal running by,  
(How soft the murmur, and how cool the shade!)  
While gentle whispering winds their breath  
apply

To 'suage the fever of the sultry sky;  
 Smit with the sweet Sicilian's <sup>1</sup> simple strain,  
 I try the rural reed, but fondly try  
 To match his pastoral airs, and happy vein :  
 Next I assay the quill of Mantua's <sup>2</sup> swain  
 Of bolder note, and of more courtly grace :  
 Ah, foolish emulation!—they disdain  
 My awkward skill, and push me from the place.  
 Yet boast not thou of Greece, nor thou of Rome,  
 My sweeter Colin Clout <sup>3</sup> outpipes you both at  
 home.

### III. IN SHAKSPEARE'S WALK.

By yon hills, with morning spread,  
 Lifting up the tufted head,  
 By those golden waves of corn,  
 Which the laughing fields adorn,  
 By the fragrant breath of flowers,  
 Stealing from the woodbine bowers,  
 By this thought-inspiring shade,  
 By the gleamings of the glade,  
 By the babbling of the brook,  
 Winding slow in many a crook,  
 By the rustling of the trees,  
 By the humming of the bees,  
 By the woodlark, by the thrush,  
 Wildly warbling from the bush,  
 By the fairy's shadowy tread  
 O'er the cowslip's dewy head,  
 Father, monarch of the stage,  
 Glory of Eliza's age,

<sup>1</sup> Theocritus.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil.

<sup>3</sup> Spenser

Shakspeare ! deign to lend thy face,  
 This romantic nook to grace,  
 Where untaught Nature sports alone,  
 Since thou and Nature are but one.

IV. IN MILTON'S ALCOVE.

HERE, mighty Milton ! in the blaze of noon,  
 Amid the broad effulgence, here I fix  
 Thy radiant tabernacle. Nought is dark  
 In thee, thou bright companion of the sun !  
 Thus thy own Uriel in its centre stands  
 Illustrious, waving glory round him ! he  
 Fairest archangel of all spirits in heaven,  
 As of the sons of men, the greatest thou.

V. IN THE SAME. A TRANSLATION.

*Hic media te luce loco, mediisque (diei  
 Stas circumfusus flammis:) tentoria figo  
 Hæc radiata tibi, Milton ! quia nubila sacro  
 Carmine nulla tuo, comes illustrissime solis !  
 Sic medio stans sole tuus nitet Uriel, aurem  
 Diffunditque jubar, splendens, et lucida tela :  
 Celestes inter cœtus pulcherrimus ille,  
 Mortales inter veluti tu maximus omnes.*

VI. ON LAUREL HILL, AT THE END OF THE GARDEN.

To Mr. Pope.

O, SKILL'D thy every reader's breast to warm,  
 To lull with harmony, with sense to charm,  
 To call the glowing soul into the ear,  
 (And now we live, and now we die to hear,  
 Borne on the waves of melody along,  
 Exulting shout, and triumph in thy song !)

O Pope ! the sweetest of the tuneful race,  
This votive tablet, grateful, here I place ;  
Here, where the Graces sport on Laurel Hill,  
Fast by the music of the murmuring rill ;  
From hence the bluish Berkshire hills survey,  
Which oft have echoed to thy silvan lay ;  
When, young, in Windsor's blissful fields you  
stray'd,

Immortal by your deathless labour's made !  
There the first music trembled from thy tongue,  
And Binfield swains<sup>4</sup> on every accent hung :  
The larks the sweetness of thy notes confess'd,  
And, dumb with envy, sunk into their nest ;  
While in soft silence, Loddon<sup>5</sup> stole along,  
And, listening, wonder'd at thy softer song.  
Nor scorn the prospects which Oxonia yields,  
Her hills as verdant, and as fair her fields,  
As rich her valleys, and her streams as clear,  
And Phœbus haunts, and—thou hast charm'd us  
here<sup>6</sup>.

For other busts a single wreath I wove,  
But dedicate to thee my laurel grove<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Pope lived at Binfield, in Windsor Forest, Berks, where he wrote the most poetical of all his admirable works.

<sup>5</sup> A river celebrated in Pope's Windsor Forest.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Pope used frequently to visit Oxford : he likewise translated part of Homer at Stanton Harcourt in this county, as appears from an inscription in one of the windows there.

<sup>7</sup> I would not have it imagined by these lines, that I equaled Pope to the great triumvirate, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, who will reign a triumvirate for ever : it is honour enough to the greatest poets, even to Mr. Pope, to be placed next to them.

## VII. IN CHAUCER'S BOURE.

WHO is this thilke old bard which wonneth here?  
 This thilke old bard, sirs, is Dan Chaucere:  
 Full gentle knight was he, in very sooth,  
 Albee a little japeish in his youth.  
 He caroll'd destly to his new psautry,  
 And eke couth tellen tales of jollity,  
 And sangs of solace, all the livelong day,  
 Soote as the ouzel or throstell in May.  
 Withouten words mo, a merie maker he,  
 No hopen I his peregall<sup>8</sup> to see.  
 Ne Johnny Gay, perdie, ne Mathew Prior,  
 In diting tales of pleasaunce couth go higher.  
 Here in this gardyn full of flowers gend,  
 Betwixt this elder tree and fresh woodbend,  
 He hearkeneth the foules' assemblie,  
 That fro the twigs maken their melodie.  
 Ye pied daisies, spring neath his feet,  
 Who sung so sootly, "The daisy is so sweet."  
 And whilst, "benedicite," he sings,  
 Ryn little beck, in silver murmurings,  
 O pleasaunt poete, thyselfen solace here,  
 And merie be thy heart, old Dan Chaucere.

VIII. AT THE END OF THE CANAL IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN.

SALVE, mi hortule, gratiora Tempe,  
 O ridentis ocelle late ruris,  
 Meæ deliciae, mei recessus!  
 Hic gratas Charites agunt choreas,  
 Dum tangunt citharas novem Sorores;

<sup>8</sup> His equal.

Hic Pomona rubet, Lyæus uvis  
 Cingit tempora pampinoque honesta,  
 Gaudens versicolore Flora veste  
 Et lusus varium trahit per annum.  
 Vos mitis Zephyri leves susurri,  
 Et lenes strepitus iοquacis undæ,  
 Vos suaves avium modi canentum,  
 Et florum assyrii recentum odores,  
 O vos purpurei mei dales,  
 O vos dulciloqui mei sodales,  
 Vobis perpetuam damus salutem !  
 Salve, mi hortule, gratiora Tempe.  
 O ridentis ocellæ læte ruris,  
 Meæ deliciæ, mei recessus !

## IX. IN THE SAME. A TRANSLATION.

HAEL, happy garden, happy groves,  
 Whom your happiest master loves !  
 Here the Graces weave the ring,  
 While the Muses touch the string ;  
 There Pomona blushes, there  
 Plump Lyæus braids his hair,  
 Braids with tendrils of the vine,  
 'Dropping odours, dropping wine ;'  
 And gay Flora frolics, dress'd  
 In her many-colour'd vest.  
 O the waving of the trees !  
 And the fanning of the breeze !  
 O the prattling of the rill,  
 Still supplied, and prattling still !  
 O the zephyrs sweetly playing,  
 As when first they go a maying !

O the birds for ever singing,  
 And the flowers for ever springing!  
 Hail, happy garden, happy groves,  
 Whom your happiest master loves!

## X. IN THE SAME.

FROM busy scenes, with Peace alone retired,  
 And the warm ray of gratitude inspired,  
 For blessings past, and mercies yet to come,  
 Here let me praise my God, and fix my home!  
 With Isaac<sup>9</sup>, in the fields, for grace implore,  
 With Moses, in each beamy bush, adore!  
 His providence for all my wants provides,  
 His arm upholds me, and his right hand guides.  
 His breezes fan me in the noontide hours, [ers:  
 Where coolness walks amid my shades and bow-  
 His bounty in the silver current flows,  
 Smiles in the blossoms, in the fruitage glows:  
 Bright with pomaceous stores<sup>10</sup>, his gift, behold  
 The espaliers bend with balls of blooming gold!  
 His radiant finger gilds the vernal flowers,  
 Fed with his balm, and water'd with his showers:  
 He bids the rose its crimson folds unloose,  
 And blush, resplendent, in the purple dews;  
 The lily he arrays with spotless white,  
 Rich in its mantle of inwoven light;  
 (Go, Solomon, and cast thy gems aside,  
 Nor glory in thy poverty of pride!)  
 The painted tribes their sunny robes display,  
 And lend a lucid softness to the day.

<sup>9</sup> Gen. xxiv. 63. 'And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.'

<sup>10</sup> —— 'While English plains  
 Blush with pomaceous harvests.' *Philipps.*

Grateful, each flower to Heaven its incense pays,  
 And breathes its fragrant soul away in praise.  
 Oh, thither may they teach my soul to soar,  
 Confess our Maker, and his steps adore!  
 Contented let me live, submissive die,  
 And hope a fairer Paradise on high!

XI. IN GOLDEN GROVE<sup>11</sup>.

WHAT pleasing form commands the lifted eye,  
 O say, what younger brother of the sky?  
 I know my Taylor's mild auspicious grace,  
 And more than human sweetness in his face<sup>12</sup>.  
 The light of Faith around his eyeballs plays,  
 And Hope and Charity unite their rays.  
 What Canaan honey trickles from his tongue,  
 And manna, sweeter than the Muses' song!  
 Or, copious, through his shining pages roll'd,  
 The gushing torrent of celestial gold!  
 O (whether some resplendent throne be thine,  
 Or with the white-robed band of saints you join,  
 Or midst the flames of hailing seraphs glow)  
 Still may thy works enrich our world below!  
 Still may thy glorious works expanded lie,  
 And teach us how to live, and how to die,  
 Pour heavenly day on each benighted mind,  
 And, next the Sacred Scriptures, bless mankind.

<sup>11</sup> The arbour is called Golden Grove, because Bishop Taylor wrote several of his most excellent and pious works at Golden Grove, in Wales, the seat of his great patron the Earl of Carberry. He has, on that account, a book of devotions, called 'Golden Grove.'

<sup>12</sup> Bishop Taylor was so extremely handsome and beautiful in his youth, that Archbishop Laud thought him almost an angel from Heaven when he first saw and heard him in the pulpit.—See *Bishop Rust's sermon, preached at Bishop Taylor's funeral.*

## XII. IN COWLEY'S SHADE.

Ingeniosissimo Poetarum  
Couleijo!

Qui flores, qui plantas, qui arbores,  
Tam felici curâ coluit,  
Et cultu cecinit,  
Non umbram, non unum nemus,  
Sed hortum

D. D.

SHALL poets dignify my walks and bowers,  
Cowley forgot? forbid it, rural powers!  
Ye rural powers, your choicest treasures shed,  
To form a garland for your Cowley's head:  
Collect the radiance of the showery bow,  
The rose's scarlet, and the lily's snow,  
To emulate his works, confusedly bright,  
Where glories rise on glories, light on light.  
The prism of wit! Apollo, once before,  
So gilded Donne, but so could gild no more.  
Our moderns flow, 'tis true, in easy rhymes;  
But will our moderns flow through future times?  
Warm distant ages with their glorious fire,  
Inspired themselves, and potent to inspire?  
Cowley, this praise is thine!—an age is pass'd,  
Yet still you charm the present as the last:  
Your thoughts, your verse, their pristine lustre  
hold,  
Like rows of jewels ranged on cloth of gold:  
Æneas' passport thus, the golden bough,  
Solid and bright at once, resembles you;  
Like that you lead us to Elysium too.

No muddy streams of dull pollution run  
In your chaste lines; each wanton hint you shun,  
Save when a transient Venus blots the sun.  
You sung each flower that spreads the vivid hue,  
Each healing plant that sips the silver dew,  
Each tree that decks the garden, or the grove:  
You sung, but never felt, the fires of love:  
For love too witty and from passion free,  
You had your mistress, but no lover she:  
Goaded with points, Love never wept so sore,  
Though wounded by a Muse's bee before.

O master of the many-chorded lyre,  
Whom all the Nine, with all their gifts, inspire!  
Next Spenser's bower, accept this humble shed,  
He charm'd you living, and you join him dead.  
But far I place thee from coy Daphne's tree;  
The tree that hates Apollo, loves not thee:  
Yet had Apollo sung so well, the maid  
Had yielded, nor been turn'd into a shade.

## XIII. ON THE MOUNT,

## UNDER MR. ADDISON'S PICTURE.

JUST to thy genius, to thy virtues just,  
Next Virgil's, Addison, I place thy bust;  
Such finish'd graces shine in every page,  
Correctly bold, and sober in your rage;  
So elegant with ease, so justly warm,  
Both raise with rapture, both with fancy charm.  
Your Muse (no sibyl with distortion wild)  
Serene in majesty, in glory mild;  
Your manly thoughts, in manly robes array'd  
(No tinsel-glitter'd, and no painted shade),  
Command our wonder, while you march along,  
Consummate masters of immortal song!

And hark! what notes are stealing on my ear,  
 Which dying saints might breathe, or angels hear;  
 As incense grateful to the' Eternal King,  
 And such as Addison alone could sing!  
 Blush Vice, if Vice can blush, and hide thy face;  
 A wicked wit is Nature's last disgrace:  
 Let Virgil, Addison, your patterns shine,  
 Disdain pollution, and commence divine!  
 Hail, both! unenvied and unequal'd pair!  
 Your happily divided honours share!  
 And thou, my mount, on Pindus' top look down,  
 Graced with a Virgil and an Addison.

#### XIV. ANOTHER, UNDERNEATH.

THE blissful scenes, which Virgil's pencil drew,  
 Unfolding all Elysium to the view;  
 The rural scenes which Addison display'd  
 In beauteous Rosamonda's mazy shade;  
 Here realized, in verdant charms appear,  
 And Woodstock and Elysium flourish here.

#### XV. ON A MOUNT.

VIRGIL'S PICTURE, ABOVE A HIVE, IN MINIATURE, IN THE  
 MIDDLE OF A WOODBINE BUSH.

Hic Apis Mantuæ  
 Mellæ litig,  
 Tu autem, lector, si sapis,  
 Hujus mellæ legas:  
 Musarum perpetua mellæ,  
 Et Charitum Halitus,  
 Celestis ingenii nectar, beatos rores!  
 Illo nectare gratiora, suaviora,  
 Quo apes, Musarum volucres,

Jovem pavere olim  
 Dietæo sub antro :  
 Et qualis summus Jupiter,  
 Inter Gentiles Deos,  
 Talis eminent inter cæteros Poetas  
 Publius Virgilius Maro.

XVI. UNDER HIS ECLOGUES AND GEORGICS,  
BY THE CASCADE.

HERE Maro rests beneath the fragrant shade,  
 Lull'd by the murmurs of the soft cascade :  
 Ye shepherds, carol here your lays of love,  
 While pastoral musie dies along the grove :  
 Ye swains, instructed by his grateful theme,  
 His praises whistle to the tinkling stream :  
 Ye bees, around your tuneful master throng,  
 And, humming in delight, his dreams prolong.  
 But hence the trumpet's clang, the din of war ;  
 The thunder of the battle hence be far :  
 His bees, swains, shepherds, more contentment  
 Than heroes blazing in the tented field. [yield,  
 'Arms'<sup>12</sup> and the man I sing,' let others choose,  
 Give me the products of his rural Muse.

XVII. BENEATH A VINE,  
UNDER A PICTURE OF HORACE.

BRING hither, friend, O hither bring  
 The lyre, and let us sit and sing ;  
 Wake into life the dying flute,  
 The Thracian harp, or Lydian lute ;  
 Horace commands ; O quickly bring the lyre  
 For Horace, master of the Roman choir :

<sup>12</sup> Meaning the *Aeneid*.

With rosebuds<sup>13</sup> grace the poet's brow,  
 With odours bid his ringlets flow ;  
 These lilies crop and strew the ground ;  
 And let my temples too be crown'd.  
 O fill the bowl beneath this mantling vine  
 For Horace, arbiter of verse and wine !

With social joys we raise the hour,  
 But banish Cupid from the bower :  
 Seven<sup>14</sup> lustres pass'd, ah ! why should I,  
 And why should Horace, pine and sigh ?  
 No more he beckons Pyrrha to the grot,  
 His Lydia, my Ianthe, both forgot.

True ; Lydia revel'd in his veins,  
 And sweet Ianthe warm'd my strains ;  
 But age should youthful follies shun,  
 Nor back the flowery mazes run.  
 Let wit to wisdom, love to friendship, rise,  
 And learn, at last, from Horace to grow wise.

#### XVIII. OVER THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Lo ! Thomson deigns to grace the bower I made,  
 And dwell a tuneful tenant of my shade !  
 Hail, Nature's poet ! whom she taught alone  
 To sing her works in numbers like her own,  
 Sweet as the thrush that warbles in the vale,  
 And soft as Philomela's tender tale :  
 She lent her pencil too, of wondrous power,  
 To catch the rainbow, or to form the flower

<sup>13</sup> Cumi flore, Mæcenas rosarum  
 Pressa tuis balenus capillis.  
 Non desint epulis roseæ  
 Neu breve liliam—

HOR.

<sup>14</sup> Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas  
 Claudere Iastrum.

HOR.

Of many-mingling hues ; and smiling said  
(But first with laurel crown'd her favourite's head),  
' These beauteous children, though so fair they  
shine,  
Fade in my Seasons, let them live in thine :  
And live they shall, the charm of every eye,  
Till Nature sickens, and the Seasons die.'

## XIX. IN THE MIDST OF AN APPLE TREE,

OVER MR. PHILIPS'S CIDER.

IF he, who first the apple sung, ' the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,'  
Unfading laurels won, a branch awaits,  
Philips, thy youthful brow : who apples sung  
Innocuous, and with freedom bade us quaff  
Their generous nectar neath their parent shade,  
Adventurous; nor in less inferior strains.  
Like Milton too, you taught Britannia's song  
To shake the shackles off of tinkling rhyme,  
Emasculate, unnervous; female verse.  
Since modesty (still modesty attends  
On worth like thine) forbids thee to accept  
The parted wreath, let Milton's be the first,  
Unrival'd; be the second honours thine.  
And now (for Leo from his flaming mane  
Shakes sultry rays intense, provoking thirst),  
O Philips, while my well glazed tube exhales  
Nietian fragrance, and my rummer shines  
With cider sparkling high, partake my shade,  
Pleased with Pomona's haunts and cool recess,  
Her purple-breathing births sweet-smiling round.

## XX. OVER YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BENEATH an awful gloom, a night of shade,  
By silent darkness more majestic made,  
I place thy volume, Young! with reverence place;  
Thy gospel worthy of a saint's embrace!  
What gospel truths thy heavenly lines convey,  
And steal us from mortality away!  
Full on the soul thy tides of rapture flow,  
Kindling we read, and while we read we glow!  
Exalted by thy theme, we mount on high,  
We spurn at earth, we claim our native sky.  
Now let the' unletter'd or the letter'd man  
Deny the soul immortal, if he can:  
A soul immortal in thy works we see;  
Can dust and ashes think and write like thee?  
Yes, fools! the soul shall live, for God is just;  
Ye atheists, ye old serpents, lick the dust.  
Through depths of ether now his eagle flies,  
Gains on the sun, and traverses the skies,  
Where stars on stars, on planets planets roll,  
Imbibes their splendours, and commands the pole.  
Onward he bears, and, burning, soars away  
(Nor flag his pinions) to mysterious day:  
O Newton, far beyond thy highest sphere;  
Pursue, my soul, no farther.—Heaven is here:  
Oppress'd with glory, all my senses fade,  
I faint—O softly lay me in his shade.

END OF W. THOMPSON.

THE  
**POEMS**  
OF  
**Matthew Green.**



THE  
LIFE OF MATTHEW GREEN.  
BY  
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

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MATTHEW GREEN, who was descended from a respectable dissenting family, was born about the year 1696; but the place of his birth, the occupation of his parents, and the sect to which they belonged, are not known. One of his uncles was a Mr. Tanner, the clerk of Fishmonger's Hall. This circumstance, and the sphere in which he himself subsequently moved, render it probable that the situation and fortune of his parents were not above mediocrity. His stock of learning is believed to have been scanty; not extending, at the utmost, as far as regarded classical acquirements, beyond the knowledge of a little Latin.

The religious opinions which he imbibed in early youth were, no doubt, those of his nearest relatives; but he seems early to have grown disgusted with the formality and rigour of his sect, and to have quitted

it, without attaching himself to any other, or becoming a regular member of the Church of England. That, indeed, he conformed to the church, we have his own evidence; and that evidence proves too, that his conformity was rather a matter of convenience and of policy than of conviction:—

‘ To’ avoid (says he) religious jars,  
The laws are my expositors,  
Which in my doubting mind create  
Conformity to church and state.  
I go, pursuant to my plan,  
To Mecca with the caravan;  
And think it right in common sense,  
Both for diversion and defence.’

It is even affirmed that he had free notions upon religious subjects; a charge which appears to be justified by passages in his writings. The Quakers were the class for which it is obvious that he felt the most respect, as he twice makes laudatory mention of them, once by implication, and once openly; and, between jest and earnest, hints also, that the want of independence is the cause which prevents him from professing their principles.

But, though his theological ideas might be erroneous, it is certain that his ‘ life was in the right.’ His probity was unquestionable, and his manners and temper were distinguished by sweetness. It is no trivial proof of the kindness of his heart, that though, in conversation, his wit was abundant, he never gave offence. This is a praise which is seldom deserved by witty men, who are, in general, too prone to scatter their barbed shafts with an utter carelessness of what wounds they may chance to inflict. The forbearance of Green is the more meritorious, as he is said to have been exceedingly subject to the hyp, a malady which not unfrequently

prompts its victims to give vent to their morbid and irritable feelings in splenetic and offensive language. Private society has few nuisances more obnoxious than a sickly impatient man of wit, who is restrained from the exercise of his sarcastic powers by no considerations of decorum or benevolence.

The few following anecdotes of Green are all that have been recorded.

‘Mr. Sylvanus Bevan, a quaker, and a friend of Mr. Green, was mentioning at Batson’s Coffee House, that, while he was bathing in the river, a waterman saluted him with the usual insult of the lower class of people, by calling out, “a quaker, a quaker, quirl!” He at the same time expressed his wonder how his profession could be known, while he was without his clothes. Green immediately replied, that the waterman might discover him by his swimming against the stream.

‘The department in the Custom-house to which Mr. Green belonged was under the control of the Duke of Manchester, who used to treat those immediately under him once a year. After one of these entertainments, Mr. Green, seeing a range of servants in the hall, said to the first of them, “Pray, sir, do you give tickets at your turnpike?”

‘In a reform which took place in the Custom-house, amongst other articles, a few pence, paid weekly for providing the eats with milk, were ordered to be struck off. On this occasion Mr. Green wrote a humorous petition, as from the eats, which prevented the regulation in that particular from taking place.

‘Mr. Green’s conversation was as novel as his writings, which occasioned one of the commissioners of the customs, a very dull man, to observe, that he did not know how it was, but Green always ex-

pressed himself in a different manner from other people.'

The poetical talent and pleasantry of Green did not, as is sometimes the case, unfit him for the every-day business of life. He performed the duties of his post in the Custom-house with ability and unremitting attention; and it was only at his 'leisure hours (as we are informed by Glover) that he was accustomed to amuse himself with striking out small sketches of wit or humour for the entertainment of his friends, sometimes in verse, at other times in prose. The greatest part of these alluded to incidents known only within the circle of his acquaintance.' In this happy alternation of labour and amusement was passed the calm and even existence of Green, which, however, was cut short while he was yet in the full vigour of his years. He died, in 1737, at the age of forty-one, at his lodgings in Nag's Head Court, Gracechurch Street.

Green was no eager aspirer to fame. During his lifetime nothing from his pen was published, though, in 1732, he printed for private distribution a few copies of the poem called 'The Grotto.' His principal composition, 'The Spleen,' was written without any design of its ever passing beyond the hands of those with whom he was intimate, and was originally a very short copy of verses, which, at the desire of the person to whom it was addressed, he enlarged, by successive additions, to its present magnitude. After his death it was given to the world by Glover, his friend, who had taste to feel its beauties, and who seems to have anticipated for it that reputation which it now enjoys. It soon received the praise of men whose praise was highly to be valued. Pope declared that there was a great deal of originality in it; Melmoth expressed the same opinion, and pointed out the happiness of some of

its images: and when the poems of Green appeared in Dodsley's collection, they were warmly spoken of by Gray. 'There is (said he) a profusion of wit every where; reading would have formed his judgment, and harmonized his verse, for even his wood notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music.'

Green is one of the scanty number of writers who give us cause to regret that their productions are not more numerous. His poems possess, in a high degree, originality, wit, felicity of allusion and illustration, justness of remark, and keen, yet playful satire. He is not one of those who may be said to be poets at second hand, if, indeed, they can be allowed to have any claim to the title of poet; those who never display creative powers, but content themselves with dressing up trivial or hackneyed thoughts in language elegant, perhaps, but merely an echo of that which was used by writers who went before them. He draws from his own stores, and not from the established bank of epithets, forms, and phrases. This originality he was conscious of, and he has asserted his claim to it in the opening verses of his principal composition. Nor does he often even unwittingly borrow from his predecessors. I remember but two instances in which he is indebted to other writers. They are both in the poem of 'The Spleen.' The one is the comparison of Kitty and her lover to 'Will, and Mary on the coin;' the other is that of reformers to men in a boat, who endeavour to draw a ship towards them. The first of these is from Prior; the second from Sir William Temple. The original simile by Temple has, however, more aptness and point than the imitation of it by Green. 'Among such men (says Temple) I have observed all set quarrels with the age, and pretences of reforming it by their own models, to end commonly

like the pains of a man in a little boat, who tugs at a rope that is fast to a ship: it looks as if he resolved to draw the ship to him; but the truth and his meaning is, to draw himself to the ship, when he gets in where he can, and does like the rest of the crew.'

With the merit of novelty of thought, Green has also the scarcely less uncommon merit of never expatiating upon a thought till he has exhausted the subject, and thereby rendered it tiresome. He starts an idea, touches it lightly yet forcibly, and then hurries on to a new one. That which some would expand into a page, he compresses into a line.

An occasional carelessness of versification is the sole blemish which can be objected to the poems of Green; and, even with respect to that, I am doubtful whether he deserves censure oftener than most of the writers of the octo-syllable metre; while, on the other hand, to use the language of Gray, it is certain that 'his wood notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music.'

POEMS  
OF  
MATTHEW GREEN.

---

THE SPLEEN.

An Epistle to Mr. Cuthbert Jackson.

THIS motley piece to you I send,  
Who always were a faithful friend ;  
Who, if disputes should happen hence,  
Can best explain the author's sense ;  
And, anxious for the public weal,  
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,  
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse ;  
Nor to a narrow path confined,  
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace  
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.  
Nothing is stolen : my Muse, though mean,  
Draws from the spring she finds within ;  
Nor vainly buys what Gildon<sup>1</sup> sells,  
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,  
Where all the ancient treasures lie,

<sup>1</sup> Gildon published a Complete Art of Poetry.

And there unseen commit a theft  
 On wealth, in Greek exchequers left.  
 Then where? from whom? what can I steal,  
 Who only with the moderns deal?  
 This were attempting to put on  
 Raiment from naked bodies won<sup>2</sup>:  
 They safely sing before a thief,  
 They cannot give who want relief;  
 Some few excepted, names well known,  
 And justly laurel'd with renown,  
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,  
 And theft detects: of theft beware;  
 From More<sup>3</sup> so lash'd, example fit,  
 Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean  
 To write a *treatise* on the Spleen;  
 Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;  
 Nor mend the' alarum watch, your pulse.  
 If I am right, your question lay,  
 What course I take to drive away  
 The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas  
 Men prove mere snicides in ease;  
 And how I do myself demean,  
 In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic lantern Spleen  
 With frightful figures spread life's scene,  
 And threatening prospects urged my fears,  
 A stranger to the luck of heirs;

<sup>2</sup> 'A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,  
 Which from a naked Piet his grandsire won.'

*Howard's British Princes.*

<sup>3</sup> James More Smith, Esq. See *Dunciad*, B. ii. l. 50, and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

Reason, some quiet to restore,  
Show'd part was substance, shadow more;  
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,  
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,  
But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,  
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food  
To mend viscosity of blood.  
Hail! watergruel, healing power,  
Of easy access to the poor;  
Thy help love's confessors implore,  
And doctors secretly adore;  
To thee I fly, by thee dilute—  
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,  
And by swift current, throws off clean  
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,  
Nor keep myself a cup too low,  
And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,  
Thrifty of spirits which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good  
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood :  
But after no field honours itch,  
Achieved by leaping hedge and ditch.  
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,  
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,  
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,  
And jovial cry, awake the morn.  
These see her from the dusky plight,  
Smear'd by the' embraces of the night,  
With rural wash redeem her face,  
And prove herself of Titan's race,  
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,  
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.

Then horse and hound fierce joy display,  
Exulting at the Hark-away,  
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground,  
From lungs robust field notes resound.  
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,  
Spleen pierced, trod down, and dying view ;  
While all their spirits are on wing,  
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,  
Some recommend the bowling-green ;  
Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise :  
Fling but a stone, the giant dies.  
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been  
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen ;  
And kitten, if the humour hit,  
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,  
At some particulars let us laugh.  
Witlings, brisk fools, cursed with half sense,  
That stimulates their impotence ;  
Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,  
Err with their wings, for want of eyes,  
Poor authors worshiping a calf,  
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,  
A strict dissenter saying grace,  
A lecturer preaching for a place,  
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,  
Making the past the future tense,  
The popish dubbing of a priest,  
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceased,  
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,  
Great Æsculapius on his stage,  
A miser starving to be rich,  
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,

A jointured widow's ritual state,  
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,  
New almanacks composed by seers,  
Experiments on felons' ears,  
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply  
The superb muscle of the eye,  
A coquet's April-weather face,  
A Queenborough mayor behind his mace,  
And fops in military show,  
Are sovereign for the case in view.

If Spleen fogs rise at close of day,  
I clear my evening with a play,  
Or to some concert take my way:  
The company, the shine of lights,  
The scenes of humour, music's flights,  
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well wrought plays,  
To others' grief attention raise:  
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,  
We borrow joy by pitying woe;  
There gaily comic scenes delight,  
And hold true mirrors to our sight;  
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,  
Calling the passions to her aid,  
When moral scenes just actions join,  
Takes shape, and shows her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,  
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.  
When art does sound's high power advance,  
To music's pipe the passions dance;  
Motions unwill'd its powers have shown,  
Tarantulated by a tune.  
Many have held the soul to be  
Nearly allied to harmony.

Her have I known indulging grief,  
And shunning company's relief,  
Unveil her face, and looking round,  
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,  
The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,  
Or Spleen will surely be too hard;  
Which, like those fish by sailors met,  
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.  
In such dull weather, so unfit  
To enterprise a work of wit,  
When clouds one yard of azure sky,  
That's fit for simile, deny,  
I dress my face with studious looks,  
And shorten tedious hours with books.  
But if dull fogs invade the head,  
That memory minds not what is read,  
I sit in window, dry as ark,  
And on the drowning world remark:  
Or to some coffeehouse I stray  
For news, the manna of a day,  
And from the hypp'd discourses gather,  
That politics go by the weather:  
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,  
And play at cards, but for small sums;  
Or with the merry fellows quaff,  
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;  
Or drink a joco-serious cup  
With souls who've took their freedom up,  
And let my mind, beguiled by talk,  
In Epicurus' garden walk,  
Who thought it heaven to be serene;  
Pain, hell; and purgatory, spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,  
And chat away the gloomy fit;

Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,  
And wear a gay impertinence,  
Nor think nor speak with any pains,  
But lay on Fancy's neck the reins :  
Talk of unusual swell of waist  
In maid of honour loosely laced,  
And beauty borrowing Spanish red,  
And loving pair with separate bed,  
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,  
And then redeem'd by loss of fame ;  
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch)  
By grave pretence to go to church)  
Perceived in back with lover fine,  
Like Will and Mary on the coin :  
And thus in modish manner we,  
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,  
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,  
May with its beauties grace my line,  
While I bow down before its shrine ;  
And your throng'd altars with my lays  
Perfume, and get by giving praise.  
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien  
You excommunicate the Spleen,  
Which fiendlike flies the magic ring  
You form with sound, when pleased to sing ;  
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,  
We look, we listen, and approve.  
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,  
Our nerves officious throng to kiss ;  
By Celia's pat, on their report,  
The grave-air'd soul, inclined to sport,  
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,  
And loves the floral game, to romp.

But who can view the pointed rays,  
That from black eyes scintillant blaze ?  
Love on his throne of glory seems  
Encompass'd with satellite beams :  
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,  
Diffuse benignly humid light,  
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,  
And Cytherea's gentle doves,  
And, raptured, fix in such a face  
Love's mercy-seat and throne of grace.  
Shine but on age, you melt its snow ;  
Again fires long extinguish'd glow,  
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,  
Blood, long congealed, liquefies ?  
True miracle, and fairly done  
By heads which are adored while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find  
Such beauties both of form and mind,  
By modern breeding much debased,  
In half the female world at least !  
Hence I with care such lotteries shun,  
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone ;  
And han't, by venturing on a wife,  
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers and guardian aunts, forbear  
Your impious pains to form the fair,  
Nor lay out so much cost and art,  
But to deflower the virgin heart ;  
Of every folly-fostering bed  
By quickening heat of custom bred.  
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,  
Desist, and give us nature wild,  
Delighted with a hoyden soul,  
Which truth and innocence control.

Coquets, leave off affected arts,  
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;  
Woodcoeks to shun your suares have skill,  
You show so plain you strive to kill.  
In love the artless catch the game,  
And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great Author did create  
The sex to fit the nuptial state,  
And meant a blessing in a wife  
To solace the fatigues of life;  
And old inspired times display,  
How wives could love, and yet obey.  
Then truth, and patience of control,  
And housewife arts adorn'd the soul;  
And charms, the gift of Nature, shone;  
And jealousy, a thing unknown;  
Veils were the only masks they wore;  
Novels (receipts to make a whore),  
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,  
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.  
Wise men did not, to be thought gay,  
Then compliment their power away:  
But lest, by frail desires misled,  
The girls forbidden paths should tread,  
Of ignorance raised the safe high wall;  
We sink haw-haws, that show them all.  
Thus we at once solicit sense,  
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untired, consider, friend,  
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at Meeting seen,  
Meeting, that region of the Spleen;  
The broken heart, the busy fiend,  
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licensed breaking of the peace,  
To which vacation is disease;  
A gipsy diction scarce known well  
By the magi, who law fortunes tell,  
I shun; nor let it breed within  
Anxiety, and that the Spleen;  
Law, grown a forest, where perplex  
The mazes; and the brambles vex;  
Where its twelve verderers every day  
Are changing still the public way:  
Yet if we miss our path and err,  
We grievous penalties incur;  
And wanderers tire, and tear their skin,  
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,  
Am loath to lend, or run in debt.  
No compter writh me agitate;  
Who moralizing pass the gate,  
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,  
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.  
Wisdom, before beneath their care,  
Pays her upbraiding visits there,  
And forces folly through the grate  
Her panegyric to repeat.  
This view, profusely when inclined,  
Enters a *caveat* in the mind:  
Experience join'd with common sense,  
To mortals is a providence.

Passion (as frequently is seen),  
Subsiding, settles into spleen.  
Hence, as the plague of happy life,  
I turn away from party strife.  
A prince's cause, a church's claim,  
I've known to raise a mighty flame,

And priest, as stoker, very free  
To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree  
Small beer the deadliest heresy ;  
Who, fond of pedigree, derive  
From the most noted whore alive ;  
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,  
And love the mitre Bacchus made,  
Forbid the faithful to depend  
On half-pint drinkers for a friend ;  
And in whose gay, red-letter'd face,  
We read good living more than grace—  
Nor they so pure, and so precise,  
Immaculate as their white of eyes,  
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,  
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien ;  
Who their ill tasted home-brew'd prayer  
To the state's mellow forms prefer ;  
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,  
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,  
And samples of heart-chested grace  
Expose in showglass of the face—  
Did never me as yet provoke  
Either to honour band and cloak,  
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock patriot grace  
At folks, because they are in place ;  
Nor, hired to praise with stallion pen,  
Serve the ear-lechery of men ;  
But, to avoid religious jars,  
The laws are my expositors,  
Which in my doubting mind create  
Conformity to church and state.

I go, pursuant to my plan,  
To Mecca with the Caravan;  
And think it right in common sense  
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;  
To mend the world's a vast design:  
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,  
To pull to them the ship afloat,  
While to defeat their labour'd end,  
At once both wind and stream contend:  
Success herein is seldom seen,  
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,  
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;  
His skiff does with the current glide,  
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.  
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,  
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,  
And when he can't prevent foul play,  
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections, I repeal  
Each hasty promise made in zeal.  
When gospel propagators say,  
We're bound our great light to display,  
And Indian darkness drive away;  
Yet none but drunken watchmen send  
And scoundrel link-boys for that end;  
When they cry up this holy war,  
Which every Christian should be for,  
Yet such as owe the law their ears,  
We find employ'd as engineers:  
This view my forward zeal so shocks,  
In vain they hold the money box.

At such a conduct, which intends  
By vicious means such virtuous ends,  
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence  
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease  
I suffer not to prove disease,  
But rise up in the virtuous cause  
Of a free press, and equal laws.  
The press restrain'd! nefandous thought!  
In vain our sires have nobly fough't:  
While free from force the press remains,  
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,  
And Learning largesses bestows,  
And keeps uncensured open house.  
We to the nation's public mart  
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,  
And philosophic goods this way,  
Like water carriage, cheap convey.  
This tree, which knowledge so affords,  
Inquisitors with flaming swords  
From lay-approach with zeal defend,  
Lest their own paradise should end.  
The press from her fecundous womb  
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;  
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,  
Truth's banner waved in open air;  
The monster Superstition fled,  
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;  
And lawless power, the long-kept field,  
By reason quell'd, was forced to yield.  
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence  
To chain, is treason against sense;  
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues  
None silence, who design no wrongs;

For those, who use the gag's restraint,  
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,  
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,  
Most schemes, as money snares, I hate,  
And bite not at projector's bait.  
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,  
And yet fresh fools cast are away.  
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,  
Their painted vessel runs aground;  
Or in deep seas it oversets  
By a fierce hurricane of debts;  
Or helm directors in one trip,  
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.  
Such was of late a corporation<sup>4</sup>,  
The brazen serpent of the nation,  
Which when hard accidents distress'd,  
The poor must look at to be bless'd,  
And thence expect, with paper seal'd  
By fraud and usury, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait  
Whole years at levees of the great,  
And hungry hopes regale the while  
On the spare diet of a smile.  
There you may see the idol stand  
With mirror in his wanton hand;  
Above, below, now here, now there,  
He throws about the sunny glare,

<sup>4</sup> The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them, who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,  
The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill  
To draw and colour at her will,  
And raise and round the figures well,  
And show her talent to excel;  
I guard my heart, lest it should woo  
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,  
And, disappointed, feel despair  
At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark  
Grazing on ether in the Park:  
Who, e'er on wing, with open throats  
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,  
Just in the manner swallows use,  
Catching their airy food of news;  
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest  
The deep laid plans their dreams suggest;  
Or see some poet pensive sit,  
Fondly mistaking Spleen for wit;  
Who, though short winded, still will aim  
To sound the epic trump of Fame;  
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will dote,  
Nor learn conviction from his coat—  
I bless my stars, I never knew  
Whimseys which, close pursued, undo,  
And have from old experience been  
Both parent and the child of Spleen.  
These subjects of Apollo's state,  
Who from false fire derive their fate,  
With airy purchases undone  
Of lands, which none lend money on,  
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,  
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.

Their fancies first delirious grew,  
And scenes ideal took for true.  
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,  
And with false prospects cheats their eyes ;  
The fabled gods the poets sing,  
A season of perpetual spring,  
Brooks, flowery fields, and groves of trees,  
Affording sweets and similes,  
Gay dreams inspired in myrtle bowers,  
And wreaths of undecaying flowers,  
Apollo's harp with airs divine,  
The sacred music of the Nine,  
Views of the temple raised to Fame,  
And for a vacant niche proud aim,  
Ravish their souls, and plainly show  
What Fancy's sketching power can do.  
They will attempt the mountain steep,  
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,  
The Muses revelations show,  
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme  
Avoid, elaborate waste of time,  
Nor are content to be undone,  
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.  
Poems, the hopgrounds of the brain,  
Afford the most uncertain gain ;  
And lotteries never tempt the wise,  
With blanks so many to a prize,  
I only transient visits pay,  
Meeting the Muses in my way,  
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,  
Nor skill'd to call them by their names,  
Nor can their passports in these days,  
Your profit warrant, or your praise.

On poems by their dictates writ,  
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit ;  
And, mere upholsterers, in a trice  
On gems and painting set a price.  
These tailoring artists, for our lays  
Invent cramp'd rules, and with straight stays  
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,  
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,  
Can serve the plagiary's ends :  
Whose easy vamping talent lies,  
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.  
Thus some devoid of art and skill  
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,  
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,  
By genius doom'd to stay below,  
For their own digging show the town  
Wit's treasure brought by others down.  
Some wanting, if they find a mine,  
An artist's judgment to refine,  
On fame precipitately fix'd,  
The ore with baser metals mix'd  
Melt down, impatient of delay,  
And call the vicious mass—a play.  
All these engage, to serve their ends,  
A band select of trusty friends,  
Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,  
As Psapho<sup>5</sup> taught his birds to sing ;

<sup>5</sup> Psapho was a Libyan, who, desiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this invention : he took young birds, and taught them to sing, ' Psapho is a god.' When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly ; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods ; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

Then to the ladies they submit,  
Returning officers on wit:  
A crowded house their presence draws,  
And on the beaux imposes laws,  
A judgment in its favour ends,  
When all the pannel are its friends:  
Their natures, merciful and mild,  
Have from mere pity saved the child;  
In bulrush ark the bantling found  
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,  
They have preserved by kind support,  
And brought the baby muse to court.

But there's a youth<sup>6</sup> that you can name,  
Who needs no leading strings to fame,  
Whose quick maturity of brain  
The birth of Pallas may explain:  
Dreaming of whose depending fate,  
I heard Melpomene debate;—  
‘ This, this is he, that was foretold  
Should emulate our Greeks of old.  
Inspired by me with sacred art,  
He sings, and rules the varied heart;  
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,  
We hear the thunder in his verse;  
If he describes love turn'd to rage,  
The furies riot in his page.  
If he fair liberty and law,  
By ruffian power expiring, draw,  
The keener passions then engage  
Aright, and sanctify their rage;  
If he attempt disastrous love,  
We hear those plaints that wound the grove:

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Glover, the excellent author of *Leonidas*.

Within the kinder passions glow,  
And tears distill'd from pity flow.'

From the bright vision I descend,  
And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,  
Strange fever, most inflamed by ease!  
The active lunacy of pride,  
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride :  
This paradise tree, so fair and high,  
I view with no aspiring eye :  
Like aspin shake the restless leaves,  
And Sodom fruit our pains deceives,  
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,  
But fits of Spleen call'd *growing wise*.  
Greatness, in glittering forms display'd,  
Affects weak eyes much used to shade,  
And by its falsely envied scene  
Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.  
We should be pleased that things are so,  
Who do for nothing see the show,  
And, middle-sized, can pass between  
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen ;  
And midst the glare of greatness trace  
A watery sunshine in the face,  
And pleasures fled to, to redress  
The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,  
So much a stranger to our sight,  
Say, goddess, in what happy place  
Mortals behold thy blooming face ;  
Thy gracious auspices impart,  
And for thy temple choose my heart,  
They whom thou deignest to inspire,  
Thy science learn, to bound desire ;

By happy alchemy of mind,  
They turn to pleasure all they find ;  
They both disdain in outward mien  
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,  
And meretricious arts of dress,  
To feign a joy, and hide distress ;  
Unmoved when the rude tempest blows,  
Without an opiate they repose :  
And cover'd by your shield, defy  
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly :  
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,  
Concern themselves with distant cares ;  
But place their bliss in mental rest,  
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forced by soft violence of prayer,  
The blithsome goddess sooths my care ;  
I feel the deity inspire,  
And thus she models my desire.  
Two hundred pounds, half-yearly paid,  
Annuity securely made,  
A farm some twenty miles from town,  
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own :  
Two maids, that never saw the town,  
A serving man not quite a clown ;  
A boy to help to tread the mow,  
And drive, while t'other holds the plough ;  
A chief, of temper form'd to please,  
Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;  
And better to preserve the peace,  
Commission'd by the name of niece ;  
With understandings of a size  
To think their master very wise.  
May Heaven ('tis all I wish for) send  
One genial room to treat a friend,

Where decent cupboard, little plate,  
Display benevolence, not state.  
And may my humble dwelling stand  
Upon some chosen spot of land :  
A pond before full to the brim,  
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;  
Behind a green, like velvet neat,  
Soft to the eye and to the feet ;  
Where odorous plants, in evening fair,  
Breathe all around ambrosial air ;  
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,  
Fenced by a slope with bushes crown'd,  
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,  
Who pay their quitrents with a song ;  
With opening views of hill and dale,  
Which sense and fancy too regale,  
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,  
Like amphitheatre surrounds :  
And woods, impervious to the breeze,  
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,  
From hills through plains in dusk array  
Extended far, repel the day.  
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade  
Invite, and contemplation aid :  
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate  
The dark decrees and will of fate,  
And dreams beneath the spreading beech  
Inspire, and docile fancy teach ;  
While soft as breezy breath of wind,  
Impulses rustle through the mind :  
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,  
While Pan melodious pipes away,  
In measured motions frisk about,  
Till old Silenus puts them out.

There see the clover, pea, and bean,  
Vie in variety of green;  
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,  
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,  
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,  
And poppy topknots deck her hair,  
And silver streams through meadows stray,  
And Naiads on the margin play,  
And lesser nymphs, on side of hills,  
From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,  
May I enjoy a calm through life;  
See faction, safe in low degree,  
As men at land see storms at sea,  
And laugh at miserable elves,  
Not kind, so much as to themselves,  
Cursed with such souls of base alloy,  
As can possess, but not enjoy;  
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart  
By avarice, sphincter of the heart;  
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,  
Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs.  
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,  
And wearing Virtue's livery smile,  
Prone the distressed to relieve,  
And little trespasses forgive;  
With income not in Fortune's power,  
And skill to make a busy hour,  
With trips to town, life to amuse,  
To purchase books, and hear the news,  
To see old friends, brush off the clown,  
And quicken taste at coming down,  
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,  
And slowly mellowing in age,

When Fate extends its gathering gripe,  
Fall off, like fruit grown fully ripe;  
Quit a worn being without pain,  
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,  
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

The enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,  
Have never yet my reason foil'd.  
His springy soul dilates like air,  
When free from weight of ambient care,  
And, hush'd in meditation deep,  
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;  
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,  
Proves a Columbus of her own,  
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,  
And through the wilds of endless space,  
Borne up on metaphysic wings,  
Chases light forms and shadowy things,  
And, in the vague excursion caught,  
Brings home some rare exotic thought.  
The melancholy man such dreams,  
As brightest evidence, esteems;  
Fain would he see some distant scene  
Suggested by his restless Spleen,  
And Fancy's telescope applies,  
With tinctured glass, to cheat his eyes.  
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,  
I close examine by the light;  
For who, though bribed by gain to lie,  
Dare sunbeam written truths deny,  
And execute plain common sense,  
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition may n't create,  
And club its ills with those of fate,

I many a notion take to task,  
Made dreadful by its visor-mask ;  
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,  
Is cured, and certainty I find ;  
Since optic reason shows me plain,  
I dreaded spectres of the brain ;  
And legendary fears are gone,  
Though in tenacious childhood sown.  
Thus in opinions I commence  
Freeholder, in the proper sense,  
And neither suit nor service do,  
Nor homage to pretenders show,  
Who boast themselves, by spurious roll,  
Lords of the manor of the soul ;  
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,  
To nonsense throned in whisker'd hair.

‘ To thee, Creator uncreate,  
O *Entium Ens!* divinely great !’——  
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,  
Nor near the blazing glory fly ;  
Nor, straining, break thy feeble bow,  
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw  
Through fields unknown, nor madly stray,  
Where no ideas mark the way.  
With tender eyes, and colours faint,  
And trembling hands, forbear to paint.  
Who, features veil'd by light, can hit ?  
Where can what has no outline sit ?  
My soul, the vain attempt forego,  
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.  
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,  
Who soon lays by the unequal theme,  
Nor runs, with wisdom's sirens caught,  
On quicksands swallowing shipwreck'd thought :

But, conscious of his distance, gives  
Mute praise, and humble negatives.  
In one, no object of our sight,  
Immutable, and infinite,  
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,  
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;  
To him my past and present state  
I owe, and must my future fate.  
A stranger into life I'm come,  
Dying may be our going home:  
Transported here by angry fate,  
The convicts of a prior state.  
Hence, I no anxious thoughts bestow  
On matters I can never know:  
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, pass'd,  
He'll grant a settlement at last;  
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,  
By leave to lay his being down.  
If doom'd to dancee the' eternal round  
Of life, no sooner lost but found,  
And dissolution, soon to come,  
Like spunge, wipes out life's present sum,  
But can't our state of power bereave  
An endless series to receive;  
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,  
We balance in another state,  
And consciousness must go along,  
And sign the' acquittance for the wrong.  
He for his creatures must decree  
More happiness than misery,  
Or be supposed to create,  
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:  
And do an aet, which rage infers,  
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail  
On even keel with gentle gale;  
At helm I make my reason sit,  
My crew of passions all submit.  
If dark and blustering prove some nights,  
Philosophy puts forth her lights;  
Experience holds the cautious glass,  
To shun the breakers, as I pass,  
And frequent throws the wary lead,  
To see what dangers may be hid :  
And once in seven years I'm seen  
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.  
Though pleased to see the dolphins play,  
I mind my compass and my way :  
With store sufficient for relief,  
And wisely still prepared to reef;  
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl  
Of cloudy weather in the soul,  
I make (may Heaven propitious send  
Such wind and weather to the end !)  
Neither becalm'd, nor over blown,  
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

---

### AN EPIGRAM

ON THE REVEREND MR. LAURENCE ECHARD'S AND  
BISHOP GILBERT BURNET'S HISTORIES.

GIL's history appears to me  
Political anatomy,  
A case of skeletons well done,  
And malefactors every one.

His sharp and strong incision-pen  
 Historically cuts up men,  
 And does with lucid skill impart  
 Their inward ails of head and heart.  
 Laurence proceeds another way,  
 And well dress'd figures doth display :  
 His characters are all in flesh,  
 Their hands are fair, their faces fresh ;  
 And from his sweetening art derive  
 A better scent than when alive :  
 He wax-work made, to please the sons  
 Whose fathers were Gil's skeletons.

---

THE  
 SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

I LATELY saw, what now I sing,  
 Fair Lucia's hand display'd ;  
 This finger graced a diamond ring,  
 On that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd plaything she caress'd,  
 She stroked its head and wings ;  
 And while it nestled on her breast,  
 She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chisel'd bill a spark ill set  
 He loosen'd from the rest,  
 And swallow'd down to grind his meat,  
 The easier to digest.

She seized his bill with wild affright,  
 Her diamond to deservy :  
 'Twas gone ! she sicken'd at the sight,  
 Moaning her bird would die.

The tonguetied knocker none might use,  
The curtains none undraw,  
The footmen went without their shoes,  
The streets were laid with straw.

The doctor used his oily art,  
Of strong emetic kind ;  
The' apothecary play'd his part,  
And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceased to spend its store,  
To bring away the stone ;  
Dicky, like people given o'er,  
Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes dispel'd their sickly dews,  
He peck'd behind his wing ;  
Lucia, recovering at the news,  
Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast  
Two different passions strove :  
When avarice ended the contest,  
And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,  
Thy pains the sex display,  
Who only to repair a ring  
Could take thy life away.

Drive avarice from your breasts, ye fair,  
Monster of foulest mien :  
Ye would not let it harbour there,  
Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,  
Truth's image break her word,  
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,  
A Venus kill her bird.

## THE SEEKER.

WHEN I first came to London, I rambled about,  
 From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.  
 Then on me, in divinity batchelor, tried  
 Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride ;  
 And, urging their various opinions, intended  
 To make me wed system which they recommended.

Said a lecherous old friar sculking near Lin-  
 coln's Inn [to sin ;  
 (Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's  
 Who, spiderlike, seizes weak protestant flies,  
 Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies);  
 Ah ! pity your soul, for without our church pale,  
 If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail,  
 The Bible, you boast, is a wild revelation :  
 Hear a church that can't err, if you hope for sal-  
 vation. [grace

Said a formal non-con (whose rich stock of  
 Lies forward exposed in shop-window of face),  
 Ah ! pity your soul : come, be of our sect :  
 For then you are safe, and may plead you're  
 elect. [saints,  
 As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves  
 Being Christ's little flock every where spoke  
 against.

Said a jolly church parson (devoted to ease,  
 While penal law-dragons guard his golden fleece),  
 ' If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither ;  
 The first is in error, the last a deceiver :  
 That ours is the true church, the sense of our  
 And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis.* [tribe is,

Said a yea-and-nay friend, with a stiff hat and  
band [hand),  
(Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his  
' Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,  
Though about ways and means they may all dis-  
agree ;  
Then pr'ythee be wise, go the quakers' by-way,  
'Tis plain, without turnpikes; so nothing to pay.'

---

ON  
BARCLAY'S APOLOGY  
FOR THE QUAKERS.

THESE sheets primeval doctrines yield,  
Where revelation is reveal'd ;  
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,  
Systems lethargic to the head  
They purge, and yield a diet thin,  
That turns to gospel-chile within.  
Truth sublime may here be seen,  
Extracted from the parts terrene.  
In these is shown, how men obtain  
What of Prometheus poets feign :  
To scripture plainness dress is brought,  
And speech, apparel to the thought ;  
They hiss, from instinct, at red coats,  
And war, whose work is cutting throats,  
Forbid, and press the law of love :  
Breathing the spirit of the dove.

Lucrative doctrines they detest,  
As manufactured by the priest;  
And throw down turnpikes, where we pay  
For stuff, which never mends the way;  
And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,  
And frank the gospel, for our use.  
They sable standing armies break;  
But the militia useful make:  
Since all unhired may preach and pray,  
Taught by these rules as well as they;  
Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,  
Bid us to follow what we feel.

The world can't hear the small still voice,  
Such is its bustle and its noise;  
Reason the proclamation reads,  
But not one riot-passion heeds.  
Wealth, honour, power, the graces are,  
Which here below our homage share:  
They, if one votary they find  
To mistress more divine inclined,  
In truth's pursuit to cause delay,  
Throw golden apples in his way.

Place me, O Heaven, in some retreat,  
There let the serious death-watch beat,  
There let me self in silence shun,  
To feel thy will, which should be done.

Then comes the Spirit to our hut,  
When fast the senses' doors are shut;  
For so divine and pure a guest  
The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.

O Contemplation! air serene,  
From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!  
Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,  
Where grace, when waited for, is found!

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,  
And meets, exulting, virgin Truth;  
Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,  
Impulses rustle through the mind;  
Here shines that light with glowing face,  
The fuse divine, that kindles grace:  
Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,  
Till darkness be by dying pass'd,  
And then goes out, at end of night,  
Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me! the heats and colds of life,  
Pleasure's and Pain's eternal strife  
Breed stormy passions, which confined,  
Shake, like the' Æolian cave, the mind;  
And raise despair my lamp can last,  
Placed where they drive the furious blast.

False eloquence, big empty sound,  
Like showers that rush upon the ground,  
Little beneath the surface goes,  
All streams along and muddy flows.  
This sinks, and swells the buried grain,  
And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,  
Exerts Persuasion's winning force,  
And nervates so the good design,  
That king Agrippa's case is mine.

Well natured, happy shade, forgive!  
Like you I think, but cannot live.  
Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,  
That from dependence life exempt,  
And constitution framed so strong,  
This world's worst climate cannot wrong.  
Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,  
I live by pulling off the hat;

Compell'd by station every hour  
To bow to images of power ;  
And in life's busy scenes immersed,  
See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,  
And make ten thousand truths give way,  
While I your scheme with pleasure traec,  
Draws near, and stares me in the face.

‘ Consider well your state (she cries),  
Like others kneel, that you may rise ;  
Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,  
To which preferment is annex'd,  
Nor madly prove, where all depends,  
Idolatry upon your friends.

See, how you like my rueful face,  
Such you must wear, if out of place.  
Crack'd is your brain, to turn recluse  
Without one farthing out at use :  
They, who have lands, and safe bank stock,  
With faith so founded on a rock,  
May give a rich invention ease,  
And construe scripture how they please.’

‘ The honour'd prophet, that of old  
Used Heaven's high counsels to unfold,  
Did, more than courier angels, greet  
The crows, that brought him bread and meat.’

## THE GROTTO'.

WRITTEN UNDER THE NAME OF PETER DRAKE, A  
FISHERMAN OF BRENTFORD.

Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,  
Atque inter silvas Academii quærere verum.

HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,  
The Grotto makes them all with egg;  
Finding this chalkstone in my nest,  
I strain, and lay among the rest.

WE had a Water poet<sup>2</sup> once,  
Nor was he register'd a dunce:  
I'll lay a while my writing by,  
And hang abroad my nets to dry,  
And stow my apostolic boat,  
And try to raise a swanlike note:  
For fishing oft in Twick'nam Reach,  
I've heard fine strains along the beach<sup>3</sup>  
That tempt to sing a cave's<sup>4</sup> renown,  
And fetch from thence an ivy crown.  
Adieu a while, forsaken flood,  
To ramble in the Delian wood,

<sup>1</sup> A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline, and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written, many other verses appeared on the same subject.

<sup>2</sup> John Taylor is here alluded to, who was called 'The Rhyming Sculler,' and who contrived (notwithstanding his various employments as a waterman, a victualler, and a publican) to scribble more than eighty pamphlets in verse and prose, the greater part of which he collected and published together in 1630.

<sup>3</sup> A delicate compliment to Pope.

<sup>4</sup> The Cave of Merlin, formed in Richmond Gardens, according to the intimation of a modern satirist, 'By Stephen Duck and good Queen Caroline.'

And pray the god my well meant song  
May not my subject's merit wrong.

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace  
Gives leave to view what beauties grace  
Your flowery banks, if you have seen  
The much sung Grotto of the queen?  
Contemplative, forget a while  
Oxonian towers, and Windsor's plie,  
And Wolsey's<sup>5</sup> pride (his greatest guilt),  
And what great William since has built;  
And flowing fast by Richmond scenes  
(Honour'd retreat of two great queens<sup>6</sup>),  
From Sion House<sup>7</sup>, whose proud survey  
Browbeats your flood, look cross the way.  
And view, from highest swell of tide,  
The milder scenes of Surrey side.

Though yet no palace grace the shore,  
To lodge that pair you should adore;  
Nor abbeys, great in ruin, rise,  
Royal equivalents for vice;  
Behold a grot, in Delphic grove,  
The Graces' and the Muses' love,  
(O, might our Laureat study here,  
How would he hail his newborn year!)  
A temple from vain glories free,  
Whose goddess is Philosophy,  
Whose sides such licensed idols crown  
As superstition would pull down;  
The only pilgrimage I know,  
That men of sense would choose to go;

<sup>5</sup> Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolsey, and improved by King William III.

<sup>6</sup> Queen Anne, (consort of King Richard II.) and Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

<sup>7</sup> Sion House is now a seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,  
 Urania cheers with heavenly voice,  
 While all the virtues gather round,  
 To see her consecrate the ground.  
 If thou, the god with winged feet,  
 In council, talk of this retreat,  
 And jealous gods resentment show  
 At altars raised to men below ;  
 Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit  
 Their house our heroes should admit ;  
 While each exists, as poets sing,  
 A lazy, lewd, immortal thing,  
 They must (or grow in disrepute)  
 With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is, in terms unskill'd,  
 To praise whatever Boyle<sup>8</sup> shall build ;  
 Needless it is the busts to name  
 Of men, monopolists of fame.  
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone<sup>9</sup>,  
 For virtue as for learning known ;  
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise  
 Deep thoughts, the genii of the place :  
 To the mind's ear, and inward sight,  
 Their silence speaks, and shade gives light :  
 While insects from the threshold preach,  
 And minds, disposed to musing, teach :  
 Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,  
 They perish by the slightest bruise ;  
 Or maladies, begun within,  
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine :

<sup>8</sup> Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his taste in architecture : specimens of which still attract admirers, at Chiswick and in Piccadilly.

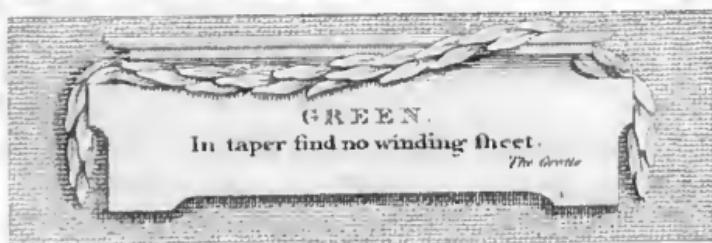
<sup>9</sup> The author should have said *five* ; there being the busts of Newton, Lock, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

From maggot youth through change of state  
They feel like us the turns of fate :  
Some born to creep, have lived to fly,  
And change earth-cells for dwellings high ;  
And some, that did their six wings keep,  
Before they died, been forced to creep.  
They politics like ours profess,  
The greater prey upon the less :  
Some strain on foot huge loads to bring ;  
Some toil incessant on the wing ;  
And in their different ways explore  
Wise sense of want, by future store ;  
Nor from their vigorous schemes desist  
Till death, and then are never miss'd.  
Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,  
Are sick and well, have war and peace,  
And, broke with age, in half a day  
Yield to successors, and away.

Let not profane this sacred place  
Hypocrisy with Janus' face ;  
Or Pomp, mix'd state of pride and care ;  
Court kindness, Falsehood's polish'd ware ;  
Scandal disguised in Friendship's veil,  
That tells, unmask'd, the' injurious tale  
Of treaty of intriguing kind,  
With secret article here sign'd ;  
And beds conceal'd with bushy trees,  
Planted with Juno's lettucees :  
Or art politic which allows  
The jesuit remedy for vows ;  
Or priest, perfuming crowned head,  
Till, in a swoon, Truth lies for dead ;  
Or tawdry critie, who perceives  
No grace, which plain proportion gives,

And, more than lineaments divine,  
Admires the gilding of the shrine;  
Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,  
In thickest fog the clearest seen;  
Or Prophecy, which dreams a lie,  
That fools believe and knaves apply;  
Or frolic Mirth, profanely loud,  
And happy only in a crowd;  
Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,  
Proxy in Contemplation's room.

O Delia, when I touch this string,  
To thee my Muse directs her wing.  
Unspotted fair, with downcast look,  
Mind not so much the murmuring brook;  
Nor fix'd in thought, with footsteps slow  
Through cypress alleys cherish woe;  
I see the soul in pensive fit,  
And moping, like sick linnet sit,  
With dewy eye and moulted wing,  
Unperch'd averse to fly or sing;  
I see the favourite curls begin  
(Disused to toilet discipline)  
To quit their post, lose their smart air,  
And grow again like common hair;  
And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,  
Raise a red circle round the eye;  
And by this bur about the moon,  
Conjecture more ill weather soon.  
Love not so much the doleful knell,  
And news the boding night birds tell;  
Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow;  
And hens portentous when they crow;  
Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;  
In taper find no winding sheet;



for R. & K.

London: F. V. Schwerzenbach

Published for the Author by  
F. V. Schwerzenbach



Nor in burn'd coal a coffin see,  
Though thrown at others, meant for thee ;  
Or when the coruscation gleams,  
Find out not first the bloody streams ;  
Nor in impress'd remembrance keep  
Grim tapestry figures, wrought in sleep ;  
Nor rise to see in antique hall  
The moonlight monsters on the wall,  
And shadowy spectres darkly pass  
Trailing their sables o'er the grass.  
Let vice and guilt act how they please  
In souls, their conquer'd provinces ;  
By Heaven's just charter it appears,  
Virtue's exempt from quartering fears.  
Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely dress'd,  
Live at discretion in your breast ?  
Be wise, and panic fright disdain  
As notions, meteors of the brain ;  
And sights perform'd, illusive scene !  
By magic lantern of the Spleen.  
Come here, from baleful cares released,  
With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,  
Where decent mirth and wisdom, join'd  
In stewardship, regale the mind.  
Call back the Cupids to your eyes ;  
I see the godlings with surprise,  
Not knowing home in such a plight,  
Fly to and fro, afraid to light.—  
Far from my theme, from method far,  
Convey'd in Venus' flying car,  
I go, compell'd by feather'd steeds  
That scorn the rein when Delia leads.  
No daub of elegiac strain  
These holy wars shall ever stain ;

As spiders Irish wainscot flee,  
Falsehood with them shall disagree :  
This floor let not the vulgar tread,  
Who worship only what they dread :  
Nor bigots who but one way see,  
Through blinkers of authority ;  
Nor they who its four saints defame,  
By making Virtue but a name ;  
Nor abstract wit, (painful regale  
To hunt the pig with slippery tail !)  
Artists who richly chase their thought,  
Gaudy without, but hollow wrought,  
And beat too thin, and tool'd too much,  
To bear the proof and standard touch ;  
Nor fops to guard this silvan ark  
With necklace bells in treble bark ;  
Nor cynics growl and fiercely paw,  
The mastiffs of the moral law.  
Come, Nymph, with rural honours dress'd,  
Virtue's exterior form confess'd,  
With charms untarnish'd, innocence  
Display, and Eden shall commence :  
When thus you come in sober fit,  
And wisdom is preferr'd to wit ;  
And looks diviner graces tell,  
Which don't with giggling muscles dwell ;  
And beauty like the ray-clipp'd sun,  
With bolder eye we look upon ;  
Learning shall, with obsequious mien,  
Tell all the wonders she has seen ;  
Reason, her logic armour quit,  
And proof to mild persuasion fit ;  
Religion, with free thought dispense,  
And cease crusading against sense ;

Philosophy and she embrace,  
And their first league again take place;  
And morals pure, in duty bound,  
Nymphlike the sisters chief surround:  
Nature shall smile, and round this cell  
The turf to your light pressure swell,  
And knowing beauty by her shoe,  
Well air its carpet from the dew.  
The oak, while you his umbrage deck,  
Lets fall his acorns in your neck:  
Zephyr, his civil kisses gives,  
And plays with curls, instead of leaves:  
Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,  
And during their vacation sing:  
And flowers lean forward from their seats,  
To traffic in exchange of sweets;  
And angels bearing wreaths descend,  
Preferr'd as vergers to attend  
This fane whose deity entreats  
The fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our letter'd strife,  
And guard us through polemic life;  
From poison vehicle'd in praise,  
For satire's shots but slightly graze;  
We claim your zeal, and find within,  
Philosophy and you are kin.

What Virtue is, we judge by you;  
For actions right are beauteous too;  
By tracing the sole female mind,  
We best what is true Nature find:  
Chymists and laws their process suit,  
They metals, these the mind, transmute.  
Your vapours, bred from fumes, declare  
How steams create tempestuous air,

Till gushing tears and hasty rain  
 Make heaven and you serene again :  
 Our travels through the starry skies  
 Were first suggested by your eyes ;  
 We, by the interposing fan,  
 Learn how eclipses first began ;  
 The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,  
 Describes how blazing comets roam ;  
 The glowing colours of the cheek  
 Their origin from Phœbus speak ;  
 Our watch how Luna strays above,  
 Feels like the care of jealous love ;  
 And all things we in science know,  
 From your known love for riddles flow.

Father ! forgive, thus far I stray,  
 Drawn by attraction from my way.  
 Mark next with awe, the foundress <sup>10</sup> well,  
 Who on these banks delights to dwell ;  
 You on the terrace see her plain,  
 Move like Diana with her train.  
 If you then fairly speak your mind,  
 In wedlock since with Isis join'd,  
 You'll own, you never yet did see,  
 At least in such a high degree,  
 Greatness, delighted to undress ;  
 Science, a sceptred hand caress ;  
 A queen, the friends of freedom prize ;  
 A woman, wise men canonize.

<sup>10</sup> Queen Caroline.

THE END.

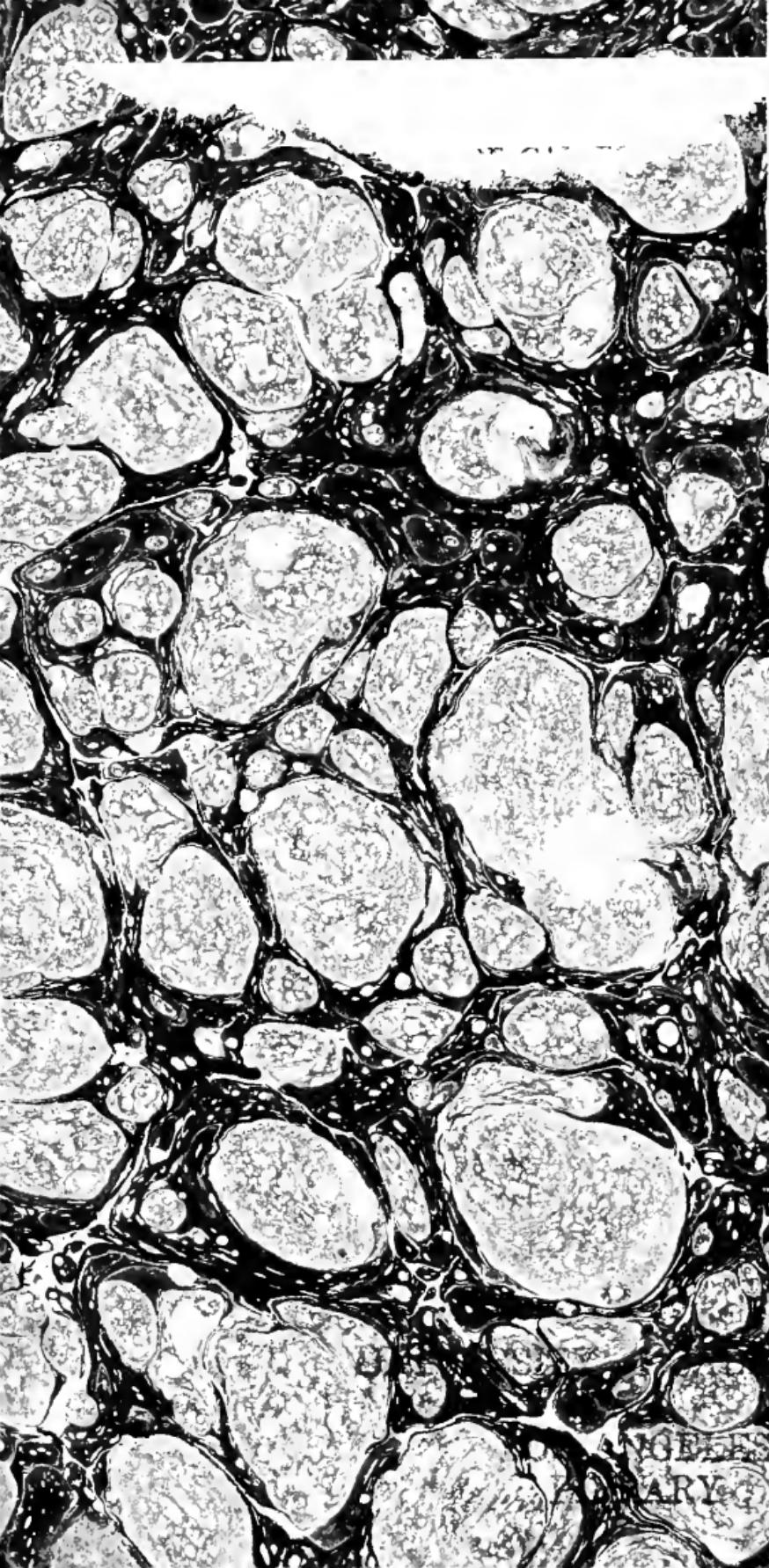
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